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PUBLIC LIFE IN ENGLAND.

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BY

PHILIPPE DARYL

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TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH

AND

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE articles collected in this volume first appeared in the *Temps* with the most marked success. They are not merely passing impressions which are here recorded. They are the clear judgments of a man who has thoroughly made himself acquainted with the subjects of which he treats, and who has studied them for a long time: they are described in all sincerity and with the light touch of the French journalist.

"M. Philippe Daryl lived in Great Britain for ten years, and is well acquainted with its language, its literature, its institutions, and manners. He has described what he has observed as an artist, as a historian, but above all as a patriot. These facts give his work such a deep and novel interest.

England is in some measure for him only an anatomical subject in which he seeks better to grasp the laws of the physiology of France, even at the cost of a vivisection. Nevertheless he knows how to be impartial, to admire what is admirable, to extract what can be borrowed with advantage to his own country."

The volume has been already reviewed by many English journals in its French dress, and some errors have, we believe, been noticed. These were chiefly of small account, mere misprints, and have been corrected in translation; other contested points have been left as the expressions of the deliberate opinion of the author; while some few passages, which touch upon certain debateable subjects, have been omitted altogether, as unnecessary.

As regards this volume, the translator is greatly indebted to the author, who has revised it, and thus made the translation a true reflection of the writer's opinions — an advantage which cannot be too greatly appreciated, and which the translator truly acknowledges.

The English public will doubtless read and judge for themselves how nearly the French author hits the mark. In any case they will do him the justice to acknowledge that he has produced a very remarkable book, which he has, moreover, carefully revised for their edification.

H. F.

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PART I.

LITERATURE—JOURNALISM—THE THEATRE—
POETRY AND SCIENCE.

PUBLIC LIFE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

OF BOOKS.

THE literary activity of the Anglo-Saxon race has for the last three or four centuries played such an important part in the general advance of mankind, that it may not be without interest to study its primary organs—books, journals, reviews, and the theatre—be it only to note, as we proceed, in what way they differ from our own. Familiar as French scholars may be with the master-pieces of British genius—with the conclusions of English philosophers, and the works of romancers or poets—there can be little doubt that they have seldom, if ever, inquired under what shape, and by what special rites those verses, tales, or treatises usually reach the public. Of the fact that such rites hardly resemble those of France, there must, however, be little doubt for anybody who knows even superficially how things are managed on the other side of the Channel.

What are the peculiar developments that printing, publishing, and the periodical press have undergone in that

original and insular country—insular in the moral as well as geographical sense? how "thought" in Great Britain penetrates the mass of readers? under what forms do political, literary, or æsthetic influences manifest themselves? what in this model aristocracy—and in view of our own model democracy—is the place occupied by the writer, the journalist, the dramatic author, and the actor? In a word—in what manner, in what laboratories, and by what technical means is produced the powerful current which, starting from the British Isles, radiates on the United States, Australia, India, Southern Africa—and, indirectly, on France, Germany, as well as on other portions of the globe; in what way does this British machinery differ from our own—as a locomotive of Sheffield is at once perceived to be different from an engine built at Creuzot: these are the points we wish to examine as we jog quietly along—as a tourist who passes before the glass cases in an exhibition, without expressing any silly transports of admiration or national prejudice—to inscribe in his note-book the striking points and traits, no matter of what grade of society, just as they present themselves to his eyes.

To begin with, we have one very important difference. The centre of activity is not unique in England, as it is with us. Consequently there is no cerebral congestion, no plethora or choreic symptoms. Everything goes on smoothly and calmly, as in the organisation of animals which are furnished with a string of ganglions instead of a brain.

Nearly all French books are produced in Paris. Not only are all the important papers and the reviews printed there, but they all occupy themselves chiefly with things

Parisian—one may almost say with a certain district of Paris bounded by the Odéon, the Rue Lafayette, the Porte Saint-Denis, and the Cascade. Not only is it seldom that a work of any importance is published in Lyons or Marseilles, Nantes, Toulouse, or Bordeaux, but there are but few provincial readers, and these are generally content to accept the opinions that the evening mail brings them every night from the boulevards.

This condition of things has no parallel with our neighbours. No doubt London, with its population of four or five millions; its clubs, its theatres, its powerful scientific and literary bodies, exercises a very considerable influence upon the mental life of the nation. But this influence is not a monopoly. Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, as well as other local centres, share with the metropolis. These large towns are not, as with us, the immutable shells in which a number of human molluscs incrust themselves, from one stage of existence to another, with a quasi-pathological pertinacity; they are rather the business rendezvous through which everyone passes during the year without remaining longer than is strictly necessary. The merchant, the stockbroker, the professor, the barrister, all hurry away to regain their suburban villas every evening. The nobleman and landed proprietor find themselves more at home in their country houses and beautiful parks—in the open-air existence which they understand so fully—than in the sombre residences of Berkeley Square or Belgravia. London interests them no doubt; but no more and perhaps much less than the events which take place in the country neighbourhood or in the county

town. It has been said of Paris that it is a city of visitors; one may say of England that it is a country of provincials, —of enlightened, active, energetic provincials; but in constant and rapid communication, by means of the telegraph and express trains, not only with Pall Mall and Piccadilly, but with the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rivièra, the Fifth Avenue, and every part of the globe worth seeing or living in. No matter how busy they may be, they have always time for relaxation and quiet leisure. People read very much in these quiet homes wherein the "Great Briton" delights to enjoy his domestic happiness, or rather we should say, they read everything in all languages. The "paper," by its extreme low price, has opened the door of information to all classes; books, reviews, though at a price five or six times higher than in France, become easily accessible by the habits of association which dominate English life. A literary critique, singularly loyal and conscientious, tells the public what is best worth reading; powerful organs of circulation, like great pumps, force in all directions the immense quantity of books, pamphlets, and printed matter, that hundreds of printing presses throw off daily, and these are carried to all points of the compass, sowing ideas, spreading discoveries, and elevating the general character of the nation with unexampled rapidity and abundance of material.

The great pumping engine of this machinery—which with us is still in an embryonic condition, but has across the Channel reached a high degree of perfection—is the Circulating Library. There is nothing more curious and characteristic than the spectacle which, for example, presents itself

to us daily, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, at Mudie's Library in Oxford Street—the principal market for the books whereon everyone is nourished. Not only do we see young and pretty girls, and ladies of all ages, but commissionaires and servants of all degrees, arriving or leaving with packets of books under their arms. Horses are champing their bits and rattling their harness; carriages and broughams are filled with visitors. One might imagine it the entrance to the Bourse.

Entering into a vast hall we perceive a row of extensive counters marked with the letters of the alphabet, and behind them stand an army of attendants ready to wait upon their customers. The letter indicates the series to which the subscriber belongs. A ticket with his name in a particular pigeon-hole shows how he stands. He gives up his books, and requests a new supply. The order is given through a tube, and in two or three minutes the desired volumes arrive from the depths of underground cellars, or from the top of the house, on light elevators which bring them within reach of the attendant. The numbers are then inscribed on the ticket, and the subscriber departs in peace.

English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian books may all be obtained, and are proportioned to the demand. Some are represented by only a few copies, some by twenty, thirty, a hundred, up to two or three thousand. The subscription is relatively dear. A guinea a quarter for six volumes at a time reaches a sum something more than 100 francs a year. But this sum figures regularly in the family budget; it is the intellectual tax, the voluntary contri-

bution paid by the head of the family, that his household may participate in the literary life of the country—that they may read the new work, review, or magazine. The head of the house finds all these at his club, but he does not content himself with this selfish satisfaction; he wishes his wife and daughters also to partake of the literary banquet. If he live in the outskirts, or in an out-of-the-way district, Mudie's carts come weekly to renew the literary pasture of the home. If he live in the country, the railway carries to him, weekly, the eighteen or twenty volumes that are indispensable to the family, in special boxes, which pass and repass with regularity between the head office and the subscriber's mansion.

The universal necessity for keeping oneself *au courant* with literature, and for reading, or at least skimming, all the works of any importance which are announced in the daily papers,—the constant and rapid changes of the volumes on the tables in the sitting-room,—have of necessity exercised a decided influence on the material aspect of the volume as well as on the tone of literature. The publishers know that unless in exceptional cases, wherein works attain a standard value, they cannot count upon a very large sale; on the other hand, if the book possess ordinary merit and interest, they are pretty sure of getting rid of one or two editions by means of the circulating libraries, and public or corporative reading societies, book clubs, or libraries.

On this basis their calculations are naturally established, so as to obtain for the author—and for themselves—a sufficient recompense; a result scarcely possible, except by

selling the book at a high price—a price which matters little to the public, since it enjoys the work at an insignificant cost, but which must justify itself to a certain point by the quality of its paper and printing, and the general elegance of the goods. On the other hand, for the convenience of the circulating libraries, which have at times to respond to imperious demands, the work must be produced in several volumes which can be lent separately.

The consequences of this are surprising to us. While in France a romance in two or more volumes will hardly find a publisher—in Great Britain, on the contrary, it is the single-volume novel which is in a similar position, because it does not hold out to the publisher the normal chances of profit. The ordinary form of novel is in three volumes, the price of which varies from ten to twenty-one shillings—a price astonishing to French ideas; the total of the current novel reaching thus as high as from forty-five up to eighty francs.

But in fact, the novel does not present, as with us, the aspect of a poor little book, more or less compact and scanty, printed in faint character, on indifferent paper, without margin, and bound in a thin "chemise" of rose, green, or salmon-colour. The English romance, even the most mediocre, always comes out well printed on good paper, elegantly bound in dark cloth, or even in "calf," lettered and gilt—a display which explains to a certain extent the high price which it is marked in the catalogue, at the same time that it flatters the paternal feelings of the author, and satisfies the fastidious taste of the public.

Now is this system advantageous to the writer? One dare not affirm that it is, because it induces authors to make over their rights in the work for a "sum down," which is not, as a rule, a very good plan. In this regard the French system which has obtained for many years, and which consists in apportioning a certain royalty on each copy, is at once infinitely more logical and more just, because it gives a man of merit a proportional profit in the results of his work and his success. In England it is by no means unusual to find a writer, who has enriched his publisher, living in relatively humble surroundings, and dragging with him to the end of his days the weight of forced production. One will scarcely encounter in literary circles a writer of any renown but who has dolorous complaints to make, and who is not ready to endorse the celebrated apostrophe of Byron anent Murray. "But," the publisher will say, "what do you expect? The production of the work is with us a costly and troublesome business. We frequently are left with a whole edition on hand! Must not we recoup ourselves on those we do sell?"

After all, the publication of a novel in three volumes is no small affair. One may fearlessly state that in a case wherein a French publisher would advance five or six thousand francs for an edition, his London or Edinburgh *confrère* will put down twenty or thirty thousand: namely, treble paper and printing expenses, as the work is in three volumes; full author's rights in cash; the binding of the whole edition, which never reaches the public in the form of a "brochure," and finally

the expenses of advertising. The latter, which are almost always the same for each work, whatever the value of it, consist of at least half a dozen announcements for three or four weeks in all the influential papers, to say nothing of the pages or half pages of special advertisements in the weekly or monthly periodicals. There is, in fact, in every journal, a particular column reserved for books published within the preceding three months, for which all the publishing houses have a current account at the uniform rate of ninepence a line.

These details of the publisher's "cookery," explain, better than considerations of a higher order, the why and wherefore of the British library. It is because it is impossible, under present conditions, to shake off this heavy expenditure, that the industry remains in a few hands—that the book is dear, that the novel is normally in three volumes. A large capital is involved in this production. One seldom sees in England mushroom houses, which die away after a precarious existence of a few seasons. The greater number of the libraries are founded upon a secure basis, and have a long existence secured to them, even if all their speculations do not turn out profitably. Failures are proverbially as rare amongst publishers as amongst chemists and bakers. The division of labour comes also to aid in consolidating the position gained. Every house has a speciality from which it scarcely ever departs, and for which it has perhaps enjoyed a reputation a hundred years old. There is one house which has adopted the system of publishing only works, the expense of which is defrayed by the authors themselves. One would easily fancy that this

house is pretty sound, but, as a matter of fact, the contrary is nearer the truth, because it publishes chiefly volumes which nobody wants to read. So it can only exist by making the "amateur-authors" (the word is now in use) pay for the gratification of seeing themselves in print.

The rule of these three volumes in English literature is in some sort "cabalistic." Who can tell all the trash which it has introduced into the British romance, like the obligatory five acts of the classical play? Rare indeed are the occasions in which authors can complete their three volumes in a perfectly connected and homogeneous manner. There is always a large proportion of filling up—"padding," as it is technically called.

There are interminable conversations, often worse than useless in the development of the original plot—wearying and puerile descriptions, incidents arising from the introduction of secondary characters. Truly happy is the "patient" who, when in the midst of the action, does not find the thread of interest slacken or break hopelessly. But we must not imagine for a moment that this is any drawback to average English readers. They appear, on the contrary, to be of the opinion of children, who are never more pleased than with a narrative which has no ending, and even without head and tail. To whom has it not happened at twelve years old to wish that "Robinson Crusoe" had twenty volumes, and that the "Thousand-and one Nights" had been multiplied to a Million-and-one? All this long "spinning-out," which would a hundred times tempt a Frenchman to cast away the book, really is a joy for ever to the average British reader. He enjoys the

endless discussions in which the hero and heroine engage *de omni re scibili*, and thinks he is thus obtaining a knowledge of character, and becoming intimate with the personages, interchanging with them views and sentiments. And even if the novel has no ending—if it lose itself in the clouds, the good public is by no means shocked. There are among them none of those vexatious people who demand above all logic, and want to run straight to the goal. They only want a few hours of "pleasant reading," and conversation a little less wearisome than what they are accustomed to in the neighbourhood.

In fact, it would be difficult to decide whether English books are sold at a high price because they have a small circulation by purchase, and are largely lent, or whether, on the contrary, they are lent so much because they do not sell in consequence of their dearness. One thing is certain: people read in England more than in any other part of the world, and literature does not address itself to a section but to the whole population. It is not in England that an author might plead that he does not write for "bread-and-butter" misses. Quite the contrary. An Anglo-Saxon writer can never lose sight of the fact that his work will be laid on every table and be read by every fireside—accessible equally to the damsel of fifteen and the woman of thirty. If by chance he should forget this, his editor or critic will bring him sharply to his senses; he will find himself tabooed; and it is to this fact, still more than to the general tone of good manners, that the usually harmless tendency of the English novel is due.

An author who "respects his pen," does not conceive

that he has any right to put down in a paper or a book anything that he would not venture to say to a young girl or a respectable woman. He knows that they form the best of his public—the most sincere and devoted of his readers; and if it sometimes costs him a pang, as an artist, to have to put the fig-leaf on his statues, he consoles himself with the reflection that his success is owing to no coarse or meretricious element in his work, but simple talent in the production. Nor is it a small thing to have readers and admirers in all classes and of all ages. Independently of the intimate and profound satisfaction which a writer finds who thus puts himself in community of ideas with the coming and the passing generations—what a prodigious scope is given to his action!

Let us admit that the French novel-writer is within his right in systematically stirring up the dregs of humanity under the pretext that all Nature resolves itself into combinations of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. But it is none the less true than deplorable, that in consequence of this system, all one class of the nation—the most precious, the most interesting, the one most open to impressions, and the greediest readers—finds itself with us shut out from romance, or reduced to read the novel in secret, and to taste the less savoury portions of it. The young girl (not to mention the lad) reaches marriageable age with an imagination almost empty of the notions of the world as it really exists; or, on the contrary, with notions too realistic and anatomical on the subject of love. These are conditions little favourable for the development of the calm and normal happiness of the family. To absolutely

ignore evil, or to believe that the world is peopled by Ægipans and Bacchants, are excesses equally dangerous.

Unlike these *ingénues*, sincere or otherwise, the young English girl is allowed to investigate, under the guidance of the best minds of her time, into the psychology of passions and marriage. Certain that no crudity of expression, and no grossness, voluntary or involuntary, will cost her a blush, she dips into the philosophy of the century, the science of life, and the pleasant lessons of a familiar and experimental morality. She reaches the age of love, warned of pitfalls, and aware of the consequences of a false step; in a word prepared to choose, in the plenitude of her reason, the future associations of her life, and to fulfil seriously her social functions of wife, mother, instructress or initiatrix. We can, from our French point of view, discuss and combat such a system; but one cannot refuse to acknowledge a certain greatness in it, nor to deny that there may be a more glorious object in romance, than to obtain the suffrages of a dissolute handful of old scamps for a too free picture, or a prurient remark.

It is difficult to perceive, even from the famous scientific point of view, why the relations of the sexes should have the most prominent place in French contemporary fiction. Why these should have the preference over other questions and other technical details concerning the human frame, it is hard indeed to decide.

On the other hand, if the English novel hardly ever touches breaches of the sanctity of the marriage tie, it is chiefly because all the romance connected with its evasion has long since died out in consequence of the establish-

ment of the Divorce Court. In France it still holds its place in the sensational school of romance and of the drama, simply because its development is attended by a *cortège* of dramatic events, drawn swords, pistol shots, suicides, and terrors. In England it is not so. Such actions are legal offences, and the case is scarcely more interesting than the purloining of a handkerchief or of a watch-chain. The affair follows a regular course, with scarcely any variation. The husband does not kill anyone—he merely pleads before a judge in a wig; he laughs in his sleeve, and he would rub his hands, if hand-rubbing were a habit of the English. The lover runs no more danger than is included in the fact of his appearing as a co-respondent who swears on the Bible that he has been entirely misrepresented, and the nature of his attentions quite mistaken.

The lady risks nothing—not even a severe shock to her reputation—for her lover will be able to efface any little disagreeables by marriage. This is all very business-like, but not very nice after all. But why trouble about it? Let the dirty linen be washed in private, it is really useless to keep one's nose for ever over the tub. This is the opinion of the great majority of English people who are the most outspoken, who are by no means guiltless of a certain freedom in their own practice, but think that in such cases the theory had better be left to the flights of imagination of schoolboys, and to the manual of the confessor.

Eccentricities of literature, such as have been displayed in the effusions of Mr. Bradlaugh and Miss Martineau, are exceptions in the general rule of English writing, and the novel is intended to remain as "reading for all"—the great

sermons of the century, as the (late) eminent writer, Anthony Trollope, defined it. The novel touches everything, speaks of everything, and seeks to exercise a considerable influence upon public morals and manners. Thus a veritable Gulf Stream of discussion, sometimes stormy, but always sane, is let loose on society, penetrating all the questions of the day, presenting them under various aspects, beating and rebounding without cessation, and leaving new layers of alluvial deposits upon the surface of the country. No doubt, by the side of usage there is abuse, and we must not be surprised if we find amongst "psalm singers" the lesson degenerate into homily, and the homily into casuistry, as in the case of the excellent Mrs. Gaskell, who, to crown her work, consecrated the splendid results of her writings to the equipment of mission-ships. But we need only mention the names of Dickens and Mrs. Beecher-Stowe to recall what gigantic strides in the march of civilization can be caused by a good and lofty idea incorporated with a dramatic tale.

Without insisting that all the works of fiction produced should result in such grand effects, it may be conceded that there is considerable mental satisfaction in achieving the perusal of a work of the imagination—to think it is not quite futile, that it may serve to bring out a generous thought, a social reform, a scientific notion, even a precept of hygiene. May be this will rouse the indignant feelings of the adepts of *l'art pour l'art*. But the Anglo-Saxons do not put themselves out in consequence of these clamours. They go their own way, obedient to their utilitarian instincts, expending themselves freely, and following slavishly, neither the classi-

cal mould, nor the more recent literary formulas; writing as they understand it, on what pleases them, and on subjects which they know will please their public.

From the mere view of results, what an excellent system this is! The works of favourite authors are read universally —read by all people of all ages. The glory of a novelist is not in something equivocal or uncertain, something which must be spoken of with bated breath in corners, a kind of work which would make young people blush. It is a national property in which everyone participates, upon which great and small may pronounce an opinion in broad day, and with full knowledge.

And as the public pulse throbs in unison with the writer, when once he has taken possession of their hands, what an exchange of ardent sympathy and encouragement or passionate criticism arises! The kindly Wilkie Collins, who adds his own fame to a name already glorious in the annals of painting, loves to tell of the time when his story of the "Woman in White" was coming out in weekly parts; he used to find his letter-box full of epistles, threatening, complaining, or thanking him, according as the writers fancied they recognized the originals of his characters. But that which flattered his *amour-propre* of authorship most of all, was the reception of a score of letters from as many young men, who demanded the hand of his heroine, Marian Halcombe—if she ever had an original.

"I never saw her," the novelist added, laughing, "or I would have kept her for myself."

Miss Braddon could tell us a hundred similar anecdotes of her readers. As for the late Lord Beaconsfield, when

he was simply Benjamin Disraeli, and one of the first romancers of his time, such a general anxiety was manifested as to the originals of his characters, that when a "Key" to his personages was published—without his revision—the work reached ten or twelve editions.

This exchange of impressions must react upon the author, who seeks more and more to adapt himself to his public, and this gives rise to an atmosphere of "ambient honesty" which we may not without reason consider somewhat artificial and conventional, but which does not the less exercise the most salutary influence upon national morality. We may smile as we please at British pruderies, in so far as they are exaggerated or ridiculous; it is not the less true that a people whose literature is full of "rakes" and courtesans, and who spend every day tons of printed paper in the description of these bipeds, will in time keep on their own habits, and practise the stamp of the familiar subject. And on the other hand, a people who prefer to let all this zoology swarm in the slime of its great towns, forcing itself to forget the existence of such creatures, or abandoning to specialists the care of them, contract—at least outwardly—more regular, wiser, and more dignified manners.

Is it to this cause then that we must ascribe the general "respectability" of the English writers of fiction. Usually their lives are most simple and domestic. The greater number live in the country, at least the most part of the year, and only come to town when business calls them. Two or three of the most celebrated live abroad, without any desire to return. For instance, Mademoiselle La

Ramée, who writes as "Ouida," has been for a long time established near Florence, at the charming Villa Farinola; many writers occupy little quiet and isolated houses in South Kensington and St. John's Wood.

In the matter of Clubs, they belong to the Athenæum, perhaps to the Reform and the Carlton, if they have any political bend; to the Garrick, if they incline towards journalism and the theatre. Their existence is calm, regular, methodical, as the life of a notary or a money-changer. You would never imagine that kind-looking lady in spectacles, who is chatting so quietly with the city banker, to be the audacious Mrs. Lynn Linton, who placed Christ himself on the literary canvas as Joshua Davidson: and you must be told the name of Mr. William Black ere you would suspect his identity with the gentleman in the immaculate shirt-front and the "get-up" of a man of the world, who speaks so confidently of coming races, as he leans his elbow on the chimney-piece.

Nowhere less than in England do the gentlemen of the pen form a distinct class who live and breathe an atmosphere of, or who occupy themselves less with, the shop. The marked tendency of all professional authors of good taste is to put aside their working clothes in the evening, and even the personality of the author; to forget their *métier*, and to plunge themselves into all kinds of society. This is a method which has its advantages, even from the oint of view of exactness and literary probity.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

IT is nine A.M., and you come down to breakfast to find the fried sole or the ham and eggs which, accompanied by the cup of tea, constitute the first of the four daily meals of the Englishman. Beside your plate with your correspondence, you find a newspaper properly folded, and still damp with the kisses of the printing-press—or more likely with the damp fog of the early morning, for the paper-boy goes his rounds while the matutinal milk, and the nocturnal baker, share the pavement

Perhaps your paper may be the *Times* or the *Standard*, the *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, or even the *Morning Post* if you are much interested in fashionable intelligence. Open the broad sheet, and just consider it in detail with the attention and respect which it deserves. You will find you possess the most perfect and the most extraordinary product of human industry, a compendium of all progress, and in a manner the outcome of all discoveries. Literary and artistic activity—railroads, telegraphs, electric light, steam-engines, industrial processes pushed to the last limits of improvement—division and precision of work to the borders of the miraculous: it is nothing less than the con-

currence of all these forces which gives you the mirror—the instantaneous photograph of the world as it was a few hours before.

Just consider that at midnight not a word of these leading articles, these despatches of three columns, these two whole pages of parliamentary debates, was probably either written or spoken. And at the same time as you are running your eyes over the paper with its distressingly even columns of type, Manchester, Plymouth, and Boston have also the news in hand as well as yourself—systems are being elevated upon the reports, or fortunes are decaying and crumbling away at the news before you. Eight pages of a square mètre or so imprinted with seven or eight columns of fine characters, presenting *en bloc* all the political, commercial, financial, industrial, literary history of the previous day, not only of London, but of Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, New York, Calcutta, and the cut-throat ranges of Afghanistan, in African deserts, and generally every place wherein is produced a fact of public interest: the matter of two volumes, and the industry of one hundred thousand men—that is what you get for a penny, two sous; and if you deduct the middle man's commission, it is scarcely the price of the paper you hold!

Thus you have for nothing all the black which is impressed upon the white. If it were necessary, sooner than lose your valued patronage, the proprietors of the journal would offer you a pension for life to keep you amongst the number of their readers.

Now what is the explanation of this mystery? It is very simple. The system rests upon advertisement. The

advertisement is the vertebral column; everything tends towards it, everything is subordinate to it, and all the articles and the varied information you have assimilated with your meal is, in fact, only the sauce which makes the four pages which are devoted to advertisements, "go down."

Look at the positions accorded to the advertisements. With us they are relegated to the last page, or peep timidly into the third, and only appear—poacher fashion, as it were—on the preserves of the other two pages. In an English or American newspaper they occupy the first page, and commence with the first line of the first column; sometimes even pushing into the title like "ruffles." The fourth page, the seventh and the eighth—in short, all the outside portions of the paper, are appropriated by the advertisements. That is the shell which we must crack to arrive at the kernel, the journal proper.

All the announcements, moreover, are disposed in uniform characters in four to twenty lines deep, without large letters or typographical artifices to attract the reader. At first sight it all appears confused, and one is inclined to wonder what is the use of such a chaotic arrangement, and if there exist any beings so utterly abandoned by gods and men, as to venture to peruse those horrible columns from top to bottom. There is no doubt whatever that such creatures *do* exist—human stupidity takes stranger forms. But we may do this justice to English journalism—it does not exclusively devote itself as a rule to the delectation of such monsters.

These announcements, so confused at first sight, are in

reality a permanent and completely classified index of all offers and all demands. A judicious classification, a table of contents, permits one easily to find what is wanted, and so, without any trouble, we can manage to single out from the crowd the notice which we require.

First come the births, marriages, and deaths, which it is the custom in England to insert in the principal journals, instead of sending individual letters. Then we have the "agony column," composed of the despairing appeals and melancholy messages which hide so many poignant or sinister romances. Here we have a mother imploring her daughter to return to the fold; a woman who begs her husband to think of his children. We find the record of a heart-breaking cry side by side with a threat, an assignation, a souvenir, or a pass-word. The English journals do not insert every announcement that may be sent to them with the five-shilling fee; their clerks are wide awake, and refuse without hesitation any suspicious announcement. But in spite of this active watchfulness, many curious messages wriggle themselves under the eyes of the public, and some curious dramas are hidden behind this commonplace curtain.

After these come the maritime advertisements of steamers and sailing vessels about to proceed to Brazil, Australia, India, or the Cape of Good Hope; the prospectuses of emigration societies, the official announcements of colonial governments. Then we find the reports or calls for funds from financial societies, mines, banks, railways, tramways, and so on; the advertisements of rival lines to the Continent, the "spectacles," cafés chantants, conferences, or exhibi-

tions classed under the title of amusements. So much for the first page. On the fourth page we find the amusements under another form, and in detail; jewellers' and goldsmiths' wares, mineral waters, and chemical products, pianos and organs, cigars, galvanic chains, coffee, chocolate, wines, liqueurs, and various eatables. On the seventh page again, we find the announcements of financing companies, furnishing houses, drapery, linendrapers, tailors, dressmakers, shirtmakers, carriage-builders, dealers in old clothes, money-lenders, and usurers; schools for girls and boys, situations vacant and wanted for masters and governesses, announcements of books, music, illustrated and special papers. On the last page we reach the lists of houses and lands to be sold, apartments to be let, furnished or unfurnished, sales by auction, assignments and transfers, commercial and other situations, coachmen, cooks, lady's maids, footmen; announcements concerning coal, hotels, and law notices.

Not only do all these things appear in the same order and as nearly as possible in the same place, but there are certain days in the week set apart for special advertisements, so that those interested in them can more easily find them out. On Friday, for instance, we have offers of, and requests for, employment; on Saturday, notices of vacant apartments. It is only necessary to get the key to this custom; then this colossal index of all these wants, and so much competition, becomes a matter of easy interpretation. In many places of business, the daily work of the office is begun by a selection of all demands which can by any means be connected with the speciality of the house, and to these the managers respond with offers of service. The advertisement thus

pushes itself into commercial and public life, a sort of universal intermediary.

What we in France would call the essential portion of the paper, commences on the last column but one of page four, by a *resumé* of news both foreign and domestic, a true *précis* divided into paragraphs, and to which the experienced reader turns at once to see what the latest news is. This column corresponds at once with our bulletin and "*dernière heure.*"

Immediately following this *précis* come the three or four leading articles on important questions of the day. The leading article treats of politics, industrial or artistic events, of the latest accident or sensational occurrence, of the trial which excites public attention, of the latest book, of the opera, of the hunting or shooting season which has just opened or is about to close, of regattas or inter-university contests, of the Epsom Races, or in fine of any or all subjects which are likely to interest habitués of the drawing-room or the club. It has a literary style of its own, which partakes at once of the chronicle and the special article, of the Addisonian essay and of familiar conversation. It is, nevertheless, essential that the writer should be a past master in all journalistic qualifications—good sense, tact, a light touch, rapidity of conception, abundance of information, clearness and precision of style, and happiness of expression. To the French reader we can best convey this idea by mentioning the habitual tone of M. John Lemoinne.

The article is always impersonal, and is never signed by the writer. It is not the individual who is speaking, it is the journal, or rather—for this is always the point to view—

it is the public sagacity, like the chorus of antique drama, explaining the events of the day.

Of these "leaders" some, and those not the least relished, are written in a hurry at the office itself at midnight or in the early morning, while the machines are at work and the foreman is waiting, scissors in hand, to cut them into slips and distribute them to the compositors. Others are written at home, under orders from the editor, by members of the ordinary staff. One of the most pronounced characteristics of English journalism is the dictatorship exercised by the editor and chief. It is necessary for him to have his eyes in all directions, to know all that is going on, to foresee everything, like a good general. His is the responsibility, his subordinates only being permitted the minimum of initiative which is absolutely necessary for business. They have to be always ready, each one in his special department, to improvise at a moment's notice a column of elegant prose, judiciously conceived, and perfectly conclusive in its arguments. The printing machines must begin their work at two o'clock, and the news which first meets the eyes of waking Londoners has often not arrived until past midnight.

The financial announcements and the quotations of the principal Exchanges occupy three columns of the sixth page; then we have the market prices, maritime news, arrivals and sailings, shipwrecks or serious accidents, steamers, or sailing vessels signalled from foreign ports, the weather forecasts communicated from Greenwich Observatory or transmitted by Atlantic cable.

On page three we find the Colonial correspondence, despatches and letters from the provinces, the bulletins

from the Universities, Meetings, Law and Police reports given *in extenso.* Apropos of this, it is curious to observe the truly admirable care which is taken by the English press to avoid prejudging a case or a criminal who stands accused, no matter what may be the gravity of the accusation against him. Even had he been taken in the very act of perpetrating a diabolical crime, until the jury has pronounced him guilty he is always the "accused," the "prisoner," the supposed culprit—never the guilty one, the convict, the murderer, assassin or robber, as is not unusual to call in other countries, simply from appearance, some unfortunate man whom a public trial may possibly wash as white as snow.

This may appear as nothing, but there is perhaps no surer sign of the high degree of civilization of a people. One may say that the tide-mark of its liberty and political education is indicated by the coolness which it knows how to preserve in the presence of crime, and the scruple which makes each member of the social body reluctant to intrude even by words upon the rights of judicial authority.

Reuter's telegraphic news, coroners' inquests, horse-races, dramatic criticisms, parliamentary reports, articles of literary, scientific or artistic criticisms, fill the remainder of the newspaper, which thus presents a complete picture of the national life.

Of the international life, to speak more correctly, for that which gives to the English Press its special and almost unique character, is the space it devotes to foreign affairs. Not only on political questions, but in detailing manners, little things, and social events. Isolated on his block of coal,

behind his rampart of white chalk cliffs, John Bull appears to hold his field-glasses continually directed upon his neighbours to study them under every aspect. Has so-and-so deceived her husband? Has such an one as good health as you would imagine when seeing her in her walking costume? What are they saying in the salon, or even in the kitchen?—That is what it is important to know in detail, and that is what is served up fresh every day in long columns of special correspondence.

Ten years ago this correspondence was transmitted by post. But the Franco-German War changed all that, and revolutionised the English press.

We can define this revolution in a few words. The end of telegraphic agencies and the era of the special wire.

It is to the *Daily News* and its editor—Mr. J. R. Robinson, or rather to his illustrious correspondent, Archibald Forbes, the wonderful reporter, or better still the great military writer—that we are indebted for this movement. To all the gifts of a modern Xenophon—to the most varied and accurate knowledge, to a fine instinct of strategy and unrivalled perception, not only of what to do but how to see it being done—to the most graphic and lively style—to the highest talent in a word—Mr. Forbes unités a physical vigour and energy, a passionate ardour which makes him appear an almost superhuman and somewhat weird individual. To be a good military correspondent is not given to all men. It is sometimes easier to win a battle actually than to seize the varied points, the lines and facts connected with the engagement, and to fix them in an exact and dramatic report.

Mr. Forbes possesses this art in the highest degree. He has the special qualification of knowing the precise spot where he must be; he can remain in the saddle for twenty-four hours without requiring repose; he sees everything; he traverses the most terrible scenes of carnage, writing upon his saddle-bow the three columns of a graphic despatch, riding at full speed afterwards, and foundering ten horses to get his letter forwarded in time. Not once but twenty times has he accomplished such feats as these. Of all the decisive events of the last decade—from the interview of Napoleon III., as a prisoner, with the King of Prussia, to the capitulation of Metz; from the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris to the English troubles in Afghanistan—he has been an eye-witness. It was he who traced the plans of campaign in Ashantee and Zululand so correctly and completely that the commanders could not have done better than follow them. 'Twas he who announced to the Czar, six hours before the couriers, the victory of Chipka. He made a journey of a hundred miles on horseback and six hundred "steaming," to bring an important report to Fleet Street, and was away again without waiting to see it in type. His account of the first attack on Plevna is destined to become classical. He transmitted the narrative from Sistow, whither he had walked, carrying on his head the saddle of the third horse he had ridden to death *en route*. His ride after Ulundi is historical. In a word, his exploits are of that kind which belong to the profession rather than to a single nation, and of which any one who wields a pen may well be proud, because they elevate to epic proportions the calling of a journalist.

In 1870, Mr. Forbes entered upon his career. He hit on the happy idea, which Mr. Robinson adopted at once, of transmitting by cable his whole military letters instead of merely abstracts of them. This appears easy enough now, but it is a fact that no one thought of doing so before; and the *Daily News* by adopting the plan placed itself at the head of all its competitors.

During the Franco-German War, which raised English curiosity to the highest pitch, people eagerly sought Mr. Forbes's correspondence, and not once did it fail to arrive first, and in much more detail than all his rivals' letters. He has retained this advantage faithfully during a course of ten campaigns.

When the war was over, the *Daily News* had paid away an enormous sum for telegraphic despatches, but had gained an unique position. On the other hand, the public had got accustomed to finding three or four columns of telegraphic news in that paper every morning—despatches penned on the previous evening. Everything more than four and twenty hours old appeared like ancient history. It soon became necessary for all the other leading papers to follow suit, under the penalty of being relegated to a cabinet of antiquities.

Then it was that the *Times* entered resolutely upon the fertile path, instituted in Paris its central office for European information, and gained by treaty the exclusive use of a special wire for six hours every evening to transmit news to its London office. Such a luxury looked natural enough for the *Times*, which sells at threepence each its fifty or sixty thousand copies, and is perched upon an unassailable

pinnacle of a century's growth. But what were the penny papers to do? Were they to take the broad path leading to destruction, or bankruptcy, or to let themselves be distanced by the Colossus?

They did not hesitate for an instant. The *Daily Telegraph*, then the *Standard*, instituted a Paris office and a special wire each. The *Morning Post* and the *Daily News*, without adopting this system, considerably extended their special despatches. There is now not one of these journals which has not, day by day, three or four columns of telegrams, representing at a moderate estimate an expenditure, under one form or another, of a thousand or fifteen hundred francs.

The political news often failed to occupy this costly machinery, so by a ready descent it was employed to telegraph the chronicles of the boulevard, Parisian events, the reports of the new dramas, etc. Thus by degrees the residents of London have become accustomed to find every morning, in their newspapers, details concerning Paris which Parisians themselves are often unaware of until the afternoon.

The members of the Comédie Française were astonished in 1878 to find their names, occupation, their best parts, and their habits so familiar to the British public. But this public had for ten years been habituated to read in its morning papers the report of a new play at the Théâtre Français, of the latest operetta or fête, side by side with politics and ministerial crises and the echoes of the Place Beauvau and the Quai d'Orsay. The name of the least prominent of French politicians is as well known to the

British public as those of his own legislators. Paris—with its historical movements, so agitated and so dramatic—its sudden changes, its transparencies, its human "Will-o'-the-Wisps," its effacements and its apotheoses, is to the good "roast-beef eaters" a spectacle always new.

A journal once attempted to serve its readers with the same sauce from Berlin, by special wire; but the attempt did not succeed. No one wanted to taste this saurkrout. The special wire did not pay, and the old system was resorted to.

The Leviathans of the English Press, as they love to call themselves, were not content to remain there. In the hand-to-hand encounters in which they fought their rivals with "millions"—when the resources of electricity and steam had been exhausted—when the editorial offices had been placed in direct communication not only with Paris and the Continent generally, with the Houses of Lords and Commons, with the larger towns in the United Kingdom, but even with India, as was done during the tour of the Prince of Wales in the East, and in the Afghan campaign; when the great newspapers had finished by having, not only their own houses, their printing offices, their "cut" departments—cutting machines which divide and fold twenty thousand copies an hour—but their own ink and paper manufactories, it became necessary to find something new. And where were they to find this desirable end if not outside the functions proper of the Gazette?

Up to that time the *rôle* of the paper had been to record events. They had now to find the events—to make them with the sole object of describing them.

The United States came to pioneer the Old Continent

in this work by sending out a journalist to find Livingstone. Scarcely had Stanley announced the successful result of his expedition, than the *Daily Telegraph* hastened to associate itself with the *New York Herald* to defray the expenses of the second expedition of the valiant explorer. The marriage of the American and British interests not unnaturally gave rise to a little disagreement, which led to a divorce, but the English journal, placed on its mettle by the reports of the business, quickly despatched into Mesopotamia a young archæologist, Mr. George Smith, who furnished most interesting information, and especially the famous Assyrian account of the Deluge.

One cannot say where this mania for popular applause would have stopped—partly justified as it was by results. No doubt the penny papers would have finished by undertaking to make a tunnel between Great Britain and the Antipodes, rather than be distanced by their American rivals—when a little miscalculation overturned the well-planned scaffolding of one of these extra-literary enterprises, and for a time at least put them aside. Two journals allied themselves to fit out the *Pandora*, a little vessel destined to accompany Sir George Nares' expedition to the Arctic Regions. A valued correspondent, Mr. Macgahan, the very representative of the *Herald* who had always been found by the Russians in advance of their troops in the Khiva campaign, was sent on board the *Pandora*, with a special mission to retain for the journal that had accredited him the first information. All necessary precautions were taken to secure the monopoly, and the correspondent, confident in his privilege, kept a journal of his voyage, which

he intended to publish on his return. But alas, on entering the port he found that his secrecy was all in vain. The *Pandora* had concealed in her box a false messmate—a literary sailor or a sailing literary man—and this sea-wolf, this wolf in the fold, had never lost an opportunity to transmit to the mother country the most precise and the most interesting details of the voyage. Perhaps his correspondence was not so very remarkable for its orthographical brilliancy, but his kind associates of the newspaper had taken great care of his notes, and had edited them with much erudition. This little misadventure caused considerable amusement, and dealt a mortal blow at the epidemic of adventure which had seized upon British journals.

Their restless activity, however, did not fail of other outlets. One could compile a volume of the most extravagant adventures and means to which journals have had recourse in the race for first news. We have seen special trains chartered, and vessels fitted out for the first interviewer of a shipwrecked lad, to gain the sensational details from his own lips. We have had reporters plunging headlong into a mine, immediately after an explosion which had killed all the workers—in order to be "in at the death," and to describe the disaster accurately. We have known a steamer gained by swimming, literally by assault, to put the "corresponding" hand upon a passenger who had something interesting to disclose. At the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, it is, though scarcely credible, quite well-known that one journal followed the competing crews in a miniature "Great Eastern," which laid a cable under water as it went along, through which the condition and incidents of the

race were transmitted minute by minute to the successive editions of the paper, which thus gained fifteen minutes upon its rivals.

But perhaps the most curious of these exploits, and in any case the liveliest, is still again placed to the credit of a correspondent of the *Daily News.* It was during the Ashantee war; and the London papers, not having had time to lay a special cable between the Gulf of Guinea and Great Britain, were obliged to put up with the cable from Madeira. Their representatives were, of course, established at Funchal. The question which exercised each one was how to obtain the first possession of the letters which their respective military correspondents had addressed to them, by courier, so as to transmit the contents by telegraph to London, viâ Lisbon and Paris. But they had reckoned without the quarantine which was imposed on all new arrivals—the letters could not be delivered until they had all been fumigated. They had consoled themselves, however, with the reflection that it was the common lot of all, when the representative of the *Daily News*, struck by a sudden inspiration, suggested an expedient which answered admirably. "Sir," said he to the sworn fumigator, "I do not mean to ask you to neglect your duty, and to let me have the letters before you have taken every precaution. Will you only consent to accept half of my allowance and to open the correspondence addressed to me? You may hold the sheet open with a pair of tongs at the barred window in the fumigating room, and I will glance at the correspondence from the wall. That is all, and for this service I will render you all possible gratitude."

The arrangement was concluded on these conditions, and that is why the *Daily News* was once more to the front with Mr. Forbes' correspondence.

It need scarcely be said that it is not by such means that the English press has become so influential, and merits the first place in the world's journalism. These exploits are of the order which have contributed to the success of Mr. Barnum, who has developed his philosophy in a series of lectures under the title, "Never hide your light under a bushel." That news arrives to-day or to-morrow, at ten o'clock in the morning or at six o'clock at night, matters little, after all, so far as the good of the community is concerned; and it is not by such *tours de force* that national prosperity will, in any appreciable degree, be augmented.

But from a mercantile point of view, so far as regards the journals which employ such arts, *it pays well*, as they would say in that country of shop-keepers. Without wishing to cast an intrusive glance into the *arcana* which are closed to the *profanum vulgus*, and to pretend to know the exact number of copies which are circulated by each paper—or without even accepting the certified numbers which the experts of the City of London testify to—we may boldly affirm that the *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Daily News* have a circulation of a million copies a day in ordinary times.

And that is nothing very wonderful, when you come to think that London has three times as many inhabitants, and the three journals issued have nearly the monopoly of the morning sale. But there is one curious result of this state of things—that a new influential journal is thus

rendered practically an impossibility in the British metropolis. Every five or six years, some company undertakes the enterprise with a capital of ten or twelve millions (francs), which are speedily dissipated. The influence of the papers already established is so great, they rest upon so many solid foundations of habit, interest, and tradition, that competition is hopeless. If we inquire at what price one of these giants of the English press may be valued, the reply is not easily given, for besides the sums of money sunk in them, there is political influence to be considered, which may even assure their monopoly, and the valuation of which escapes any approximate estimate.

It is unfortunate that this concentrated influence should be so limited to a number of not always clean hands, but in England happily the evil has its counterpoises, both numerous and certain, so that the fact ceases to be a danger. What are required from the daily papers are news and information, rather than opinions; and this information the public will have exact, complete, and impartial. Any influential journal which was found guilty of bad faith or of taking absolutely one line, would soon find a falling-off in its *clientèle*, for the reason that it recruits its friends from every class, and people of all shades of opinion. Therefore it is necessary to deal with facts, and facts only, photographed as accurately as possible. So accounts and reports are faithfully rendered of debates, inquests, trials, meetings, sent in by short-hand writers without suppressions, reflections, or comments.

An English reader of the ordinary type would reject with disgust a paper which, under a pretence of giving him a

description of the House of Commons, would give him a tissue of impressions, more or less exact, of an errand-boy of letters. He would be annoyed if he found the report of a trial coloured by the editorial bias. Public justice administered equally to all, complete documents, full proceedings whatever be the subject of litigation—that is what is required from the morning journal. But above all there must be no trace of the workman's hand. The purchaser buys a looking-glass for his penny: he has no desire to be reminded of the name and of the opinions of the men who have been polishing his mirror all night—that is their business.

Discussions and personal attacks, which unfortunately occupy such a considerable space in our own journals, are almost unknown in English newspapers. It is at least forty years since they gave up the habit, and recognized that such passages of arms are useless and in bad taste. A journal which, in default of argument, summoned invective to its aid would find a difficulty in retaining its readers: one that had no better stock-in-trade than a handful of suitable and coarse epithets, would be quickly obliged to put up the shutters. That no longer exists in their manners. Our neighbours have understood for the last half century that men are nothing—ideas only are all important. They are truly "*guéris des individus*," as poor Anacharsis Clootz wished the French would be, one day. Not that the English, who amuse themselves after their fashion—"*moult tristement*" as Froissart puts it—are not as inclined to lionize an illustrious or eccentric personage, or some pretty woman, for a week or two. But they want a toy,

not an idol; curiosity alone spurs them: they are in a hurry to open the doll to get at the sawdust, or the sound it makes, and then they throw it away and forget all about it.. One can scarcely impose upon these cold and positive people with either words or airs of importance, and one sickens them by turning from the language of business to the slang of the tap-room.

The acrimony of tone which is still observable in the French press, is not the least deplorable legacy of the Second Empire. It was not in this way that Armand Carrel was treated, even when he paid with his life for a too passionate polemic. To discover the models of the school, we must go back to the "*Coupe-jarrets*" of the counter-revolution. The literary press, the only one which was tolerated in France after the 2nd of December, introduced into our manners those habits of unworthy tattle and childish fury. Nothing contributed more to this than the practice of signing articles, which was also imposed by the men of the *coup d'état.* Thus, aided by national vanity and vivacity, the least differences of opinion degenerated into animosity, and antipathy into scandalous quarrels. If anyone has doubts on this point, let him consider the immense distance which separates even in France the anonymous —that is, the impersonal journals—from those in which the smallest paragraph is so pompously signed.

We must confess that the English press—the press of information—disdains to exercise that spirit of inquiry and 'espionage' which our papers have borrowed too freely from the Americans. The idea shared by so many journalists that they have not only the right, but that it is their duty to

violate the principles of courtesy, and divulge in public what has been confided to them—or that which they have gained by back-stairs influence—would have little success across the Channel. The mania for interviewing, which is so rampant in America, and which has a tendency to acclimatise itself here, will never take root in England. The interviewer would expose himself to strange "inconveniences" in making up his sensational copy if he had the temerity to openly present himself at the house of an English public man, with the view of making an article of him. We may say, in passing, that one, and not the least of the subjects for a joke to our friends across the Channel, is the naïve resignation with which our statesmen submit to the presence and indiscretion of certain foreign correspondents.

"I would kick them down stairs, Sir," said recently a member of the Reform Club, who was also a member of the British Cabinet.

Such a proceeding would, perhaps, have been strong; but we must remember that no instance is on record of any French or Russian correspondent having ever obtained in Downing Street the access which is too easily accorded in our official departments. The prestige of some English journals has no doubt something to do in the matter; but it should not be forgotten that such prestige depends in a great measure upon the information which is permitted to be so graciously extorted, and on the opinion which gets abroad that such a journal is inspired. There is a very curious reflex action here; a paper in the City which would long ago have lost all political credit, exists only upon the international influence which is

attributed to it in Europe, and this influence, even so far as it exists, is derived exclusively from the credit it is supposed to possess in the "City."

It may be imagined that the very nature of these great organs of information, the extent and diversity of their clients, would militate against their taking a decided attitude upon any great political or other important question, and consequently from exercising any decisive action. No doubt the *Standard* is Conservative, the *Daily News* Liberal, the *Telegraph* Conservative-Liberal, and the *Times* Liberal-Conservative, but these tendencies only come to light with considerable reserve, in a leading article: and the aim of the journal, which is exact information, precise and complete, remains much the same throughout, just because it is so.

The evening papers, which are not so extensive as the morning journals, the *Globe*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Echo*, pay less attention to information *in extenso*, and occupy themselves more with the spirit of party. They discuss with more passion the questions of the day, but it is to the weekly journals, the *Spectator*, the *Examiner*, the *Saturday Review*, that the formulated conclusion is left. During the week the various questions have been ventilated in Parliament, and in the clubs, from those of St. James, to the "jug department" in the humblest of public-houses, and a public opinion thus begins to be formed.

Saturday comes, and with it the sixpenny papers printed in double column; and these have undertaken the duty of fixing the erratic impressions in a series of clear and

nervous articles. The greater number of these journals are well made up, and eagerly perused during the interminable Sunday. If we add that the labouring classes, including the small shop-keepers, read almost exclusively the papers which contain a *resumé* of the varied events of the week, such as *Reynolds's Newspaper*, *Lloyd's*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*—that the fashionable classes have for their oracles the "society papers," especially the *World* and *Truth*—it is easy to understand why political influence in England generally belongs to the weekly publications rather than to the great chattering "dailies."

Then the judgment is pronounced, and public opinion is made up thenceforward? No; there is still a Court of Appeal, the great Reviews: "The Contemporary," "The Fortnightly," "The Westminster," the "Nineteenth Century," which appear monthly with the collaboration of all writers of note in the kingdom, and occupy themselves with scarcely any other than political topics or social economy. The first named leans to Liberal principles, and reckons Mr. Gladstone amongst its contributors; the second is the great organ of scientific radicalism; the fourth puts forth the most serene eclecticism, and lays itself out to discuss the specialities of all parties—it loves to place an article by Cardinal Manning on the "Immaculate Conception," side by side with a study of protoplasm by Professor Huxley.

By this time, no doubt, the last word has been said? No: not yet. There is a Court of "Cassation"—the Quarterly Reviews—the most grave and authoritative of all. The "Edinburgh Review," founded in 1802 by Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey; the "Quarterly," established

in 1809 by William Gifford, with the concurrence of Walter Scott and Croker.

We have now come to the end of our tether, and if the English people are not sufficiently informed concerning their political and social interests, if they do not get to the bottom of questions, and do not extract the answer from them, certainly it is not the fault of the newspaper proprietors, who have accepted the responsibility of keeping them informed.

There may exist an erroneous impression that the papers of London or the chief towns are the only ones to respond to the universal demand for information which characterizes all classes in Great Britain. The smallest towns have their rival organs, established on a firm footing, teeming with local announcements and special information. Thirty or so of these papers yield nothing to the London Press in the abundance, originality, and rapidity with which they acquire their news. We may mention at the head of the list the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Birmingham Post*, which have special correspondents in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and Constantinople, like their *confrères* of the Metropolis, and which pay up to £100 a month for their "London Letter." There was, it is said, a representative of the first named of these Journals in Metz, with the army of Bazaine, to whom is owing the idea of sending obsidional letters by balloons. This is the story at any rate, and we give it for what it is worth.

There are a hundred other journals which it is needless to enumerate, such as the *Leicester Post*, the *Liverpool Mercury*, the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Freeman's*

Journal of Dublin—which have their editorial offices in direct communication by special wire not only with their London offices, but with the Houses of Parliament. They are thus informed minutely concerning the progress of the debate, the results of the divisions, at the same time as of other facts and news which may become the text of a leading article, and so they are enabled to express their opinions at the same time as their metropolitan brethren. They also publish the debates *in extenso* an hour or two after the House has risen, as the London papers do; and thus the Parliamentary pulse is felt at the extremities of the kingdom.

It must be admitted that the facilities afforded by post and telegram are much in favour of these arrangements. A special wire costs only £40 a month through the whole extent of the United Kingdom, and the Press enjoys the privilege of sending its telegrams at tenpence for a hundred words, when it has recourse to ordinary wires.

This organization makes some of the Provincial Journals powerful rivals of the metropolitan newspapers. Even though the town may be five or six hours' journey by fast train from the capital, the proprietors do not fear to engage in the conflict with the London editors, and it is seldom that they come out vanquished. This fighting, though, is not always conducted on entirely fair principles.

For instance, a few years ago, some provincial journals thought to profit by the immense circulation of the *Times*, *Daily News*, and *Standard*, and the extent of their business—which compels them to go to press at two or three o'clock in the morning—so that the copies may be dis-

tributed by five o'clock. The provincial papers kept back their issue until the last moment which was possible with their smaller circulation, and, thanks to their special wire, worked by an agent more zealous than scrupulous, they were enabled, not only to publish their legitimate news, but that of the great London journals as well, which came out at the same time.

This was a terrible blow to the "Leviathans" of the press, and they could not remain still without returning it. They replied by carrying the war into the enemy's country—that is to say, they united in subsidising a service of special trains which leave London early in the morning (3 o'clock), with the first thousands of copies wet from the press of each paper. These are distributed by eight o'clock in Birmingham, Bradford, or Manchester, at the same time as the London district is supplied. The bundles are sent out as they leave the presses, they are sorted *en route*, divided for each station, and dropped at their several destinations without the train being required to stop.

This single example will give the reader some idea of the keenness of the competition between the metropolitan and provincial press. We will add another, which will show to what a point the latter attempts to follow up its great rival in all its perfect ramifications and machinery. We know the ingenious charts which daily indicate the weather forecasts in the papers. From all stations the information is telegraphed at the latest possible hour to the central office, and the forecasts are indicated on the profile map of Europe. A little instrument called a pantograph is then passed carefully over the contours and indications of the

model, and all the signs and readings are reproduced upon the soft plate of plaster.

The negative thus formed, supplies a number of impressions in relief, which are placed at the service of the papers which subscribe for them; and there is no limit to the distribution, unless the journal is situated in a town too far distant to receive the "cliché" in time. So all the papers within a reasonable distance are enabled to publish the chart at the same time as the London papers.

But the towns situated two or three hundred miles away, Edinburgh and Glasgow, for instance, how can they make use of the forecast or give the chart, unless twenty-four hours later? This would be a terrible humiliation! So they sought a way and studied it. Now the Scottish journals have found a solution of the difficulty by which they can profit by the reports and participate in the joys of the Meteorological Service. They have their "clichés" all ready—in distinct sections—with all the possible combinations of weather; and, by the assistance of the most minute directions by telegram, they manage to make up the daily chart to the satisfaction of their readers.

There is little to choose then between the columns of the London and provincial press; and, if we are to believe such an authority as Mr. Gladstone, the palm may be awarded occasionally to the latter. They are often by far the most amusing and varied, because they are less strictly bound by the laws of etiquette, and do not hesitate to chronicle the "doings" of the Court or the town—a chronicle at times more instructive than edifying. The great metropolitan journal is a grave diplomatist, and

sometimes a "bore." The "great journal" of Leeds or Manchester is an amiable young man who sees the world, and who tells his amusing stories at his club in the evening.

But all nations have their provincial press. A speciality of Great Britain is the district newspaper, which limits its circulation to the suburb to which it appertains. The *South Kensington News*, the *Southwark Weekly*—just as we might say the *Gazette de Montmartre* and the *Nouvelles du Panthéon.* London can reckon no less than sixty of these papers—all flourishing, all discussing local questions, &c., with competent pens, and taking an active part in the elections; while they serve as intermediaries between the supply of, and demand for, all the various grades of domestic wants of the locality. The greater number are weekly issues—a small number appear oftener, a few are warranted in a daily issue, and one, started twenty or thirty years ago in Islington, is in a fair way to become one of the influential papers of the metropolis.

To these various manifestations of the periodical press we must add the special journals, whose name is "legion," and the illustrated papers which fill so important a place in English domestic life. The comic and satirical publications deserve study by themselves, and are immensely superior to the same class of publications on the continent; they never offend against the canons of good taste, while they do not abandon the attitude of the satirist and critic. Seeking only to amuse and instruct, not to wound, the comic papers excel in summing up the situation in a "cartoon," piquant or ingenious, to catch the ridiculous

side of the question. The most illustrious English writers, Thackeray for one, did not disdain and did not object to lend their countenance to these prints, and if we seek in contemporaneous art the heir of Gavarni, we shall probably find him in *Punch* under the signature of Mr. Du Maurier—as nearly a Frenchman by birth and education as it is possible to discover.

All these combine to form the most important *ensemble* which exists anywhere—in the number as much as in the talent and weight. London, in truth, only possesses 364 journals, but the provinces reckon 1,065; Scotland 172, Ireland 149, Wales 65, the small islands 20, giving a grand total of 1,835. And this total only includes journals properly so called, not any reviews or magazines, which number 103.

The magazine holds a place intermediate between the review and the journal. At a less price than the former, for it costs but a shilling, while the reviews are priced at half-a-crown—it is monthly, like them, and occupies a place in literature which can not be filled by either the newspaper or the review. In the magazines are published serial stories by authors of repute, before the tales appear in volume form. Novels thus condensed, scientific papers, critiques, and a variety of other matter constitute the ordinary programme of these pleasant publications, in the first rank of which stand "Blackwood's," "Fraser's," "Time," the "Cornhill," "Macmillan's," "Temple Bar," "Tinsley's," and "Belgravia."

As in the cases of the reviews, the daily journals do not fail to notice every month the most interesting of these

periodicals. Like the journals themselves, however, the magazines are not subscribed for, but bought by the number up to tens of thousands. The English custom is to subscribe to a library, so as to receive the periodicals which are required at home, be they daily, weekly, or monthly. These, including the *Times*, which one can have for a penny, every morning for an hour, are procured at certain places, the newsvendors, or the circulating libraries. A number of boys under twelve, at the railway stations, and libraries, are occupied in dispensing these papers. These children form a singularly active and intelligent class. From their ranks, as everyone knows, Edison, the electric magician, rose in the United States.

The position of the journalist in English society is somewhat difficult to define, so much so, that Burke thought it necessary to invent a name for him, namely, that of the "Fourth Estate." But this definition, though perhaps sufficiently accurate at the end of the last century, has now ceased to be so; it is less so even than in France, where numbers of journalists form, with dramatic authors, theatrical people, and business men, a little world apart, in a sort of freemasonry.

The truth is, that English journalism, in consequence of its remarkable developments, has pushed its roots in all directions, and seized upon all classes. Anonymity is singularly favourable to this kind of universal collaboration, and the university education which, in Great Britain, completes the course of study for aspirants to all liberal professions, is a powerful factor in the multiplication of the men who, believing themselves capable of writing occasionally a

leading article or a paper in a review, fall sooner or later into that temptation. Some young barrister richer in set phrases than in clients, some doctor still without patients, some younger son destined to the diplomatic service, to parliamentary honours, or simply to the life of a country gentleman, is not disinclined to occupy his leisure in enlightening his contemporaries; nor is he too proud to accept the remuneration of his temporary labour. Perhaps he would have thought twice about it if he had been obliged to sign his article, and would have been afraid to enter upon a line of life different from that for which he was destined, but the anonymous character of his contribution levels all scruples, and he is enrolled as a literary man. We can quote members of the Upper House, whose political apprenticeship was served on the press; the Marquis of Salisbury, for instance, for a long time ventilated diplomatic questions in the pages of the Quarterly Review, before he ventured to put them into practice. So amongst the members of the House of Commons, the bar, the magistracy, and professional men generally, it would be difficult to discover one who had not at some time or other dipped his fingers into the literary inkstand.

Nevertheless, it is not in Great Britain that we can say that journalism leads to everything. It might with greater truth be affirmed that it is a high road over which everybody passes, but it is not the road to wealth or solid fortune. If there are journalists in the House of Commons, it is not by journalism they got there. Not long ago we perceived a London constituency prefer a candidate to Mr. John Morley, one of the most honoured of English

journalists.* In a general way it may be stated that the English journalist does not in Great Britain enjoy the prestige which surrounds him elsewhere. In that immutable hierarchy in which all members have their rank marked on a table of precedence, from the king to the clergyman, lawyers, liverymen of civil corporations, not to mention princes of the blood, dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, baronets, and esquires—the journalist, as such, is nowhere.

He may perhaps have gained for himself in society the most enviable situation, but his profession carries no privileges, and it is placed on the same level as any other.

Why should I be more agreeable to the gentleman who writes articles, than to my bootmaker or tailor, says the voice of English society. If he succeed in his business, so much the better for him; he will profit by it, like a lawyer, professor, or architect. But why should he be smiled upon, and feasted to the top of his bent? No, indeed, that would be superfluous.

The truth is, nevertheless, that the profession of journalist, from the eminently British and Philistine point of view, is not worth entering in comparison with other careers, and ought to have some compensations. The revenue that a doctor, a solicitor, or an engineer can command, is susceptible of development which the journalist can never aspire to. It is natural that he should find in some other way an equivalent, and if this narrow oligarchy refuse it to him, it is because it mistrusts instinctively all superiority, and because

* Since these lines appeared in *Le Temps*, Mr. John Morley has been returned as Member for another place.

it cordially hates that incarnation of modern enterprise—the newspaper.

Not that it is such a very difficult matter for a journalist of real merit to gain a living, and, to speak plainly, to earn the income of a thousand pounds sterling, which is absolutely necessary for the wants of a family in London. But it is altogether exceptional that this amount should be doubled or tripled, and if the writer ever reaches this point, he will have attained his "baton of marshal." It is certainly not the fourth of what an artist, a barrister, or a surgeon placed in the same relative rank of their professions expects to receive. And the reason?—It is on one side that newspapers are in Great Britain a *de facto* monopoly, conducted on strictly economical principles in spite of, or rather in consequence of, the immense outside expenditure. On the other side it is because the supply of literary talent is more abundant in England than in any other country. The same "leading journal" which would not hesitate to venture ten or twenty thousand pounds on a puff to enlarge the circle of its readers, will be stingy in the matter of payment of the staff. It would surprise many to learn the contemptible rate of pay which is frequently given to first-rate writers attached to the staff of the most powerful public organs. The editor only, as general and chief, is liberally recompensed, and with him perhaps some well-known correspondents whose exclusive services must be secured at any price. The others are modestly recompensed with a guinea, or even a half a guinea a page of type, if for a review; two or three guineas a column (and such a column!) if he work for a daily paper.

As for the sub-editors especially attached to the office and condemned to night-work, they receive six, five, four, and even three guineas a week as the average remuneration. It is true they have the Saturdays to themselves, for papers do not appear on Sundays, and they get a month's leave between July and November. But though the pay is so poor, the class of men employed is unrivalled; of those who compose it there are few who have not worked their way up, and have been broken in to the business by commencing at the first round of the ladder. They have probed technical questions, systematically studied the best models, and have not altogether disdained, before embracing their profession, to know something of living languages, law, political economy, history, and even geography. It is rare indeed that they are not able to analyse or to sum up with precision a speech, a dramatic work, a judge's charge, or to complete an article of which the editor has sketched out the broad lines. The great number of these men are practised stenographers like Dickens, who made his *dēbut* in the press by filling the modest post of a shorthand reporter. They are in a word model secretaries, and their valuable services should be more liberally rewarded.

The only circumstances under which the cash box of the newspaper is not inclined to close are in the cases of correspondents with an army in the field, or those who are sent in time of peace to study the political situation in new or distant countries. Mr. Sala has placed on record such a case, in which he travelled like a prince, with the wages of an ambassador, and we could name a reporting hero who when he returned has received a substantial mark of recog-

nition from his chiefs in the shape of a cheque for a thousand pounds. But to what perfection of service must these have arrived! Mr. Archibald Forbes, the type of the class, was at all times, at any hour, at the disposal of his Editor. He has at home two campaigning outfits, one for winter or a cold climate, the other for summer or a hot climate. Arms, clothing, camping implements, saddlery, everything is ready, even to a purse of gold, passports, and letters of credit to every capital. Let the order come by telephone from Fleet Street, and he will start at once for Zanzibar, India, or Russia as the case may be. Perhaps he will rest for six months or a year without writing a line, but once at work, all his time, all his activity, all his indomitable energy, all his special genius, are placed at the service of his paper and his readers; he will not sleep nor eat, and he will have but one fixed idea, namely, to see everything and to tell everything. No wonder if such professional superiority obtains the remuneration of an operatic tenor!

CHAPTER III.

OF THE THEATRE.

In the midst of the flourishing stems of all English literary plants, why should the British theatre appear so sterile? Is it because the English, so enamoured of their "home," have an exclusive love for written thoughts in contradistinction to spoken thoughts? We must not assume so much as that. No people on the face of the earth can swallow and digest a more terrific quantity of sermons, speeches, and lecturing of all kinds. There is not a true son of Albion who is not always ready to make an after-dinner speech, and to do him justice he loses no opportunity to do so. That is a custom, and nobody is bored thereby. The national resistance to *ennui* is positively without limit. A Parisian would suffer from the "creeps" at the very idea of the commonplaces which an Anglo-Saxon can support without winking. At the innumerable public dinners, conferences, in the public parks even, there is an endless "speechifying," an uninterrupted flood, monotonous and colourless. We must then search elsewhere for the cause of the decadence of the English Theatre.

It would be only begging the question, as well as an error

of fact, to attribute this to the lack of capable actors. In no other country at the present moment, perhaps, is there a greater number of intelligent and well-educated actors, who are, moreover, fond of their art, and generally excellent.

Is it then in the puritanical aversion to the Theatre? By no means. There is no city in the world in which a success once scored bears fruit more quickly than in London, and in which plays remain so long on the bills. If a piece does not fall flat the first night, it may enjoy a run of two hundred, three hundred, or even twelve hundred nights, as in the case of Mr. Byron's play of "Our Boys." The "public" is so numerous and is so often supplemented by visitors. Besides, a drama in the English tongue is not confined to English audiences; it is heard in the United States, India, Australia, South Africa, and can count upon two hundred millions of possible spectators.

Finally, can we dare to allege that the race from which Shakspeare sprung is not possessed of theatrical tastes? What other people would have been so capable of appreciating as the English did, the actors of the classic Comédie Française, beside their own players, the Italian tragedians who declaim Alfieri's verses, and even the Dutch troupe which not long ago pleased them?

It is to higher and more general causes that we must turn to find the reason of the phenomenon we have mentioned.

In the first place, there is little doubt that the industrial and commercial spirit of England has, during the last fifty years, turned into speculations and other adventurous channels the talents which might have made many

dramatists. Instead of conceiving "situations" they went in search of them; instead of knotting the thread of action (of their plots), they were tying up their own fortunes; instead of imagining tragedies, they were realizing them in gold mines, in the desert, or the jungle. We have thus a draining away of creative faculties of which it is necessary to take account; for, after all, the "spring" is not quite inexhaustible in any generation taken separately.

A generation which has produced Darwin and Herbert Spencer must have a distinctive character for analysis—for psychological analysis. Now the study of mankind is better suited for the romance in three volumes, than for the drama in five acts, or even in fifteen tableaux. It is therefore towards the former of these two that literary men aspire—and there we have another cause for the decline of theatrical invention.

The third cause, the more active, no doubt, is the absence in Great Britain of a National Institution which shall preserve the traditions, purify the tastes, elevate the general level of dramatic production, and attract the best writers towards things theatrical.

Who will assert that it is not (and more exclusively than one generally believes) to the existence of a theatre subsidized by the State, and so rendered independent of the caprice of audiences, fashion, or the decadence of public taste, that the flourishing condition of our theatre is due, in the midst of the general lethargy of dramatic genius? Without this model example in the Théâtre Français perhaps our stage would have fallen to the low level of the British drama. From certain appearances

we may assume that it would have fallen even lower, without that public opinion sufficiently clearly expressed, and firm and powerful enough, to prevent it from gliding downwards into the depths of "pornographic" exhibitions.

For what do we perceive in England, Italy, Germany—everywhere, in fact, except in our own country? The dramatic art has simply degenerated into a "business" pure and simple—a vulgar way of making money.

"The business of a manager of a theatre is not to lead the public taste but to follow it," writes Mr. John Hollingshead, one of the most skilful, as well as literary, managers in Great Britain. His idea of a good play, he adds, is a play that pays; his idea of a bad play is one that does not pay!

This declaration has at least the great merit of frankness. But the evil does not consist in the fact that some English managers speak in this way—for we see the same everywhere, in France as well as in other countries. It is that you will find not two or three, not one, to think otherwise. Mr. Henry Irving, who is a great actor, is as a manager quite in accord with Mr. Hollingshead. We see him, who wears with such effect the classic mantle which has fallen from the shoulders of Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Farren, Macready, we see this actor devote his talents for a whole winter to the "Corsican Brothers"!

And, in good sooth, how can an English manager act otherwise, if he is not desirous to terminate his rapid career in the Bankruptcy Court? Lessee of an immense property, for which he pays a fabulous price, and always in advance,

he must cater for the sumptuous tastes of his public, he must open to them a luxurious house, with satin curtains and a gilded proscenium and auditorium; he must pay for publicity in the columns of the daily press, he must advertise at railway stations, satisfy the excessive demands of his company, for there is American competition to send up the price; he must pay for costly decorations, for his orchestra, for a complete staff. And yet this poor man must confine himself to the performance of Shakspeare or Sheridan, for the amusement of a few "connoisseurs!" There is evidently only one way, if he will be credited with sanity—and that is to follow the practical advice of Mr. Hollingshead, and call the public to his aid.

Now there is an almost infallible recipe for success, and that is to obtain the assistance of an actor or actress who is the "fashion." The "fashion" is dear in London, and it is to be feared that the troupe will resent the concessions made in favour of the bright particular star, whence is observable a general mediocrity, and want of cohesion in theatrical companies, which are almost always recruited at intervals for a single season, or, at most, for a year.

More often still the actor in vogue, conscious that he brings in money, and ambitious of more profit, opens a theatre on his own account, or forms a wandering troop, without too much regard to its composition. This was the case with Sarah Bernhardt, and with many actors of mark, both English and American. In London, within the last ten years, Mr. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and many others have been following this example, after Phelps, Charles Mathews, Buckstone, and

Benjamin Webster,* the last survivor of the famous "quadrilateral" of the English Stage.

On such a slope one falls fast! The actor thus isolated, and master of his own movements, has a natural tendency to perform the *rôles* in which he has made his reputation; or if he produce new pieces, he embarks at once upon the grand sea of speculation, and wishes to acquire plays at a cheap rate, and have the rights reserved to himself.

He will then cut down his author to a minimum; a step farther, and he finds it easier still to obtain successful French works, and have them translated or adapted; for the English public have heard of them through the correspondents of their journals.

Thus, little by little, the number of British dramatists is reduced. The existing method has seized them by the throat and strangled them. (It is the history of all the best of them. Tom Taylor, Dion Boucicault, Robertson, Buckstone, all these men made their *début* by a comedy or drama, indeed a burlesque, of a certain standard.) Their initial success induces them to study French dramatic literature, that surprising *répertoire* wherein for fifty years every situation has been provided for and used. They find so many which have not been yet used on the British stage, that the temptation is too great—they give way!

"What is the use of my going to the trouble of doing what Scribe, Meilhac, or Labiche have already done better than I could?" they say. So they become "adapters."

This is the involuntary homage which England renders to France, in consequence of her love for speciality. The

* No longer a survivor.—TRANS.

same effect is perceived in the matter of cookery. Seeing herself distanced in these races, she never attempts to struggle ; "pays forfeit" as the term is—gives up the contest.

So we perceive that true literary men do not concern themselves with the theatre, which is delivered over to an idea-less, "shifting" policy.

If by chance the recognized piece-makers are gifted with some imagination and essay something original, their blocks are always badly quarried. They can only conceive situations which have no connection, or any light and shade, and they arrange them coarsely—grossly, like the patches of colour on the back scene of a show.

The public were not long ago enjoying a play at Drury Lane Theatre, called "The World," a spectacular drama which is a type of the class, a succession of thrilling scenes of horrible realism, all fitted into each other without "rhyme or reason." You need not seek for intrigue, the thread is so feeble. The "play" treats of a baronet who has gone for a tour round the world, who is believed to be dead, and who is in love with the same lady as his younger brother; the latter is put in possession of the title and estates, is on the point of possessing himself of the lady, and endeavours to keep them by all the legal and extra-legal means which a refined civilization places at his service. We now perceive the development; an infernal machine is placed on board the steamer in which the baronet has taken his passage; there is a panic among the passengers, shots from the revolver of the captain at the sailors, who crowd into the boats: scenes of hunger, thirst, and death on the raft; a

miraculous rescue by a steamer on the horizon, which gradually approaches to the front. The unexpected return of the baronet: his brother's attempt to kill him in his room at the Grand Hotel; and the endeavour to denounce him as a madman, and have him confined in an asylum. The baronet escapes by the simple expedient of knocking down about a dozen warders with his fists, climbing two or three walls, and forcing several barred gates. His brother is about to receive the chastisement due to him, when Providence interferes at about a quarter past twelve in the morning to send him down a "lift" into which he incautiously steps. A masked ball winds up the whole, and the spectator is left breathless, and entirely at sea with regard to the drama, which has neither head nor tail, but which sustains the interest of the audience throughout.

This is a phantasmagoria—gymnastics, *tableau vivant* —but it is not a drama; anything but that. The dialogue plays a very secondary part in the piece, and indeed might almost be eliminated altogether, as in a ballet. The interest consists simply in violent reactions, quite unexpected, and all physical.

The strangest part of the affair is, one cannot divest oneself of the idea that this is perhaps after all the theatre of the future, which the English have reached first, and in advance of their generation. It is perfectly certain that the drama is a form of literary culture, better adapted to nations which are rising in the world of civilization, than to those which have reached maturity. Old Europe thirsts for inquiries into human nature of a depth and delicacy other than those which are susceptible of dramatic treat-

ment; and it will be again quite another thing when the progress of instruction has succeeded in levelling all classes. So the theatre has relinquished almost entirely the study of man in the abstract, and seeks only to amuse, taking the contemporary man by his "anecdotical side." Do they imagine that the work will survive the model? Where in a hundred years will be the plays which are to-day most loudly applauded? They will have passed into the country where all the old moons go to; so far as we can judge. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that the dramatic Art is everywhere henceforth—everywhere without any exception—an art of decadence and decay. In France, upborne as it is by the prestige of great memories, by stage traditions and national taste, it makes a good enough figure. But can anyone suppose for an instant that Paris deprived of its Théâtre Français, its Odéon, and its Conservatoire, its thousand comedians sown broadcast and transformed into producers of "spectacles," each working for himself—can we believe that the "Theatre" would have the appearance it at present possesses? Would, in such a case, any great effort be possible?

This is just the case in London. There is no national theatre, no academy of elocution, no state subsidy. Everything is left to individual enterprise in the drama, as it is in music, in railways, and in mines. There are no dramatic archives, no traditions, no grand stage on which one can learn the A. B. C. of the actor's art. A young man or woman desirous to enter the profession, must seek a private instructor to obtain the necessary training. The professor himself is not, so to speak, a master of the art as with us—

not one of the "triumphs of the stage." He is more often than not an actor who has only half succeeded in his career, or whom some financial misfortune has driven from the stage, or perhaps rather an *impresario* who has a keen eye to his own interests, and takes pupils.

But all this is unconnected, and without sequence or passion. There is not only wanting for the instruction of the rising comedians of London, a Samson, a Regnier, a Got, a Delaunay; they lack a Montigny. Consequently the unfortunate aspirants take to the stage without any real knowledge of the rudiments of their art. They do not know how to enter or leave the boards, neither how to seat themselves, nor walk, nor what to do with their hands. Nothing is more surprising than the efforts they make to appear at ease, nor so "woodeny" as their movements, so stiff as their manner of walking, so cold as their geniality: they appear more like puppets or artists' lay figures, than men and women.

We do not mean to imply that the system is absolutely a bad one—with all its faults—if the aspirant had the "sacred fire," or at least a true vocation for the stage. Under such circumstances we find him expanding suddenly and learning behind the footlights what he should have learnt at his school of dramatic art. In such a case it is not unusual for the individual to blossom into an actor—a self-made man—formed by solitary study, by reflection and hard work, and who is possessed of an originality which one scarcely finds even amongst the best artistes. There is nothing artificial in such a man: nothing conventional. He has no dreadful habit in the matter of his *r's*; he does

not roll his eyes, or place his hand on his heart, or hiss out his sentences between his teeth in a manner which one only sees upon the stage, or learns at the Conservatoire. In a word, he does not smell of the sawdust, and you are not cruelly reminded every minute that you are in the presence of a phantom, and not in the company of a man of flesh and blood.

The want of worthy support is the great desideratum to the excellent English players, of whom there are many: Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Charles Warner, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Jenny Lee, and twenty more, who, in their general style of business, would do credit to the first stage in the world; yet they do not receive adequate support.

Indeed, in the forty London Theatres, there is more scattered talent than would suffice to make up two or three first-rate companies. But one cannot hope that these "stars" will ever meet; the laws of gravitation forbid such a consummation. Mr. Irving manages the Lyceum, and from one end of the year to the other always has a full house, whatever he pleases to put up. He has even introduced an innovation by affixing notices outside the theatre about nine o'clock at night, with the information that "The House is full." Mrs. Kendal is at the St. James's, Mrs. Bancroft at the Haymarket. It would necessitate three bankruptcies to bring all these talented people under one roof, and none of them appear likely to travel in that direction.

It is certainly no exaggeration to place these excellent artistes on the same level as the best in this country (France). But perhaps it may not be superfluous to put

amateurs on their guard against a common error, viz., that of judging the English player from a French stand-point.

We must not forget that the expression of passion or simply of emotion is very different in England and France. In London one does not expect a lover, for instance, who is kneeling before the young lady on the stage, to brush away a tear, to still the passionate pulsations of his heart, to extend his arms and clasp his hands in front of him, to pierce the ceiling with his gaze. These movements may be natural to a Frenchman, but unfortunately they are not English. In Great Britain, one does not kneel nor weep, nor permit people to see so many pulsations; nor does the individual express usually the amiable desire to crunch somebody's bones. His idea of power is not in exhibiting, but in concentrating his passion until the explosion is due.

From which it will be evident that an English actor will appear cold as ice in the eye of a Frenchman, even though his neighbour in the stalls will be deeply moved, though he will not show it. From which also it follows that a French actor will appear supremely ridiculous to the English spectator at the very time when the performer rightly believes himself most pathetic. So the English actor who moves slowly and gravely, appears to us to be asleep, and the Frenchman who rushes to and fro, changing his place and attitude every moment, wringing his hands, drawing out his handkerchief, taking up objects from the table and replacing them—in a word, giving the spectator all the appearance of life—of French life—such an actor in the eyes of John Bull seems like a squirrel; yet each of these

men have been acting after the natural habits of their countrymen.

This is a subject which, we may remind our French actors, in passing, is one which they ought to take into consideration when they venture on a foreign stage. They may be good there, no doubt, but they are not infallible. When we recall the faint impressions made in Paris by such first-rate comedians as Charles Mathews and Sothern, we perceive that even the finest acting may be lost upon people whose "diapason" is not in accord with that of the other nation.

But it is not only to the playing of actors that these remarks are applicable. They may apply to the difference in character between the two nations—a difference concerning which it is almost impossible for a French writer to speak properly, when he has not been regularly "apprenticed" to English life.

Take for example the *Gloucester* of Casimir Delavigne in the *Enfants d'Edouard*. There is nothing in the performance likely to shock anyone in France, either from a historical or realistic point of view. Nevertheless in the estimation of an English audience, such a creation is absurd from beginning to end. One of the mistakes which Madame Bernhardt made was in transporting it to the Gaiety Theatre.

Take again Kean in Alexandre Dumas' drama. There is scarcely a movement or a word assigned to the actor which is not the opposite of what it should be.

"Fancy," said one of the veterans of the English stage (Bunn) "fancy in the last act Kean asking for and

drinking *eau sucrée!* A glass of *eau sucrée* for Kean, indeed!"

This would have appeared so ridiculous that the actor would have brought the house about his ears. Not only was the idea of *eau sucrée* one which would never occur to an Englishman—but Kean of all men drinking *eau sucrée!* He would rather have swallowed vitriol than such a mild beverage as that.

Take another and a more recent case. The whole drama of *Daniel Rochat* was written by M. Sardou against civil marriages. *Daniel Rochat* rests upon the fact that a young English girl, the heroine, was not contented to be married before the "Mayor" and his Registrar. M. Sardou evidently believes it to be a fact, that in Great Britain, where so much is made of the religious ceremony, and where marriage is generally celebrated by a clergyman, the English girl would, as a matter of course, decline to be wed so, and would be logical in her refusal.

Well, this is an entire mistake. M. Sardou may search in the three kingdoms and find, if he can, one young lady who would raise an objection to any marriage so long as it was *legal.* There is no country on the surface of the globe whose inhabitants are less exigent in this particular than the English. The blacksmith of Gretna Green is by no means a myth, and it was even necessary to obtain an Act of Parliament to get rid of him. A marriage by a Registrar has always been considered perfectly binding in English society and in English law. Registry marriages are recognised by everyone in England. In fact, we may say that marriage performed by a clergyman is only a civil

marriage, since it can be dissolved by a Court possessing no religious jurisdiction. So much for that point of law and national manners.

On the other hand, what distinguishes the English in the highest degree, no matter of what persuasion they are, is the absolute respect paid to individual rights and to their neighbour's conscience. Not only would it never occur to an English woman of any creed to decline a form of marriage perfectly legal and suggested by a man whom she respected, but she would never entertain the idea of imposing upon her intended a form of marriage of which he did not perceive the benefit. Such cases present themselves frequently in the alliances contracted between Jews and Anglicans, and in every instance the case has been met by the performance of a purely civil marriage. This simple explanation will account for the fact why M. Sardou's play *Daniel Rochat* has not been adapted, and never will be adapted, for the English stage.

As a general rule we must allow there are other reasons why the productions of the French stage do not appear in England. At a conference held at Birmingham, some few years ago, Mr. Irving expressed himself very clearly upon this question.

"What I find fault with in certain French pieces is that they turn the domestic virtues into ridicule, and make that ridicule the pivot of the action. By so doing they efface by degrees the line between good and evil, which ought always to remain in the mind of the spectator. They see forming around them a lax moral atmosphere, which is insensibly breathed by those who remain in it. The taste for libertinism is

inoculated both in young women and young men. They become familiar with dangerous ideas, and come to consider as the object of life what is in any case only an accident. Not that the stage should cease to castigate vice, and when so doing let it be seen—but what it should avoid at any cost, is to throw a glamour of poetry and pleasantness on anything coarse or equivocal in intention."

And he concluded with the following observation, justly remarking that an actor is never applauded for indecency.

"I am happy to proclaim," said he, "that I never yet encountered an audience which did not vibrate to noble, elevated, and generous sentiments, and which, on the contrary, would not laugh in a forced and shame-faced manner when a 'risky' phrase or a questionable situation was presented to it."

These are no doubt somewhat austere utterances by an actor, but are they not firm and to the point? It is by placing themselves upon such pinnacles as these, that actors may hope to see their profession triumph over the old prejudices against them — prejudices which, in England at least, so far as concern actors of the best class, are now quite things of the past. Mr. Irving was offered some years ago the Lord-Rectorship by the students of Glasgow University. The drawing room of Mrs. Bancroft in Cavendish Square is one of the most sought in London. There is no literary or social gathering which would not gladly welcome Miss Ellen Terry, or any other actress who allied dignity of life with professional talent. We may say that the social position of actors is superior to that of dramatic authors. The latter do not count, while their in-

terpreters are welcomed at official fêtes, entertained by the Lord Mayor, and treated on a par with "illustrious" personages.

Dramatic authors are few, so few indeed that we can hardly call them a "class." Mr. H. J. Byron fills so many *rôles* that it is difficult to say to what profession he actually belongs. He is a barrister, journalist, contributor to "Fun" and "Temple Bar," the author of a hundred plays, and an excellent actor too; he guides, besides, the destinies of one or more theatres. He has discovered a middle-class vein of humour which at once strikes his audience, and reproduces situations and ideas with which they are familiar—the ménage of a bachelor, the platitudes of a snob, the solemn hypocrisy of a Pecksniff,—so that he may be described as a kind of Dickens of the stage.

Besides these attributes he possesses a fund of dry humour which at once puts his audience in good temper. He is on the stage the perfect type of the man about town, a true Londoner, as well as a traveller, a man of the world, at once loyal and shrewd, a pleasant companion—although with an eye to business.

Mr. Dion Boucicault goes in for the Sensational Drama more especially, and his adaptations from the French, as well as his Irish plays, have been very successful. He is also "author, manager, and actor too."

When we have mentioned with these leading men Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. F. C. Burnand, and Mr. Albery, we have almost exhausted the list of authors of any renown who are actually in possession of the English stage. Still the two latter are more known by their adaptations. This is an

abnormal condition of things, for we may repeat that neither theatres, actors, nor spectators are wanting in England. Mr. Henry Neville, seeking a remedy for this barrenness, has proposed a Dramatic Academy, on the lines of the Fine Arts Academy founded at the end of the last century by Reynolds. Here he would bring authors and actors together, so that they might mutually aid each other in the development of their art. It is open to us to doubt the efficacy of this remedy, and looking at it closer, one does not see quite well how the list of such an association might be filled if an equal proportion of authors and actors were required—even limiting their number to fifty. It is an acting Academy like the Comédie Française, a really Shakesperian Institute, which Great Britain requires. If we needed an impulse to make us value more highly the value of our own "Maison de Molière," we should find it in the present condition of dramatic art amongst our neighbours.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY.

THE difference between English science and that of other countries, especially France and Germany, lies in the fact that it is patent to all the world, and is not fenced in by crabbed formulas. One would almost imagine that the habits of political liberty and free discussion had penetrated to the laboratories. The physician, the astronomer, the natural philosopher, even the mathematician, do not think it necessary to shut themselves up in a Temple of Isis, only opening the door to those who possess the pass-word. They do not hold weekly or monthly meetings to exchange "bitter sweets" concerning the priority of their discoveries. They do not disdain to communicate them to the public, and do so in terms understanded of the people. In the guise of an article in a review—at a conference, or a lecture, they keep the whole country *au courant* with their proceedings. They tolerate controversy, and know how to maintain polemical courtesies. Their blood is more sluggish than ours, and in England one would not hear a Leverrier reply to a Delaunay in a full sitting of the Academy:

"Mind your Moon, Sir, and leave us peace."

They have also more frequently the courage of their philosophical conclusions; and the special immunity accorded as a right to men of science in that country of "cant," is not one of its least surprising traits. In this respect there is a curious difference between France and Great Britain. With us, where liberty of speech elbows itself into every subject, where conversation touches everything and respects no idol, it is the Scientists who show themselves the most reserved, not to say timorous, on questions of conscience and morals. Amongst our neighbours, on the contrary, where general conversation is always so respectful towards the powers that be, where people of the world avoid all allusions to God and the Devil, it is the professors who lead the attack and proclaim aloud the results of their investigations. This self-imposed mandate easily assumes, with them, the cloak of a regular apostleship; and that is why English society permits them to adopt it. It has no indignation except for the "lukewarm" ones, and admits all religions, provided they have a name. A very talented Englishwoman once replied to some friends who reasoned with her as to her non-attendance at a fashionable church: "My dear Madam, I am a Buddhist," and there was no more said to her on the subject afterwards.

The English Scientists then are the officiating priests of a church, the faithful adherents of which are becoming daily more numerous, and it is this great congregation to which they carry all their discoveries. It was not for the Royal Society, or for any other learned body, that Darwin, for example, pursued the scientific analyses which tower so

high over modern thought. He turned them out all hot from his library into one of those masterly studies which everyone has, or ought to have, read—the "Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man," &c., and it was only technicalities that he reserved for philosophers. Botany, zoology, geology, palæontology and languages,—everything served him to enrich his catalogues of facts and documents. Surrounded by his collections, his books, his children, he lived a kind of ideal existence in his romantic home at Down, so free was he from the miseries and troubles of the world, of the battle of life of which he first promulgated the formula, and he reminded one of those philosophic pastorals and scientific Cytheras which Denis Diderot was always dreaming of, and which he found once a year at the hospitable country-houses of Helvetius or Holbach.

There was certainly nothing of the pontiff about him; he demanded from science neither fortune, power, nor satisfaction for his vanity. To see that calm old man in the midst of his "belongings," seated at table opposite to his wife—a grand-daughter of Wedgwood, between his two daughters and his five sons (one of the latter a banker at Southampton, another a fellow at Cambridge, the third assisting his father in his investigations, another in the Royal Artillery, the fifth a distinguished mathematician), one would rather have taken him for a farmer in easy circumstances, or for a country physician, than for the illustrious philosopher whose dicta have changed the whole train of human thought within the last five and twenty years. Simple and gay, he resembled Socrates, of whom the type was represented in his powerful face, the bold curve of forehead, the thick bushiness

of eyebrow, in his flowing beard, and in the form of his nose. The merry parties with his friends Professor Huxley and Sir Joseph Hooker! It is not absolutely certain that the pleasantry of this joyous trio would have appeared really comic to the frequenters of the Palais Royal or the Concert des Ambassadeurs; but the reciprocity was none the less real, and taking one's stand in the serene regions of the absolute and the eternal, it is permissible to suppose that the fun of Darwin is as good as another.

His sincerity, allied to his charming simplicity, rendered him most attractive. Ask him what was engaging his attention at the time, and without any hesitation, without pedantry, he would tell you, unite you with him in his observations, arrive with you at his conclusions, tell you even of his doubts. Is it not so in his books? Has he ever hesitated to put down any fact, to give to it all its weight, because such a fact might not exactly accord with certain hypotheses or deductions developed in the body of the work? The entire loyalty, the search after truth without regard for consequences, were the features which characterized his work. Do you think he could have produced it in an Academy, without wasting precious time in vain discussions? Professor Darwin only made his appearance once a year at the Royal Society, of which his father and grandfather had been members.

It would be an error to suppose that this famous Society is founded on the same plan as our Institute. Although incorporated by Royal Charter, and owing its title to this circumstance, the Royal Society of Great Britain is more of a scientific club than an official institution. The number

of its members is not limited. They receive no appointments, wear no uniform nor any distinguishing badge and take no public part in State ceremonies. Their only relation with the State consists in their being consulted upon some scientific expedition. Each Associate, as is the case in clubs, pays a certain subscription and entrance fee, which are respectively four pounds and ten guineas. Every year sixty candidates are put up, and these are subjected to a ballot, after which fifteen names are chosen to be added to the list. The number of Fellows is usually about 600. The revenue is about £5,000, by means of which they assist the publication of the *Philosophical Transactions*, subscribe to scientific publications, maintain a fine library and some indispensable assistants. Meetings take place every week at half-past eight P.M. There is nothing solemn or pompous in this organization.

And still it is too much of an official organization for such men as Professor Tyndall, who prefer addressing themselves directly to the public, either by books or word of mouth. Mr. Tyndall occupies the chair of the Royal Institution, which his "master" Faraday, and Humphry Davy, did before him. As soon as he has returned from his annual residence amongst the glaciers of the Alps, he descends into his laboratory, and lectures to his attentive auditors. There is something very English in all this. We see the Professor with the fresh shaven face, "*au type chevalin*," before us; his delivery is clear and rapid, his experiments short and to the point, striking home in quick succession, like the blows of a sledge-hammer. The audience is composed of fashionable ladies, school-boys

and girls, men of the world, seated round in evening dress suited for the Opera, but as attentive as so many "polytechnicians." In the waiting-rooms we find five hundred footmen, coated and furred; while a long line of carriages extends alongside the pavement into the neighbouring streets.

It is the fashion, you will say. Yes, but it is a fashion which has lasted for twenty years! The Royal Institution itself—which is regal only in name, like so many other British institutions—dates from the beginning of the century, and owes its foundation to Rumford. It is a private property, with shareholders and fellows; the subscribers pay as dearly for the tickets of admission to the lectures and meetings, as for tickets for the Opera. There exists in this connection a courtesy which is very much practised in London, and which does not fail to astonish foreigners when it is offered for the first time. Fancy a Parisian finding by his napkin, when he seats himself at dinner, a ticket for a seat to hear a lecture on chemistry at nine P.M.!

However, the Institution is in such a flourishing financial condition that it has been in a position not only to attach to itself permanently the most illustrious men of science as lecturers, but also to obtain from time to time courses of lessons from any specialist whose investigations have attracted public attention. It is, if we wish to call it so, an insurance company against ignorance, which procures at first hand precise information upon every new scientific topic. The original idea of the founder was of a more modest kind. He intended only to found an institution on mutual

principles for the diffusion of mechanical knowledge applicable to ordinary life. The first course of lectures was entitled "On warming apparatus, and specially with regard to smoky chimneys."

Professor Tyndall no longer occupies himself with such topics, though he discourses of heat as a mode of motion. But this is not the only tribune from which he ventilates the boldest and most novel theories, as all will acknowledge who have read his address to the British Association, at Belfast, in 1874. This great Parliament of Science has held its session in some important town of the United Kingdom every year since 1831. Anyone may attend, and ventilate his novel theory, for there is no limit to the numbers. A thousand or fifteen hundred auditors are constantly in attendance, and all the papers give complete reports of the proceedings, just as they publish the Parliamentary Debates at St. Stephen's.

All England listens to these reports. We can judge of the excitement when Professor Tyndall, occupying the position of President of the Association, pronounced that famous discourse on the laws and transformations of physical forces. It was nothing less than an elaborate justification of "matter," which "in our ignorance we have so long treated with contempt," said the speaker, "and in which I discern the latent power of all forms, the promise of all the properties of life."

This address was like a trumpet sound breaking in upon psalmody. The whole of Great Britain shook at the call; and for many months nothing but this bold address was talked about. But whatever novelty such utterances

may have had, whatever solemn character they took from the place in which they were uttered, they were not the accents which would contribute most powerfully to remodel the ideas and manners of Old England. The interesting symptom is not that Mr. Tyndall should have given vent to them under certain pre-arranged circumstances: it is that after having pronounced this discourse, he should remain the favourite teacher of the best English society; and more than this, that his teachings should be re-echoed in all the degrees of national education in numberless institutions. After all, what are the Royal Society, and the British Institution, but the types and models of a thousand associations and institutes of less pretensions, but still analogous, which "crop up" in all places in the United Kingdom?

During the last eight or ten years an unexampled intellectual activity has sprung up on all sides. The Education Act of 1870, which gave to municipalities the power of establishing primary obligatory instruction, has already given birth to a generation all ready to participate in the benefits of a higher education. By means of papers, reviews, and magazines, and the excellent organization of circulating libraries, lectures, conferences, meetings,—an enormous mass of facts and information is every day showered down, and penetrates even into the lowest strata of the people. Science grows as it proceeds by leaps and bounds—the atmosphere is saturated with it.

This general diffusion of knowledge, and the constant communication of scientific men with the masses, alone

can account for the rapidity with which refinements, that necessitate an acquaintance with the real mysteries of science, are spreading amongst the English people. This fact also explains why their historians, writers of fiction, and journalists, are so well acquainted with technical terms and facts; why art, and even art criticism, is imbued with the same knowledge.

Look at Mr. Ruskin, the grandest art critic of his generation, and who, without excepting Carlyle, exercises upon it the most profound influence. Certainly his artistic theories are open to discussion; and in some cases one may be excused for not understanding them, enveloped in apocalyptic formulas as they are. We may smile when he affirms that painting has been decaying as an art ever since the times of Giotto and Perugino; but we cannot help admiring him and the variety of his knowledge; nor being touched by his convictions and his enthusiasm, and the ardour which for nearly half a century he has thrown into his efforts to turn barbarians to the culture of the beautiful. And what a high conception of Art it is! For him it is only a chapter in the universal history, the most eloquent and the most faithful of all. It is the Man that he sees under the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture; it is to bring together to the improvement and happiness of mankind these varied manifestations of his genius that he studies them so diligently. They are in his eyes the epitome of all that is good and just and great. A confirmed democrat as he is a passionate critic, it is to the labouring classes he addresses himself in that most original publication, "Fors Clavigera"; to their service

he has devoted his fortune, reserving only the smallest necessary share for his own wants, which are simple to a degree.

But what an effect he produces upon English public opinion—a verdict without appeal! A year or two ago he spoke of a certain fashionable painter, an "impressionist":—

"Call *that* a painting!" he exclaimed; "I call that a pot of colour impudently thrown in the face of the public!"

That was enough! Mr. W——, who the day before had been selling his pictures at four hundred guineas each, next day could not realize the price of the frames. He was obliged to leave London, and go abroad, after bringing a ruinous action against Mr. Ruskin, at the end of which he obtained one farthing damages. It was enough for Mr. Ruskin to say a word, a very simple word too, to speak of the decline of his æsthetic life, to open a new era in English taste. This was called the Æsthetic style. Dress, decoration, furniture—all followed the current of popular æsthetic culture, until the extent and manner of the "cult" at length disgusted Mr. Ruskin himself with præ-Raphaelitism. Now to what does he owe this extraordinary influence if not to the infinite art with which he knows how to adapt the latest scientific ideas to the service of his fanciful criticisms?

Perhaps Lord Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate, who is also the most favoured poet of the upper classes, had to a certain extent prepared people for this movement by his predilection for archaic subjects, and the more or less fabulous time in which his heroes and heroines move. But we must not therefore assume that he has not been deeply impregnated by the per-

vading science. In his work—as in Mr. Browning's—that which strikes the foreign reader with the odd choice of his subjects is the robust faith in the progress and ultimate perfection of humanity which is always peeping up. It is true the ideal is not identical in both poets, neither is the conception of the means to that end. Mr. Tennyson is English to the back-bone, even provincial in his masterly conceptions, scarcely admitting that one can reach, except by the traditional ways of his native land, the Golden Age—"When the drums shall beat no longer—when the battle flags shall be for ever furled, in the Parliament of man and the Federation of the World." *

He lacks the broadness of views and the large sympathies which permit one to contemplate without anger the tumultuous movements of nations, and too often he forgets that the storm, like the tide, but obeys Nature's laws. He often permits himself to treat with a quite insular disdain things which do not conform to the English customs: he ignores or neglects the part which passion plays in human affairs, and the great results which, by its aid, cold Reason has achieved. Concerning France he will say:

"A sudden buffet, and behold, the most grave citizen loses his head—the sovereign is bewildered, the soldier refuses to fight, while little boys fire off guns in the streets."

His idea of Great Britain is—"The land of settled

* "Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd—
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."
LOCKSLEY HALL.

government, the land of high and old renown; where freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent."

Mr. Robert Browning, on the contrary, believes in passion as the great motive power. He will not admit that man should shut himself up in the narrow sphere of a passive resignation. He wishes to see him struggling passionately, intensely, for that Progress which he sings too:

"Let his hand be extended towards what is out of his reach!" he exclaims. To his eyes there is nothing fine but to attempt the impossible, to attain the inaccessible. It is this desperate effort—this Titanic escalade wherein generations serve as stepping-stones to generations—which raises humanity above itself.

In many other ways the two leading English poets differ exceedingly, and appear to belong to different worlds. But with both, as with Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Austin—one might almost say with all contemporary British poets—science plays a leading part, and forms a substratum to their most elegant fancies. Their verse is, so to speak, "made up" of the most modern ideas, instead of unwinding simply in musical syllables, and flowing over the void in an error of fact, as is done so frequently elsewhere. Here, in addition to the tendencies of race, we have the influence of society. Science has obtained such powerful possession, that none can escape it. So poetry has really become the highest expression of the philosophy of an epoch.

Everything therefore in the literary life of Great Britain, from the work of the journalist and the novel writer, to that of the scientist and the poet, concurs in raising the intel-

lectual and moral status of the nation. No one disdains the modest part of instructor, each one perceives in this the true object of writing or speaking; and it is at this point of view that the critic always places himself when he desires to estimate the value of a work. Amusement and pleasure are secondary considerations. They are the seasoning, never the *pièce de resistance.*

These reflections bring us back again to the fact that the English are the best informed people. That is why they are also the most free and the least likely to see their freedom die. Amongst them, error, calumny, or prejudice can no longer prevail, and the political legend is impossible. The public judgments upon passing events are as nearly as possible those of history. The statesmen are obliged to follow the will of the nation; the generals and officials of all degrees can never think of going out of the right way. The light of public opinion flashes everywhere.

The inharmonious element in this brilliant and glorious spectacle of Anglo-Saxon civilization, is the back place assigned to the most active artisans in it, the literary man and the journalist. No one cares about them, they pass unnoticed in the crowd of business men; no one looks for their houses, nor seeks their faces in the whirling crowd of Vanity Fair. No one knows their haunts—they are as anonymous as the man at the wheel to the passengers on board ship. Who outside the profession knows the name of the writer of that leading article which all European Chancellors study in the endeavour to grasp the situation? In 1868 Prévost-Paradol went over to England. He was then in all the brilliancy of his reputation, and was

received in Great Britain, especially in Edinburgh, in the most flattering manner, and with those expressions which English society knows so well how to lavish upon those whom it "takes up."

The London press commented upon this reception without jealousy, but not without bitterness, and took the opportunity of reviewing itself and its position in the world. "In France," said the writer of the article, "that is where the pen leads its man; a journalist of talent is a person of consequence, and may aspire to any position. Suppose that M. Prévost-Paradol were an Englishman, where would he be? and of all these noble ladies, who are so anxious to have him take them down to dinner, who of them would care to admit him to their houses even? What a distinction there is then in the social scale between the French journalists and the English ones, though they write as good articles as the others!" To this Prévost-Paradol neatly replied: "A Frenchman has rarely the passion for power or fortune. His ambition is always directed to reputation, to praise; the hope of giving his fellow-citizens an exalted idea of him; though it be only in the social circle of his intimate friends. He easily consoles himself, even with many drawbacks, if he can believe that those who surround him consider him superior to his fortune. *He gives the first place to the pleasure of the mind.*"

Without saying anything discourteous to the English, we must confess that they are not precisely "afflicted" with the same ideas. But may it not be that their point of view is the more sensible? With our everlasting mania for being satisfied with words, and our habit of attributing

all merit to the mind, we shall soon be putting a man in the Capitol for an *à propos* phrase—either written or uttered—though we may drag him in the mud the next day. The pinnacle of glory or of infamy are two places to which our neighbours very rarely send men of letters. They regard them as specialists simply, who fulfil their parts in the common work, and who are strictly entitled, in the division of profits, to their own share of salary and consideration.

We do the English literary man no less than justice when we say that in this special function he acquits himself marvellously well. In what form will the germs which he scatters with such prodigality grow out? An early future will no doubt reveal this. That this immense intellectual movement will eventuate in a considerable renovation of English institutions, in a larger and more democratic sense, one may be henceforth assured.

PART II.

PARLIAMENT AND MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ALTHOUGH Mirabeau, in 1789, translated for the National Assembly a *précis* of the rules and regulations of the House of Commons, the principle only of parliamentary practice has been borrowed from Great Britain by the civilized world. The greater number of nationalities have adapted the system to their own standard and requirements. Not one has copied in their entirety the exterior forms of their model; and there will appear nothing surprising in the fact when we consider that these forms are the effigies—sometimes grotesque and almost all superannuated—of historical or prehistoric traditions special to the Anglo-Saxon race.

So the stranger, even the most accustomed to Continental procedure, will feel considerably puzzled and out of his element, when he for the first time witnesses a sitting of the House of Commons. The appearance of the chamber, which reminds him of a chapel; the behaviour of the Members, their movements, their action, have for him something as novel as their vocabulary. He gazes without seeing, he hears without understanding, and runs away in

despair at ever being able to fathom the dark mysteries of this Britannic vigil.

At Westminster the scene is acted. The Houses of Parliament, in which both Chambers sit, are back to back with the Abbey. Having made your way along Westminster Hall, the marvellous Gothic structure which has until recently served as vestibule to a dozen courts of justice, we find, on the left of the stone slab on which the royal table stands at coronations, the entrance to the corridors which lead into the House of Commons. You are furnished with a Member's card, or more simply still, you have slipped a propitiatory half-crown into the hand of the helmeted policeman who guards the barriers, and then you find yourself in the lobby which corresponds to the French *Salon de la Paix*. There are few people there. A few Members pass and repass, exchanging hints with journalists or confidences with influential electors. Everything is quiet, calm, and cold. There is no smoking. No one assumes an air of importance; no dishevelled individuals rush away, throwing a piece of news to the echoes, in order to become the centre of a group of eager questioners.

We reach another corridor, and mount some steps; then a door is opened, and we suddenly find ourselves in a somewhat dark gallery. Some other spectators have already arrived. All belong to the plain sex. Right and left are leather benches. In front is a rectangular chamber, which surprises you by the smallness of its dimensions, panelled from roof to ceiling with varnished oak, scarcely a third of which is reserved for Members. This portion occupies the longitudinal axis of the "House." At the

end and at the sides are galleries, separated by partitions, after the manner of the pews in an Anglican church.

Placed against the wall at the head of the room is the chair of the Speaker or President,—a kind of Gothic seat raised on a small platform. Below, upon the floor, is a large square table covered with papers and documents. Around this table on three sides are the seats of the Members, which are covered with green leather. The open space which permits of free movement backwards and forwards is called the "gangway," an important word in the phraseology of the place.

At four o'clock, the Speaker takes his seat without any parade. He wears a black robe, silk stockings, and a wig of Louis XIV.'s time, is preceded by two ushers, followed by a train-bearer, the chaplain, and three clerks of the House, called clerks at the table. As he passes to his place the police cry "Hats off!"

In the meanwhile, the Serjeant-at-arms, a magnificent gentleman in court dress, advances from the end of the House, where his place is marked by an imaginary line called the "bar." He carries a massive mace which indicates the official presence of the Speaker, and places it on the table in front of him. The clerks in black robes and wigs seat themselves below and in front of the Speaker.

The chaplain in his canonicals reads the daily prayers, which last about ten minutes. There is one prayer for the Queen, another for the Royal family, and the longest of all for her Majesty's faithful Commons. May they deliberate without favour, bias, or prejudice!

The seats in the House which were unoccupied begin

to be filled towards the termination of the prayers. The two doors placed at each side of the Speaker's chair keep continually opening and shutting. Members enter, place their hats, a pair of gloves, or a roll of paper in the seat they wish to occupy, and then go out again. Would it not be much more simple to have each his own seat? Assuredly. But that would not be traditional. So that if they do not secure their places at prayer time, they probably will not get them at all. This will seem to be all the more likely when we consider that there are only two hundred places for six hundred and fifty-two members, so if they are late they are obliged to take refuge in the side galleries, from which they survey the scene like ordinary spectators.

As for desks, pens, paper-cutters, and all the other means of occupying in private business the time and attention which belong to their constituents, these are also unknown to the British Parliament. A part of a bench which it is necessary to conquer by rigorous punctuality is all that custom accords to them. It is true that the seat once secured belongs to its happy possessor for the whole evening, and he has the right, after prayers but not before, of marking the place with his card, which he slips into a little frame let in for that purpose on the back of the bench.

We may take another look round the House, as business has not yet commenced. That long gallery above the Speaker's head is for the reporters. The first row, divided into little boxes, is reserved for the shorthand writers, who are not, as with us, state officials, but representatives of the press. Every paper has its own

reporter; thus the reports correct each other, and the public is supplied with a perfect photograph of the debate, instead of the revised and corrected proof which is furnished by our official organisation. All the leading journals give the debates in full. Some satirical prints only insert those personal articles, as a rule malevolent, which constitute for the generality of French readers the "physiognomy" of the sitting. The shorthand writers relieve each other every quarter of an hour at first, then every ten minutes, then five, and finally every two minutes, telegraphing immediately to their journal what they have just written down.

It is a strange fact that this parliamentary reporting which has been going on since the commencement of the century, is still illegal—a "breach of privilege" of the House. Hundreds of newspaper editors and printers were formerly summoned to the bar of the House, and sent to the Tower for having published an account of the parliamentary debates, and nothing short of the passionate eloquence of Burke compelled the House of Commons to overlook a rigid rule which it considered a guarantee of its liberties.

Above the reporters' gallery, into which the editors of the newspapers will occasionally come when important debates are expected, one will remark, very near the ceiling, a lattice. Behind this grating will be perceived hats, feathers, flowers, and a number of more or less pretty faces.

This is the "cage," or ladies' gallery, the only access they have to the House of Commons. "What a barbarous custom!" our parliamentary friend with the opera glass will say; and it must be admitted, that the House of Commons

would gain in animation and picturesque effect if some pretty politicians were permitted to invade it. But perhaps, on the other hand, the introduction of this exciting element might take from the debates somewhat of their eminently practical character. Without going so far as to assert for an instant that there are any legislators so frivolous as to cause interruptions or provoke tumultuous scenes, particularly in view of a ladies' gallery, we must confess that the presence of these fair judges of the lists would scarcely be favourable to the calm conduct of the tourney and to the rapid completion of business. So, in spite of reiterated applications, secretly advocated, it is said, by the Queen herself, the "cage" has never been abolished. At the bottom of the chamber, facing the Speaker, is another barred cage for his wife, who can thence contemplate her husband in all his grandeur.

But now prayers are over; the chaplain has retired backwards, bowing at every step; the sitting is about to commence. In a few seconds all the seats will be occupied.

That which first strikes, and even shocks a visitor, is that the Members keep their hats on, while every one outside is obliged to take his off. Members come down there, as to a club, in frock coats, overcoats, morning suits, some with flowers in their button-holes, some already somnolent, others lively and chattering.

The lawyer type is not predominant, as it is with us, although it is occasionally represented. The literary and medical type are generally conspicuous by their absence. The prosperous merchant, the county gentleman, the sportsman, the "swell," formerly known as the dandy, are

in the majority. Some are young men, sons of peers, who pass through the Commons on their way to the Upper House. A very slight inspection is sufficient to convince one that he is in the presence of an aristocracy reinforced by a plutocracy, and not, as is so much the case with us, a parliament in which nine deputies out of ten are self-made men.

For twenty minutes or so, the House is usually occupied in passing private Bills, after the first, second, or third reading, on the favourable opinion of competent commissions. Then come the petitions.

This is a mere formality. The petition is presented by a Member, who gives to the clerk, on a piece of paper, a note of the subject and origin of the document, which then is thrown into one of the great sacks placed at each side of the table for their reception.

The House now begins to fill. The Ministry occupy the front bench on the right of the Speaker; behind them their supporters range themselves, or at least as many of them as can find seats. Opposite, on the left benches, the Opposition is seated. The seats facing the Speaker are reserved for the independent members, who, like the Irish Home Rulers, belong to no recognised party, voting sometimes with the Ministry and sometimes against them. These, in the vocabulary of the House of Commons, are the gentlemen who sit below the gangway.

The Prime Minister is the leader of the House, since he is the head of the majority; and the Member who leads the attack is designated by a formal vote as leader of the Opposition for the time being.

These hierarchical customs have not passed into our

manners, neither are they more compatible with the extreme division of parties than with the instability of our national temperament and the passion for equality which is its dominant characteristic. They are natural in a country where everything is based on the authority of precedents and past situations; where the legislative assembly divides itself traditionally into two rival parties; where these parties play in some sort impersonally a part for or against each question—systematic defence and systematic opposition.

And it is in this, we may remark, that the pure parliamentary system, such as it has been practised for two centuries in Great Britain, differs so essentially from the Continental idea of parliamentary government, always more or less on the model of the French Convention,—and from the kind of joint Dictatorship with six hundred heads towards which, consciously or unconsciously, all our politicians tend. The House of Commons does not govern either directly or indirectly, and there is no pretence that it does. It is only an oratorical arena, a *parliament* in the strict sense of the word, where the spokesmen appointed by the two great parties come turn about to plead contradictorily for or against each vital question, with the hope of convincing, not their adversaries, but the legal country, the true holder of the balance of power.

It is nearly five o'clock; the petitions have all been disposed of, and the notices of motion are heard, if it be a Tuesday or a Friday. Monday and Thursday are Government nights; Wednesday is specially devoted to private bills: Saturday is a holiday. The notices of motion refer to questions, resolutions, or bills.

If it refer to a simple question, the honourable Member

wishing to propose it takes care to write it on a piece of paper, and passes it to the clerk. Unfortunately the crop of questions in the House of Commons is too luxuriant. The only occupation of a good half of the Members is to rack their brains to find grievances more or less legitimate concerning which to question the Cabinet. Twenty-four hours every day would not suffice to hear and reply to these monomaniacs, so the House has recourse to an heroic expedient which facilitates matters. Lots are drawn for what questions the House shall hear; the remainder must be contented to appear in the orders of the day, so that the electors of Tiptopborough may perceive that their worthy representative has not deserted his post.

It is for this reason that the world will still remain for a long time ignorant as to "whether it is the intention of the Right Honourable the War Secretary, as reported by a morning journal, to substitute yellow for red braid on the uniforms of the line regiments," or even if the Right Honourable the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works intends to repair Rotten Row, which is becoming day by day more impracticable for riders.

It must be understood that these questions are put amid the general inattention and the incessant murmur of conversation. Sometimes the subject is of real public importance, and may for instance refer to the foreign policy of the Cabinet, in which case the Prime Minister or the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs will reply, and lay upon the table the necessary papers; then the affair assumes the proportions of a serious debate.

But let us suppose we have at last reached the real

object of the sitting, namely the expected discussion of an amendment to a Bill brought forward by the Government.

One of the Opposition Members, who has the ear of the House, is put up to open the debate. He raises his hat, the Speaker responds by a bow, the orator rises. If he has been a member of a former Cabinet and occupies a seat on the front Opposition bench, he may advance to the table and place his notes on it. He may also refresh himself with a glass of water more or less dashed with spirits. If he belong to the rank and file of his party, he merely stands up in his place, his hat or stick in his hand. In any case he is the only uncovered Member in the House. Conversation is hushed, and he commences by addressing the Speaker as "Sir."

Now that he has been given leave to speak, no one can interfere with him. He may go on for two, five, or ten hours if he pleases; the inattention of the House, vocal noises, or impatient movements, or the empty benches, which reward his oratory, are the only signs that he is trespassing on the patience of his colleagues. But after all what does it matter? He is not speaking to the assembly, but to the country at large. The shorthand writers are present, as imperturbable as the Speaker. So he proceeds to speak—speaks for any length of time, and to do him justice, generally speaks well. Coolly, without gesticulation, with much ease and correctness, in clear and vibrating tones, he puts the amendment before the House.

The classical education received by the upper classes, the habit of speaking in University debating societies, the continual flow of after-dinner oratory, the addresses, sermons,

&c., have for many years familiarised them with the forms of speech, and impregnated them with the taste for current eloquence. It is rarely that any rise to the pinnacles of oratorical display, still rarer to find a decided failure. Besides, they are acquainted with the questions on which they speak. They have studied them at home and abroad, and can generally bring out some new or interesting points. So the speaker we have supposed will be listened to, at any rate until the dinner-hour.

What we particularly notice is the frequent "hear, hear!" with which his party encourages the successful remarks of the orator. But when he carries the war into the enemy's country, their party in turn arouse themselves, and as passionately cry, "No, no," in more or less energetic tones, to his statements.

In the House of Commons, there is none of the applause, the clapping of hands, by which approbation is expressed in France. But the exception proves the rule, for on one occasion—it was in 1863, when Mr. Gladstone had finished his peroration upon the Charity Trusts Bill—the Members for the moment borrowed the Continental form of applause. It is a remarkable fact, that the Bill that eminent statesman advocated did not the less fall through.

The person addressing the House is very rarely interrupted. No one tries to make him break the thread of his discourse. Parliamentary courtesy is opposed to such tactics. The House has not given the Member permission to speak, in order that a malcontent may interrupt it. Such a course is no more pursued in the House than in the drawing-room. At the most a Member, when especially

nettled by some mistaken statement, will courteously suggest correction, hat in hand. An explosion of anger or formal denial is hardly ever heard or attempted. Such a course would create scandal.

Furthermore, etiquette is strictly observed. The Member speaking does not address himself to his opponents; he shakes no indignant finger at them, he does not seek to personally offend them. If he finds it necessary to give hon. Members to understand that facts have been misstated, he is obliged to add "in the parliamentary sense." If he must indicate an adversary, he does not mention his name, but refers to him as "the hon. Member for Tiptop-borough." If he refer to a Minister, he will only mention his official designation. It is before an anonymous parliament that he gives his opinion, anonymous himself, the representative of an electoral unity. The departure from this rule will bring upon him calls of "Order;" and the formidable penalty with which the Speaker threatens him—viz., to "name him"—is enough to make the Member's hair stand on end.

A curious fiction, if you will, but it has undoubtedly the effect of elevating the tone of the debate and giving it dignity; it prevents scenes as puerile as objectionable, and in fine it maintains the authority of Parliament and the character of parliamentary procedure, at the same time that it marks and retains the bond which unites the Member to his constituency. In the great council of the nation an individual is not Mr. X. or Mr. Z.; he is Chelsea, Birmingham, or Manchester, as the case may be.

Must we say that the House of Commons is not noisy

and even tempestuous at times? It is so, like all Assemblies. But its storms and tempests are less than those which disturb other parliaments. It is but seldom that the storm degenerates into open defiances or personal altercation. This result is no doubt due to the pervading atmosphere of decorum, owing to its fundamental rules.

True eloquence has never been wanting in the House of Commons. To this day it holds two orators—the most powerful of their generation—Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. John Bright—"Reason permeated and warmed by Passion" as he has been defined—is the incarnation of the *vir bonus dicendi peritus*—the only man living perhaps who unites in himself all the supreme attributes of an orator—the most brilliant imagination, the most exquisite sensibility, the finest humour, the surest judgment, the most upright mind, the most elegant, the purest and most vigorous diction.

To hear him speaking is a pleasure for gods and men. Before he has said twenty words the debate has assumed importance. Thoughts are expressed from his lips with an amplitude and simplicity which is noble, a clearness of tone which makes one involuntarily think of snow-clad summits, or of the majestic voice of the ocean. He is Bossuet, Pascal, and Franklin all in one. The ear, the heart, the intelligence, the soul are all charmed. He excels in finding his imagery on the spur as it were, struck like coins which enter at once into circulation. He knows how to touch all the chords of the human heart one after the other; or rather—and this is what ravishes and carries away his audience—they feel that his efforts are not the effect

of art, but of profound conviction backed up by incomparable gifts. He always appears as if he thought it possible to persuade his adversaries by good reasons, and certainly he thinks so; he judges them by himself.

That is a unique force which is wanting in rhetors, and to which he owes many unexpected victories. His dominating faculty is a profound sense of human destiny—quite irrespective of race and station. With that an Englishman from head to foot, an Englishman to the back-bone, a Quaker, a water-drinker, a mill-owner, a philanthropist, and an apostle. By the effect that he produces on you, judge of the effect which he produces on an English audience. When he rises in the House, all are silent—there is nobody but John Bright.

Mr. Gladstone, too, has a fine conscience, and from it he derives his principal force. But he is above all well informed upon any question with which he deals. It is the scientist made Speech, the speaker who has exhausted all sources, who has assimilated the smallest details of his subject, and who has no equal in his power of arranging, grouping, and bringing them forward in battle array to an admiring auditory.

If his eloquence is not so musical (so Æolian) as Mr. Bright's, his command of the House is equally great. It rests upon his evident honesty, on the respect which neutrals and knaves have, whether they will or no, for all opinions which are sincere. Mr. Gladstone, who came forward first as a Tory, became a Radical as he grew older—an almost unique phenomenon. His late rival Lord Beaconsfield, and he, were poles apart. Disraeli

was certainly an orator of a more bitter tone, and, by fits and starts, of higher flight and more extended range. But of what moral lightness—what want of principle, what want of ballast—and what shipwrecks he caused! Thomas Carlyle had him in mind, no doubt, when he wrote—

"Is there anything more hideous under the sun than an eloquent man telling lies?"

Amongst men of the second rank, Sir Charles Dilke and the Marquis of Hartington deserve portraiture. They are both representative men, types of their respective classes. Let us take Sir Charles Dilke first.

Only an Under-Secretary of State! This was the cry when Mr. Gladstone formed his present Cabinet.

Certainly, if any young Radical member appeared *papabile*, as the Italians say, whose services and talents deserved Cabinet rank, as the English put it, then Sir Charles Dilke was that man.

There was as much curiosity as sympathy in the popular voice when it called him to power. But the Gladstone Ministry, as it came out, soon caused disappointment to Liberals and Conservatives alike. It was as if an audience had come to hear Madame Patti, and had Madame Albani served up to them instead.

Is it necessary to relate an old story? Mr. Gladstone has never savoured of the modesty of the violet, and pardons none who do not seek for it on their knees. Now Sir Charles Dilke had, at one time, a great esteem for the author of "Lothair" as a literary man. He once even made the happy remark—

"In politics one always prefers his foes to his friends;" and on the Eastern Question he said—

"Better go to Constantinople with the Turk, than with the Cossack."

These utterances horrified the invertebrate and gelatinous Liberals, and so they assigned the young politician an inferior position, believing they had made a master-stroke in politics.

But behold the perversity of the public! In the second line to which they relegated him, it is just there that he meets their eyes. Amongst all the titled figures which Mr. Gladstone introduced into his "Tussaud" exhibition, one is not curious about any one except the living model—the very much living model—which the Prime Minister so wickedly placed in the "Chamber of Horrors."

An English Republican who has the courage of his opinions is worthy to be photographed above the legendary hat of the Duke of Argyle. Besides, the younger man is almost a Parisian, or half a Frenchman at least, after the manner of Lord Brougham. If he do not go so far as Anarcharsis Clootz, and say that Paris is the capital of the world, at least he thinks and says that it is the adopted country for all people of taste.

This story commences like a fairy tale. When Sir Charles was a fine lad of seventeen, with blue eyes and blonde moustache, he was making a walking tour in Europe. In the outskirts of Toulon, which he was "doing" like a true Englishman, to see with his own eyes the Grande Rade, the Mont Faron, and other places where the *sans-culottes* so thoroughly "licked" Admiral O'Hara,—he stayed in a

country house, called the Sainte Campagne, and said to himself, "It would be very nice to live here!"

And the remembrance of the white walls, the brilliant sunshine, the tamarinds, the olives, the blue sky, and the still bluer Mediterranean remained long and vividly in the young man's heart. He has realised his dream—he has purchased the country-house, and passes his leisure time there in the days after the partridge-shooting season, until his parliamentary duties call him to England.*

It is while journeying to and fro that one meets Sir Charles on the Boulevards, for that fine young man is "Charlie," as the electors of Chelsea—the Belleville, or the Montrouge of London—call him.

But no—Chelsea is like nothing but Chelsea, and has no resemblance to any district in our beautiful Paris. To give my readers any idea of Chelsea—and then it would be necessarily an imperfect one—they must imagine, and picture as a canker on the side of the Rue Rivoli and the Place Vendôme, a space five or six kilometres square of squalid houses, foul-smelling streets, and barrier *assommoirs*, allied with marshy "slums" and dismal quarters from a dozen capitals. There we find a ragged, dishevelled, half-naked population, semi-starved girls and little pot-bellied boys. The walls are dirty, and hung here and there with some dilapidated "poster," which flaps in the wind like the standard of despair: while over all extends the pall of smoke, rising from two or three millions of chimneys, through which an occasional gleam of sunshine

* Dickens, in one of his essays, relates his own similar experience concerning a "very queer small boy" and Gad's Hill, which he eventually possessed.—TRANS.

makes its way, to light up the dirt and to tinge the smoke brown.

Far into the distance runs some insipid new street with porticoed houses, which penetrates into the heart of Chelsea, and there suddenly stops, like a granite pier beaten by the waves of wretchedness.

In such a street as this the Dilke family lived for two or three generations, a home for literary men and journalists—Bertin respectables and radicals who transmitted from father to son the traditions of independence and free speech —with the direction and ownership of the *Athenæum.*

Sir Charles Dilke's grandfather was an eminent critic, who has done first-class work, and particularly the closing words of the discussion concerning the authorship of the Letters of Junius. His father, as Commissioner, took an active part in the direction of the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and was created a baronet for his services.

No doubt the near neighbourhood of the outcasts of London, not less than familiar associations, had an influence upon the mind of young Charles Dilke, and determined his democratic bias.

At Cambridge we find him already an advanced republican. John Stuart Mill was his pattern, and Mazzini his divinity. The suggestion at the Mill conference to erect a statue of the great Italian agitator in every village is still remembered with astonishment and stupor, But funds were wanting to carry out this idea.

It was at this time that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the other Radical of the Cabinet, who may be called the Bouchotte of the Liberal victory, said openly—

"One of my friends is engaged in endeavouring to convert the Prince of Wales to republican notions.' We hope he will eventually accept them, but we must confess that so far he has but very partially injured the enemy's position."

Those English Universities, wherein the students learn no profession, but where they receive a good general education, are, it must be stated, in the service of the upper classes a powerful instrument of selection. There they lay the foundations of great reputations, and it is very rarely that a man makes a mark in letters or politics, without having passed through the University mill.

Charles Dilke, when he quitted Cambridge for the Middle Temple, had already excited attention; people counted upon him. They did not doubt but that he would open a new vein in the great Liberal stratum which traverses that thick mass of feudalism, the United Kingdom. But no one had expected his success would be so rapid and so complete. And how could they think so when they saw Charles Dilke start for a tour round the world?

A splendid pedestrian, a good fencer, an indefatigable sportsman, an unrivalled oarsman, no little excursions would suit his boundless activity. Before entering upon public business, he said he would take steps to understand and visit the vast British Empire, upon which the sun never sets.

So he quitted England for the West, where he met Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The two young men travelled together in the United States, and did not separate till they reached Utah. Dixon then returned to England to write

the book which will longest bear his name—*New America.* Charles Dilke continued his tour to Australia, visited New Zealand, British India, Ceylon, Cairo, and Turkey. Then he also returned home, and gave the public the impressions of his journey under the taking title of *Greater Britain.*

That was in 1868, and the author was only twenty-five. It was a stupendous success. Never had the first effort of a young man achieved such a position. Edition succeeded edition at monthly intervals, not to mention the usual infringements of copyright by Cousin Jonathan. The work was not only a fashionable success, it was a solid triumph. Parliament was disquieted at its revelations, and colonial governors were obliged to confess that there was not a word too much in it.

And now the hour of the General Election approached, and Chelsea, proud of the sudden pinnacle of distinction reached by its own "Charlie," threw him, like a shell, into the House of Commons. The year following, Mr. Dilke inherited his father's title, with his large fortune and the large literary property of his parent. So he found himself, at six-and-twenty, one of the most considerable and most advanced men of the Liberal party.

His parliamentary career is well known; what is less known, perhaps, is that in the midst of the disasters of France—if he thought that as a Member of the British Parliament he ought not to serve in our army,—Sir Charles wished at least to assist our wounded. Under the unassuming cap of an ambulance attendant, he made the campaign during that terrible winter.

Soon afterwards he was stricken down by the saddes

calamity that could have befallen him. Married to a charming lady who had made his home in Sloane Street the rendezvous of the best members of the scientific, literary, and artistic world—most hospitable to foreigners, particularly to French people—Sir Charles saw himself suddenly bereaved by death of this companion with whom he had reckoned to walk hand in hand till the end. When dying she had begged him to have her body burned—not buried—a promise which his pious tenderness caused to be carried out, but which called forth from the Anglican clergy a protest which became the text for the most bitter and indiscreet vituperation.

Charles Dilke has said of himself that he is a good writer, but a lugubrious speaker. It would do him injustice to take him at his word. No doubt he does not possess the sacred fire which rouses assemblies and carries them out of themselves; not aiming at great eloquence, it is not surprising that he scarcely attains to it; but the profound knowledge of the subjects of which he speaks, the always fresh and extensive information which he brings to bear upon them, the clearness of his views, the precision of his language, and, more than all, his imperturbable good humour, constitute him one of the best debaters in the House of Commons.

No matter what he may have to say, it is always pleasant to listen to him, because there is always something interesting and decisive to be learnt from him. Besides, he is so good to look upon, with his pleasant, honest face and robust figure, his gentle and frank appearance. No one has ever given me a better idea of a perfect gentleman—I mean of the one whose courtesy and loyalty are not merely a mask but a living force.

This straightforwardness, however, does not exclude him from the possession of a certain strong British bias in diplomatic matters. There is nothing so dangerous for us Frenchmen as those very charming strangers who profess so much friendship for our country. They fall so quickly into our ways that they do not distinguish our interests from their own!

At forty years of age Sir Charles Dilke is already a well-drilled parliamentary debater, and all his words have weight. He is almost a member of the Cabinet. The moment has perhaps nearly arrived when it will be as well to recall that he has very personal views with respect to Egypt.

He said very clearly, less than four years ago, that it was a dish for a king, upon which England ought to put her hand without any bargaining.

"No fear that we should be involved with France," he said on the same occasion—"a result which I should be the last man in the world to wish for. She would grumble for eight days, and then think no more about it."

In the English parliamentary world—where Sir Charles Dilke may be said to represent the mushroom stage (though dating from Cromwell)—the Marquis of Hartington is the very incarnation of the old Whig party.

The ladies of the Cavendish family have always played their part in politics: without more than a reference to the illustrious Bess of Hardwick, who with her first husband founded the family and afterwards founded three other ducal houses with three other partners—was there not the charming Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, whom Gainsborough loved to paint, and who made such a mark on the eighteenth century?

We know the famous adventure. Georgiana was present at an election in all the glowing beauty of her twenty-five years, her camellia-like complexion, and her golden locks. Seated in her carriage, we may well believe that nothing was wanting in the setting of such a beautiful jewel. She arrived at the door of a butcher well known for his extreme Tory views.

"Well, sir," she said, flashing upon him one of her most engaging smiles, "are you not going to vote for us?"

The man, speechless at her beauty, scratched his ear, and after a while replied—

"On one condition, my Lady Duchess; and that is, if your Grace will let me take one kiss from your ruby lips."

"You may take two so long as you vote the right way," replied the enchantress, as she put up her winning mouth.

The election was won—*c'est ainsi que se font les bonnes maisons.*

The history of the Cavendishes, the Dukes of Devonshire, and the traditional chiefs of the Whig party, is tightly bound up with that of the British Constitution for the last three hundred years. Of this race legend and anecdote abound; and more than any other perhaps it has contributed by the unvarying brillancy of the part it has played and the incomparable versatility of its politics, to inoculate the English people with that singular passion for its aristocracy which is its special disease.

The Right Honourable Spencer Compton Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington, heir presumptive of the Duke of Devonshire, and official leader of the Liberal majority, is what one may call an anthropomorphic product of the first class. In the same way as a gigantic gourd or some

unique milch cow, he would be entitled to the prize in his order at some agricultural show; such specimens are the result of the most active forcing, protracted for generations, and like the cactus they flourish only once in a century.

Brought into the world with a special object of governing merry England so long as the oscillations of the constitutional pendulum kept the Whig party in power, educated and trained with this end, and with a view to this particular profession, Lord Hartington is a statesman, just as another man might be a shoemaker or a mason, because he has never learnt any other trade.

Only in his case it happened that Dame Nature, not content with giving him a congenital influence upon the affairs of his country, a ready-made opinion on politics, and a party ready formed, at the happy age when commoner children are inducted into trousers, willed that the present Duke of Devonshire should be born with the taste of a Pestallozzi, and devote himself after the birth of his son to the mission of boring him terribly, but of bringing him up *à merveille.*

"I was not born to play a political part myself, but only to prepare my children for it"—that nobleman, when inculcating the rule of three or of syntax, used to say. The Duke has a revenue of thirty millions (francs), owns forty parishes, Devonshire House in Piccadilly, Chatsworth in Derbyshire, Holker Hall in Lancashire, Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, Compton Place in Sussex, Chiswick in Middlesex, Lismore Castle in Ireland; and more historical castles scattered about than would serve to lodge, gratis, all the beggars in the United Kingdom—and truly they are a mighty host!

So we perceive that the Marquis of Hartington could no more escape becoming a Minister of the Crown, than the ordinary Englishman can help having the measles. With all this, he possesses good health and intelligence, a sufficient amount of scepticism to enable him to swallow the complex fatalities which have fallen upon his young head; Bible meetings and after-dinner speeches, soothing liberalism, and easily executed reforms, political *orgeat* and humanitarian lemonade; all the varied ingredients which compose the Whig plum pudding. One must have a special stomach for it, and the Marquis was born with such an one.

He studied under the best masters, with his papa for a coach, was sent to Cambridge, spoke at debating societies, where he early accustomed himself to the precious art of speaking without saying anything on any subject whatever.

At the age of twenty-three he was shot into the House of Commons to fill a family seat, and was next taken to St. Petersburg, by Lord Granville, Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary, who had undertaken to dry-nurse him. Then the time came for him to win his spurs, and "Granville's middy" as they called him (for Lord Granville is guardian of the Cinque Ports), found himself charged with the important mission to provoke a vote of non-confidence against the Ministry.

For a wonder his maiden speech was not a failure, and the general opinion was that neither Disraeli nor Sir Robert Peel would have done better under the circumstances. He had made his mark.

Here he was very cunning or perhaps only very idle; he rested on his laurels for three or four years, and spoke no more. He possessed all the virtues, the wisdom of the serpent and the strength of the lion—that young man ought to do well.

This was the epoch of worldly success for the Marquis of Hartington. Young and of good figure, ruddy and with a flowing beard, the air of a Vandyck which had descended from one of the panels of Chatsworth, heir to the finest duchy in the kingdom, and already in possession in his own right of an enormous revenue, the Eliakim of the Whig party became easily the leader of fashion at the same time he became that of the Liberals.

Eight years older than the Prince of Wales, he initiated his Royal Highness into the flowery ways of Life. Only, if one may believe what was said, he had not much reason to congratulate himself on meeting some "princely guests" he had *not* invited on his shooting grounds.

It was at this time also that he had to sustain the assaults of a flying column of the fair daughters of Albion, who had all dreamt of becoming Duchess of Devonshire. In the English matrimonial market, where the female courts the male, the Right Honourable Compton Cavendish was naturally greatly in demand. Perhaps it was because he was so sought after that he made up his mind not to throw the handkerchief to any one of these *houris*, but to remain a bachelor.

However, official life called him. He became Civil Lord of the Admiralty at thirty, Under-Secretary of State and Minister of War at thirty-three; then, in the reconstitu-

tion of the second Russell Ministry, he undertook the perilous office of carrying the broom into the Augean stables of the British army, and performed his task without much enthusiasm, but with a calm determination which had its value.

Then came the eclipse of the Liberal party, followed by its return to power in 1868. Lord Hartington then, instead of advancing, retrograded. Formerly a Minister, he now consented in the Gladstone Cabinet to perform the duties of Postmaster-General. Here he met with quite a concert of applause. What modesty! What disinterestedness! What self-abnegation!

Well, good people, it was simply indifference. The Marquis of Hartington is, *au fond*, a resigned personage. Fated by circumstances to return periodically to politics on the high tide of his party's success, placed also by the habits of English society and the inalienable rank which he carries with him, far above these miserable hierarchies, it matters little to him whether he be Prime Minister or Usher of the Black Rod. He knows in advance he will have to appear on the scene, and perhaps makes secret resolutions only to play a second part.

See him once again as leader of the Opposition in 1875. Has it not been asserted that he had but one fear in the world—that of seeing his party return to power? He certainly could not have carried on the campaign with the go and impetuosity of the old wood-cutter of Hawarden.

Give him a classical sitting, a speech upon the address, and he is in his element. Or at an academical inauguration

such as I saw him preside at some years ago in Edinburgh, when he was appointed Rector. "Do you suppose I find it all so amusing?" he seemed to say by his demeanour. But it was in very correct language that he imparted to his young audience the most laudable advice as to the necessity of reading history, and to have an individual opinion upon every subject.

"Above all, cling to the sanctity of our constitutional rights," he said; going back, to explain the mysteries of it, to the venerable memories of George Buchanan and Samuel Rutherford. "And this constitutional right is based upon the representative system, which has made our political edifice the model for all free peoples. But what would those illustrious doctors say, if they could know that in our days, principles so wise, and consecrated by an experience of two centuries, could have been contested? What would they have said if they saw a Government bringing forward the doctrine of reliance upon public opinion, and no longer upon that of Parliament?"

Yes, what would they have said? We may well ask the question with fear and trembling! But Beaconsfield apparently troubled himself very little about it, and would have been perfectly satisfied if he had only met adversaries of such calibre.

To sum up, Lord Hartington accepted politics as a necessity of his rank. He knew that in this world every one has his cross to bear and he made the best of his. But this is not the side of life which interests him.

His great passion is whist. It is an unfortunate one, however, because he does not shine in it. He plays for

small stakes on principle, for, as he will tell you, when playing for high stakes, some one is sure to cheat sooner or later—an aphorism which cannot be considered very flattering to the "upper ten thousand."

But it is in his red coat while hunting, or in the blue veil at Newmarket Races, that he finds himself in his true element. "Flying Childers," "Belphœbe," and "Rhylstone" came out of his stable. There, also, he goes in for the love of the thing. He bets little, and is generally unlucky. His happiness is in driving his drag, a model of correctness which the Anglo-maniacs of the Bois de Boulogne would do well to study closely.

From many points of view he is a prisoner of Fortune. He enjoys it like a man who is ashamed of it—without energy sufficient to put it to its best uses, for the benefit of science and progress. The species is not rare in England. At Hardwick Hall—a jewel of a house of the Queen Bess period, hung from top to bottom with its original arras, dated 1478—he lives in a garret. Everything around him, from his shooting boots and pea jacket to his veiled and covert glances, seems to say, "Well, it is not my fault!"

The Marquis of Hartington is, at this time of writing, fifty years old. He is a fine specimen of the Anglo-Saxon; well-made, square-shouldered, with a quiet, long face, blue eyes, a high forehead, straight nose, the pale complexion and languid eyelids of a "free liver." The dominant trait of his character is shyness, which he endeavours to hide under a cuirass of indifference, but which always is apparent. He can scarcely speak for five minutes without blushing and stammering. As for his decisiveness, that

never was his forte. He would not make a peer of his private secretary, to be sure!

He has reached the port where the breeze was sooner or later to bring his craft. Will he ever accept the responsibility of forming a Cabinet? That is not at all likely. *Cavendo tutus* is the motto of his house, with a serpent for a crest.

England, we believe, is beginning to see with an uneasy eye that France is getting ahead of her in the logical form of representative government. The influence reflected by our Republic is visible in all directions. Land tenure and the right of primogeniture are questions which the next legislature may have to consider. No one can judge the system more severely *in petto*, than the heir to the finest property in the United Kingdom. But to demand of him a night of the 4th of August. No! it is not in his line!

A man may very well put it in the "Orders of the Day," when he has at last forced his way into the House of Commons: such a man is Mr. Charles Bradlaugh.

Between this gentleman and the oath, there is war to the knife. And he will have the last word, depend upon it; he always has. He will talk two days, eight days, a month if necessary, without stopping. His method is to harass and pull down his adversaries, and not to quit them except when they are vanquished and panting in the sand of the arena. When argument fails he has recourse to blows, as he proved once at a meeting against the "Jingoes," when he only escaped with his life by the summary method of knocking down a few pressing opponents. What fists! What

a backbone! What a voice! What an avalanche of arguments, tight, crushing, inexhaustible!

The law officers of the Crown have taken the prudent course—it is quite sufficient for Bradlaugh to enter the lists. They throw down their arms, confess themselves vanquished, and capitulate. Experience has proved to them that this course is more economical and less fatiguing.

That poor oath! Has he not already played it tricks enough? Ten or twelve years ago, when you entered a witness-box, even if only a sixpence were involved in the question, you would have been ill-advised to refuse to kiss the wrinkled cover of the Testament. A refusal would have sent a thrill of horror through the audience, and you would have been pronounced quite unfit to enter a court of justice as a witness.

Mr. Bradlaugh has changed all that by his energy and perseverance. Paying in purse and person and at the risk of losing the action by which he had raised the question, he succeeded in promoting two Acts of Parliament, and in proclaiming liberty of conscience in judicial acts. St. Stephen's remains the last citadel of the Oath—and the enemy is in the place. It only remains to sound the "parley."

With a better title than the late Changarnier, Bradlaugh can say, like him, that he is accustomed to victory. The number of judicial battles which he has been engaged in is as long as an astronomical number, and law expenses would have kept twenty families in honest ease, and he has still to learn what a sad thing it is to be beaten!

His enemies are called Beaconsfield, Gladstone, the Lord

Chief Justice, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the aristocracy, religion, propriety, decorum, hypocrisy, all that is powerful, all that is respectable: there is not one of them which has not left a feather in his hands.

And always legally, always at the end of some titanic contest, at the bottom of that dark labyrinth which is called English Law.

A lawyer he? Certainly not. He is much worse. Picture to yourself the incarnation of chicanery, hidden under the muscles of the Bengal tiger, and crouched in the most tangled jungle of legislation in the whole world. A Blackstone and a Montesquieu perpetually occupied, not in extracting the spirit of the law, but in discovering its weak points; then treasuring up his discovery, letting himself be condemned in the first or second instance, accumulating expenses, piling up proceedings, but at the right moment, with a bound and a bite, terminating the affair.

Will the charming Ellen Terry pardon me? I was reminded of Charles Bradlaugh, one evening, when I saw her playing *Portia* in the "Merchant of Venice," and looking like a live dream after Paolo Veronese.

Mr. Bradlaugh plays Portia's part against the feudal law. One day he arrived from Guernsey, where the clergy had incited the people to assassinate him by crying out "Kill the Infidel." At Devonport he had arranged a conference. At the very commencement of his lecture he was placed under arrest for blasphemy.

"They arrest me? Very well. I will hold my meeting to-morrow at noon, and the police shall see what it is to arrest Bradlaugh!"

All the town was astir to see how he would keep his word. Nothing was more difficult. The publicans refused him their houses—the military authorities protected all the open spaces. Where could an open-air meeting be held? No one could imagine.

"If I only had a balloon I would speak to them from it," said the lecturer.

But there was no balloon. "The meeting will be held at the Park gates," said the announcements.

At the exact time announced Bradlaugh arrived, and passed the cheering crowd, the soldiers, and the police. He advanced to the Tamar, and launching a boat addressed the public from the river for two hours.

The waters of the Tamar are in the jurisdiction of Saltash, and three feet from the bank the Plymouth police were powerless. He had discovered that fact, and acted on it.

As to the superintendent who had arrested him, Bradlaugh rendered his life a burthen, and dragged him before so many tribunals that the man finished by committing suicide —official suicide—and gave in his resignation.

On another occasion, the London artisans had built a hall upon a piece of ground which was claimed unexpectedly by the landlord, and was adjudged to him. According to law, the building belonged to him also.

"Yes," said Bradlaugh, "if it remains there."

So Bradlaugh brought a hundred men and quickly demolished the edifice. Every one carried away some of the materials, and the proprietor remained with his empty ground as before. The best of it was that the man had

heavily subscribed for the construction of the building, in the hope that it would remain his property. They left him the share of bricks to which he had a right.

Let us pass from small things to great. Mr. Bradlaugh has for many years published a republican and atheist journal called the *National Reformer*. The law exacted the deposit of "caution money" to the amount of £800 sterling as a preventive against "all blasphemous or seditious allegations.' In 1868, the journal had existed for twelve years. Mr. Disraeli suddenly discovered that the *National Reformer* had never deposited the guarantee money, and he called upon the editor to pay it or cease to publish the paper.

Mr. Bradlaugh's only response was, to print under the title of the sheet—

"A journal published in defiance of the interdiction of the Queen's Government."

The Attorney-General interfered, and, when called upon to put the case before the jury, stole away and beat a retreat.

The Ministry went out soon after this episode, and Gladstone took charge of public business. He resumed the affair, was carried by Bradlaugh to the Supreme Courts, and there, defeated on every technical point, he was convinced of his powerlessness.

It became necessary to repeal the law which could not be applied; and thus disappeared, amid the applause of English people, the last shackles of the press.

But it is not upon the judicial platform only that he displays this all-devouring activity. It is also proclaimed in the newspapers, by pamphlets and by meetings.

Conferences, provincial "stumping," public discussion upon political and religious questions, demonstrations in the parks—he finds them all useful.

It is in the Hall of Science where he shines, or in one of the Hyde Park or the Trafalgar Square meetings where, by the vigour of his lungs, often by the power of his biceps, he has "gauged the majority."

The tall form of Bradlaugh emerges from amid the wave of humanity, his voice dominating the uproar. From his deep mouth pours a stream of eloquence. His gestures are sober; his eye is clear; his complexion the pale tint of an antique statue; his facial angle is almost Ethiopian, and his profile, cut clearly against the grey sky, is that of a Memnon declaiming his morning oracle.

Suddenly, at some cutting objection or injury, the athlete will arise in him. His face lights up, his lip curls, his arms seize his adversary, who is soon squeezed like a sponge, and thrown exhausted on the pavement, whilst the conqueror passes on to another amid the hurrahs and groans of the crowd. It is fine, it is grand, it is Shakesperian, and if it should happen that in the struggle some heads are broken, such details are lost in the amplitude of the Anglo-Saxon scenery.

The hard-hitting and the infinite elasticity or suppleness of Mr. Bradlaugh, which make him so formidable an adversary, would be inexplicable if one did not know this atheist to be before all things a theologian. It was by Biblical discussion that he entered political life. He delighted in carrying the war into the enemy's country, and that is why he made as profound a study of

Deuteronomy and the Pentateuch as of the constitutional law.

As a mode of action, this knowledge would be no doubt superfluous with a Latin democracy, but with habitual "psalm-singers" it is very powerful, and Mr. Bradlaugh owes to it some of his greatest successes.

Personally he is, and he proclaims himself as a son of the French Revolution. It was in 1848 that with many other eminent spirits he awoke to the light. He was then sixteen, and had had only an elementary education. But he set to work, and studied Hebrew, Latin, French, Greek, law and science. When the French exiles arrived in England after the *Coup d'Etat* of December 2, 1851, he associated himself with them, espoused their cause, and imbibed their tenets. Exile has sometimes its set-off; and the proscribed one is often only a seed which is wafted away to take root upon other shores.

The Second Empire had not in England a more determined enemy, and our young Republic a more ardent advocate, than Charles Bradlaugh. It was by his passionate efforts, that Simon Bernard won his freedom in the Orsini matter. In 1870, in the midst of our disasters, Bradlaugh alone, or almost alone with Congreve, Beesley, and Ruskin, defended us, and endeavoured to obtain an intervention in our favour.

Don't talk of Charles Bradlaugh to a British subject; you would "bring the blush to his modest forehead!" ("feriez monter le rouge à son front virginal"). Perhaps he would feign ignorance of your meaning. Not a single English biographical dictionary mentions the name of the

man who, for at least thirty years, has been engaged in agitating, desperately, the deepest strata of the English population. He ought, in strict justice, to be classed amongst the ten or twelve most powerful personages of the century.

But what? Without a handle to one's name, without money, without patrons or official education—by the mere force of will—to succeed in coming to the front rank, in Great Britain? That cannot be. If it be, it should be ignored.

We may add that Bradlaugh has never relied on the monarchy, the aristocracy, the plutocracy, the church, nor on the public-houses—in a word, with none of the props by which other English Radicals, at least partially, sustain themselves. He is a republican, a democrat, an atheist, and, what is more, he is a determined enemy to fermented liquors. All that it is customary to keep out of debate—from the Queen's crown and the bishop's apron, to the pint measure—he knocks down and tramples on.

In that country where it is not polite to write or speak the word "devil" for fear of offending "the old gentleman," Bradlaugh writes up any word on any subject. In that classic land of "cant," where ladies do not wear "chemises," but only "under-garments," and where trousers are called "continuations," Bradlaugh openly proclaims the necessity for the adoption of a Malthusian law to prevent children who cannot be supported from being brought into the world. He dares to challenge prosecution for the very purpose of planting his doctrine, like a battle-flag, on the top of the Mansion House, and he is discharged, as a matter of course, thanks to the "glorious uncertainty" of the law.

Such is the man whom the men of Northampton have just sent for the third time to the House of Commons. His election is the end of a world and the commencement of a new era. After Gladstone there is no orator who can carry with him such a compact and resolute army. The oath which Bradlaugh refuses is only a symbol. The wedge is inserted in the tree; it is only necessary to drive it "home." What Mr. Bradlaugh wants is an England modelled on our Modern France. England might fare worse when it comes to the settlement of its land question.

But we have wandered a very long way from our parliamentary track. Let us hasten to return to it. . . . .

Half-past seven; eight o'clock. The interest of the debate must be very great indeed, if members do not gradually disappear, saluting the Speaker as they leave their seats.

Where are they going? Only to dinner. Some to their clubs, some to St. Stephen's Club, opposite, others go home, others into town. The number of virtuous men who persist in listening, becomes smaller every minute. *Apparent rari nantes.* Are there forty Members present? This is the sacramental if not legal number necessary for the validity of the deliberations of the House. We would not declare as much. The languid manner in which they loll upon the benches shows they have a full consciousness of the sacrifice they are making in the public interest.

In this appears the wisdom of the tradition which reduces to a minimum the legislative enclosure. A House with six hundred and fifty seats would appear empty. But with the coming out and coming in, the people who put in an

appearance during the evening, those who remain a couple of hours or who dine late, this interminable sitting of the House always presents a respectable appearance in the number of its Members present.

So the debate goes on, quietly and monotonously, but at an even pace. A Minister has replied to the previous speaker, and a member of the Opposition has followed the Minister. The stenographers have been hard at work in the midst of the general somnolence.

Towards ten o'clock the House wakes up again, as diners come back. The greater number of the Members have changed their morning costume for evening dress. All look ruddy and satisfied. They come like an infusion of oxygen into the blood of the House. Every one rouses himself. The Speaker looks up under his wig—the person who is speaking speaks louder, signs of approbation and disapprobation recur —and the debate becomes animated and interesting. There is now nothing apparently to prevent it from continuing until two or three in the morning, or even farther into the "small hours," especially if the obstructionists arise and put their "spokes" in the ministerial or legislative wheel. One of their ordinary manœuvres consists in taking a division on every clause or amendment, and even on the question of priority of speech. This scrutiny is compulsory if even a single Member demand it; and as the failure of a clause or of an amendment may involve that of the bill, it is essential that the party bringing it forward should marshal all his forces to defend it.

Then comes upon the scene a very great personage

indeed, in the British parliamentary organization. This is the "Whip,"—the shepherd's dog of the legislative flock.

The Whip is the member who has received from his political friends the power of assembling or warning them at a critical moment. There are three Whips for the Government, and two for the Opposition. A good Whip has his ears always open, his eyes always on the alert—the "lash" always "cracking." He knows the habits of all those under his jurisdiction, and he can find them at any hour—at a whist party, at the Opera, or elsewhere. He possesses for them at once a loose rein and a curb. It is necessary that they should vote. It is of little consequence where (or alas! in what condition),—he must catch them. So the poor "Whip" hurries about, despatching messengers in cabs and on horseback to fetch the Members from all quarters of the town.

The decisive moment arrives, the Prime Minister sums up the debate. An indescribable tumult succeeds, in the midst of which the Speaker demands that the question be put.

Those who are of the opinion to act as suggested say Aye, those who are of the contrary opinion say No.

But the "Ayes" and "Noes" are confused. It is impossible to say which have the majority: or even if the Speaker say he thinks one or the other has gained the verdict, his conclusion is questioned, and a division is called for. Then the Speaker rises, and for the last time reads the question on which the division is about to be taken. Then the doors are opened widely, one of the clerks at the table turns a sand-glass, which marks two

minutes in its flow, and the cry of "Division" is raised. The electric bells immediately begin to ring in all directions —at St. Stephen's Club, in the lobbies, in the "kitchen," in the smoking-room, in the private room of the Serjeant-at-Arms, a snug corner much appreciated by Members of a social turn of mind.

The House fills in the twinkling of an eye; in two minutes there is not an inch to spare. The doors are shut. After this, no one may enter, and cannot leave without voting. The voting is carried on as follows. There are two large lobbies, right and left; the "Ayes" go towards the first, the "Noes" towards the second. As each member passes he is "pricked" on the lists in which all their names are printed. At the other end of the lobby are "tellers," who check the operation.

When all have filed through, the ushers ascertain that no one is left behind: then the doors are opened and the House fills again. The tellers bring in the lists, and in the midst of much noise the Speaker announces the result.

The time occupied in taking a division is usually about twenty-five minutes. It may appear a very crude proceeding, but it at any rate insures the presence of the person voting, and makes the result absolutely certain. We know by the example of continental parliaments how uncertain are, as a rule, their various methods of voting. It is of no uncommon occurrence for a deputy to hand in a proxy for five or six of his colleagues; or that under some excuse he alters his vote in the official paper next day. But nothing of this kind is possible in the "Division." One acts individually, and if a member changes his

opinions he does so in public, and crosses the floor amid a storm of cheers and hisses.

The sitting, however, is drawing to a close: some Member proposes an adjournment, which is carried by acclamation. The Speaker rises and bows to the Secretary of the Treasury. Cries of "Who goes home?" are raised; the ushers call out "House is up," and the Members depart with all speed.

The formality of adjourning, which must be performed by a Member and not by the Speaker, is a legacy of the struggles of Parliament against the Royal Power. Formerly, the Speaker, to quench the burning question, would close the sitting at the opportune moment. The fathers of British freedom decided that this should no longer be the case. But the contrary system has its inconveniences. It might happen that the Speaker were left absolutely alone in the House, and it would be then a legal impossibility for him to move until the House resumes.

The accident once occurred to Mr. Denison, who found himself in an empty House at three in the morning. He had accordingly to send for a Member who would quit his bed, and come back to release him by pronouncing the usual formula for the adjournment. The story goes that there was some difficulty in finding even this Member, and that more than one pitiless representative had declined, in sheer fun, to release the unfortunate Speaker.

The Speaker is, of course, a person of very great importance, highly respected, and the incarnation of all the traditions, the majesty and the authority of the House.

Under the Tudors and the Stuarts he was chosen by

the sovereign, and was used by him variously as the instrument of compression, and the agent of corruption. He was expected to know as well how to purchase a conscience as to stifle a discussion. The traffic in votes was practically an open one. The parliamentary guaranty to the treaty concluded by Charles II. with France, cost that king more than a million of money. He might in truth well afford the expense, at the price he was paid for by the Most Christian King. It is not so many years ago that a pigeon-hole existed at the Treasury, at which money was paid for "ayes" on all questions submitted to the House of Commons. The price varied, according to the importance of the question, between two hundred and five hundred pounds per head.

By a natural consequence the independent Members held the Speaker in profound contempt, and sometimes manifested their aversion for him in a very queer way. A parliamentary report in the year 1610 states that Sir E. Herbert, instead of taking off his hat to the Speaker, did put his tongue out at him, and place his fingers to his own nose. On another occasion, a Member approached the chair unseen, and, "contrary to all Parliamentary precedents," shouted in his ear.

At a more recent date, an hon. Member, Mr. Fergus O'Connor, leaped upon the platform, as the Speaker, taking advantage of the suspension of the sitting, set himself to the enjoyment of a cutlet, which the Member seized and devoured. It is only fair to add that on this occasion the hon. Member dissipated all the doubts which had previously existed as to his sanity.

At the present time, the Speaker receives from his colleagues all the deference which is his due. His title arises from the fact that he speaks in the name of the House and represents it officially. His salary is five thousand a-year, with a residence in "The New Palace" of Westminster, close by the Clock Tower. He is *ex officio* a Privy Councillor, and it is customary to make him a peer when he retires from the Speakership, with an annuity of £4000 for two lives. He is elected by the House. As a rule he is nominated by a Member, and if there is no opposition, the name is received with acclamation. Sometimes, however, the choice gives occasion to a long debate, and even to a division. But whatever the process of election, it is usual to retain the same Speaker during the whole legislature, and even longer, unless he resigns. It may thus happen, if the majority has shifted, after his appointment, from one side to the other, that he does not belong to it any longer. The case even is by no means rare. This is one more anomaly to be noted in this strange Constitution, which is pieced together like a mosaic wherein principles and traditions not unfrequently seem to clash, precisely because they are juxtaposed without destroying each other.

At the opening of the legislature, it is at the formal invitation of the Queen that the Commons make choice of a Speaker. Still, their first act is the reading of a Bill in which it is formally specified that the powers of Parliament do not emanate from the Queen's Royal Pleasure, but are anterior and superior to it. And again, when they have made their election, they humbly submit it to Her Majesty for her approbation. It is true that this approba-

tion is never withheld. But it could be, and so the submission is theoretically necessary.

The business of the Speaker consists essentially in establishing the order of the discussion, and in maintaining order during the debate. This double mission imposes on him extreme vigilance, for he is alone and unaided by secretaries, as our President is aided. But as a matter of fact the sequence of the speakers in an important debate is regulated by the "Whips," and the Speaker merely adopts their suggestions. Still, in theory, and indeed very often in practice, at least in discussions of secondary importance, it is at the time, and in reply to the silent demand of the hon. Member who bows and raises his hat, that the Speaker's eye is caught. When several Members rise at once, it is not easy to decide which shall have the precedence, and when a doubt arises, the House usually decides the point itself.

It need hardly be said that the Speaker takes great care never to intrude any personal feeling into the debates. He pushes this scruple to the extent of never giving an opinion, even in a disciplinary measure, the application of which is incumbent upon him. He is not a master or chief who has been imposed upon the House, he is not even a guide—he is the organ of its will.

So it is somewhat difficult to define his powers, particularly as they are not in any written laws. He can not arrest a Member nor cause him to be expelled from the House. He has simply the right to call to order those who fail in Parliamentary etiquette, and to remind a speaker when he is straying from the question before the

House. His most important privilege, perhaps, is that of voting last, and giving the casting vote if the number on both sides of the question is the same. The case has arisen in which this power has been exercised, and national interests of the very first importance have depended upon the vote of the Speaker.

In fine, were it only for the devotion they demand, the duties of the Speaker are of no light order. It is really hard work to preside effectually five times a week in a House whose sittings last from four in the afternoon until two or three o'clock in the morning, or even later. It has been calculated that the time of sitting each year, on the average, is two hundred hours before midnight, and five hundred after. Even if these hours were only endured for ten years, the total would be a very large one. One Speaker, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, reckoned that he had passed in the Chair more than fifteen thousand hours of the night.

Besides, the amount of business got through by the House of Commons in the course of a Session is very large. The sittings are less dramatic than with us, but, at the same time, last longer and are more practical. The custom of holding nightly sittings, which is surprising to foreigners, is explained by the possibility which it affords for prolonging the debate indefinitely. It is also justified by the advantage which the nation obtains from the presence of great manufacturers, barristers, and specialists of every class, who give Parliament the benefit of their experience, for those classes of men are generally engaged all day in their several pursuits, and it is more easy for them to attend to public business in the evening.

Beyond this again, the work of the various Committees is very severe in the House of Commons. There are at least twenty Select Committees sitting from mid-day until four o'clock, and the mass of enquiries, reports, "Blue books" of every sort which results from these labours, make every year more than eighty octavo volumes.

A characteristic trait of the House of Commons—one which is never seen on the Continent, is the faculty it possesses of constituting itself into General Committee to carry on the discussion and the elaboration of a Bill.

The "Committee of the whole House," as it is called, only differs from the ordinary sitting by the change it produces in the Chair. The Speaker cedes his place to the Chairman of Committees, a personage who has been elected by the first General Committee of the session, and is *ex officio* Deputy-Speaker. Thenceforward the House is no longer deemed to be "sitting," but is in "Committee." The debate takes at once a more familiar and a more practical tone. Members who have been as mute as fishes in the ordinary sittings suddenly find their tongues. The rigour of the House is somewhat relaxed; the Members talk rather than debate. The work advances. It is chiefly in the case of Bills adopted in principle that the system is advantageous and expediting. We are astonished that it has never been taken up in Continental Parliaments.

Apart from the "Committees of the whole House" proper, General Committee is again resorted to for all matters relating to taxation, loans, and other matters of revenue, which have to be submitted to what is then called "Committee of Ways and Means;" and again for every item of

specific expenditure, which must have been first granted in "Committee of Supply" before it is legally incurred. Supply is generally taken on Mondays. At the end of each session, the money voted in Supply is embodied in the "Appropriation Bill."

We will conclude our summary by mentioning a few of the principal phases which a Bill passes through before it is definitely inscribed in the STATUTE BOOK.

In the first place the verbal declaration of the object of the Bill is made by its author. This is called "Request for leave to introduce a Bill." The Speaker calls the author to the bar, and the deposit is effected.

The project comes into the order of the day at the "first reading." This is often a mere formality. It may, however, be opposed at that stage by marks of disapproval.

When the second reading comes on, the battle really commences. If the principle of the Bill comes victorious out of this debate it has a chance of passing into law. But under what form? No one can yet say. Amendments and counter-amendments abound. It is usually at the time when the Bill begins to bud into life that a motion is made for the House to resolve itself into Committee in order to elaborate it. Should it happen that it awakes the public interest, this motion raises a new opposition and serves for the text of a new debate, but finally the proposition that the Speaker do now leave the Chair is adopted, and the House forms itself into committee.

If a single sitting in committee is sufficient to arrive at a definite understanding, well and good. If not, at the end

of that sitting a Member will move to "Report Progress," which is understood to mean that the work has advanced, but is not yet finished. This ceremony may be repeated as often as necessary.

Finally, the drawing up of the Bill is definitely completed. It comes before the House again on the third reading, and under the circumstances it seldom meets with opposition, unless its adversaries are very determined.

The Bill is then sent to the Upper House, where it is put through the sieve of three successive readings. If it gets through without amendments, as it usually does, it is sent down to the House of Commons, and it is only when both Houses have agreed upon it that the last formality of the Royal assent is completed.

These diverse phases of a laborious delivery are, it is scarcely necessary to say, followed closely by an army of parliamentary midwives. The House of Commons has no elected quæstors, no more than it has secretaries chosen from its Members, but there is a permanent administration, the chief of which is the Clerk of the House, who is lodged in the Palace of Westminster, draws a salary of £2,500, and has under him a staff of clerks, writers, and officers.

The most important of these is the Serjeant-at-Arms, in whom is vested the executive force of the House. He is a personage with a salary of £1200 a year, and his special functions consist in carrying the mace when the Speaker takes or leaves the chair, and in expelling or putting under arrest, by a vote of the Chamber, any Members who have subjected themselves to such disciplinary measures. The

parliamentary gaol in Westminster Palace, consisting of four pretty comfortable rooms, with two barred windows looking over the Thames, is under his jurisdiction, and on the same floor are his own apartments.

Coming lower down we find the Speaker's legal adviser, the Chaplain, with the principal and second-class clerks. The latter are distributed amongst the four offices of the working administration.

These offices are—

The Public Bill Office, which is occupied with the projects of the laws of Ministerial origin, their printing and distribution, &c.

The Private Bill Office, which receives the measures of local interest and submits them to the Speaker's counsel, so that he may be assured they do not contain any defect in form.

The Journal Office is charged with the official reports.

The Committee Office prepares the orders of the day, issues the summonses, registers the Acts of Parliament, and centralises the work of the various Commissions.

The total expense of the House of Commons, as appears in the Budget, is £50,644. We are all aware that the duties of a Member of Parliament of Great Britain are unremunerated. This is a sure means of securing a monopoly of the aristocratic classes.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

If the House of Commons has the air of a chapel, Lord Redesdale may say with reason that the Upper Chamber resembles the grand salon of a casino. Never were more embossed gilding, heraldic lions, fabulous unicorns, uncouth escutcheons, staring stained-glass windows, and bric-a-brac in galvano-plastic, collected within a space of five hundred square feet. And this hall dates from 1860! The architect, Sir Charles Barry, might almost be asked whether his work does not conceal a satirical hit against the institution (certainly very Gothic) of an hereditary Chamber. But, alas, it is quite sufficient to contemplate through field-glasses from Westminster Bridge the colossal structure of the Legislative Palace all bristling with belfries, small towers, details and ornaments imperceptible to the naked eye, to assure oneself of the entire good faith of the worthy architect. The same taste which induced him to erect in this nineteenth century such a prodigious, mediæval almond-cake, face to face with two hundred factory chimneys, led him on fatally to making the House of Lords a veritable cacophony of glaring colours and forms of conventional pre-Raphaelism.

One might almost fancy oneself in a shop devoted to the

sale of Bohemian glass at one and six-pence. On "grand days," when the peeresses fill the gallery in their blue dresses, yellow flowers, red fans, and apple-green feathers, the appearance is that of the Bohemian-glass shop filled with Brazilian parrots.

The general arrangements are very similar to those in the House of Commons. The seats of red morocco leather extend on three sides of the central table. Behind these benches are galleries for the wives and daughters of peers, the reporters and the invited spectators. The throne is at the top of the chamber, raised upon a platform and dais of carved wood, on each side of which are two chairs, one for the Prince Consort, which has been vacant since 1866, and the other for the Heir Apparent.

The throne is of course only occupied on grand occasions at the opening of Parliament, when the Queen in person comes down to the House, drawn by the eight cream-coloured horses, Hanoverian as is the dynasty, and reads the Ministerial speech, commonly known as the "Speech from the Throne."

But the etiquette of the place always supposes the royal authority to be present; it is represented by the crimson chair, and every peer when he enters bows respectfully to the august piece of furniture. An absurdity less strange than it appears, for in England Royalty is above all things decorative.

Between the throne and the peers' seats there is a large space reserved for the sons of peers and the Members of the Privy Council. In the centre of the space is the seat of the Lord Chancellor, the Keeper of the Great Seal and of

the "Royal conscience," in his position as Supreme Judge of Appeal. Upon this seat, the traditional "Woolsack," which is simply a velvet cushion, he presides, and at the same time represents the Queen officially, anent Parliament and the nation.

At the bottom of the Chamber, behind the peers' benches and under the reporters' gallery, is a place which is called the Bar, where Members of the House of Commons and other privileged visitors may come to hear what is passing.

Above the galleries are windows on which are painted the Kings and Queens of England from the Norman Conquest downwards. The other two sides of the rectangle are reserved for grand frescoes—the "Baptism of Ethelred" by Dyce, "Edward the Third conferring the Garter on the Black Prince," and "Judge Gascoigne sending the Prince of Wales to the Tower" by Cope; the "Spirit of Religion," the "Spirit of Chivalry," and the "Spirit of Justice" by Maclise. These six frescoes constitute, with that in the South Kensington Museum by Sir F. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, the only attempts at monumental painting which have been attempted in Great Britain in the course of this century. They are not precisely of a nature to make one regret the prudent reserve of the British artist.

Between the twelve windows and the six frescoes is a series of eighteen niches supporting an equal number of statues—those to the signatories of the Great Charter. The likeness is not guaranteed. Add a frieze of escutcheons, crests, and devices; throw over all a ceiling of gilded sunken panels, and you have all the decorations.

The sitting commences later than in the House of Commons—at five o'clock. It is true it is not embellished with daily prayer. Here the service is intermittent, or at any rate regulated by laws impenetrable to the profane intelligence. It is all conducted pleasantly in the morning in a little service held in the presence of the Lord Chancellor and his personal attendants, his train-bearer, his mace-bearer, and his sword-bearer; one of the youngest Bishops officiates, and two or three lords of a more than usually religious turn of mind are present. The Mace and the Sword are deposited on the "Woolsack;" the Bishop reads prayers; the few lords mumble the responses in the nearly empty Chamber. Then every one retires, and "there they are" for eight or ten days longer.

At five o'clock precisely the Lord Chancellor takes his seat. He wears a red robe and an ermine mantle, a wig of Louis XIV. style, and a three-cornered hat. As in the House of Commons, there are clerks in judicial costume seated at the feet of the President. Another clerk specially appointed to hold the "List of those present," posts himself in the space at the right of the throne.

A few peers stroll in, and seat themselves in their places, for here not only has every peer his seat, but he is ranked with his own grade. So there are benches for dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, bishops and barons. The Ministers and their supporters sit on the right, the Opposition on the left of the throne. By degrees the attendance increases, but it is seldom more than one-quarter full, unless some very interesting debate is on. There is no law nor compulsion to make the peers attend, and instead

of the hurried desire to secure a place which is observable in the House of Commons, one cannot help contrasting the indifference and *ennui* of the Peers. Each one has the air of one who says to himself:

"Good Heavens, here I am! I suppose I must turn up some time or other; my position demands so much. Besides, I see my friends, hear the news, and so keep myself posted up."

The hand-shakes, the bows exchanged, the peers group themselves as in a drawing-room or club, and chat, laugh, or lounge.

However, the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack mutters some cabalistic words, and gives vitality to quite a series of laws of local interest. Nobody attends to him. The hour for the "Motions" arrives, and no one listens. A speaker—two speakers—say what they have to say; the inattention of the Chamber is all the time apparent. Sometimes a Minister speaks, but he evokes no more attention than the others.

As for young peers, they may give up in advance any idea that they will receive any encouragement or excite any interest. The House of Lords seems to have made up its mind that a young peer is almost of necessity only a silly youth. Why should they listen to him, who has never yet done anything but take the trouble to be born? Why should they pay any attention to the freckled young man? They know beforehand what his oratory is worth. You may pass muster in another fifteen or twenty years, young man, when you have something else to say beside what was crammed into you at Oxford or Cambridge.

Sometimes, however, it will pay some attention to the

scion of a great house, illustrious in Parliamentary annals, a Cecil or a Cavendish who has made a reputation at the University, or in the pages of some Review. So the House will rouse itself to listen, and to see if the "chip of the old block" will maintain the family traditions.

Indeed, when the peers condescend to pay attention, they are very chary in their manifestations of applause. The temperature is at zero. No "cheers," much less acclamations or expressions of anger, are heard. Sometimes there is a murmur. The question must indeed be an important one to touch these noble lords, and must hit them hard before they will give any vent to their sentiments.

We must not consider this affectation. It is their national indifference, unless they have made politics the exclusive passion and torment of their lives.

It should be borne in mind that a lord is an anthropological phenomenon, a human fossil out of place in this century, and of which we have no specimen in our French society. In the first place, his nobility—since nobility there is—is almost as positive, as proved as that of his race-horse. He has a "stud-book" in which he is entered, his pedigree or order, without error or possible confusion. He dates from such a year; he is marquis of this, or viscount of that: he has precedence of such and such of his colleagues, and of 300 millions of English subjects, while such and such others take precedence of him.

These privileges are not a simple matter of custom; they are regulated and have the force of law. He can enter into the Queen's presence at any time, and cannot be arrested

for debt, even when owing to the State. If criminal, he escapes the ordinary tribunals and is tried by his "peers."

For generations his ancestors have married in their caste, seldom indeed with strangers, still more seldom with the daughters of merchants or Jewish bankers. He is the eldest son, as his father and grandfather were formerly the eldest; and as their titled progenitors were in turn. All have loved and married the ladies of their choice, and we must suppose an exceptional depravity in the wife if she did not take care that her first-born, at least, was the son of his legal father. "Blood" is consequently as certain as such things can be.

On both sides the family from time immemorial has possessed tastes at once active and refined. Father and son, mother and daughter, fish, hunt, shoot, and live in the open air, generally in their princely country places, where they are surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature and elegant in art.

The family fortune is enormous, inalienable, and is constantly increasing. It is not gained by marriage, for the peer seldom marries a fortune in England, nor by some speculation; it reposes in entailed estate (*majorat*) of which the owner of the title is only the beneficial occupant (usufructuary), and of which the revenue is never wanting, and doubles itself in fifty years in consequence of high farming. This income is forty, fifty, or perhaps one hundred, thousand pounds sterling—sometimes much more. This goes on for generations, and has been going on for centuries.

The young lordling, only just emancipated from the apron-string, is broken in to all sorts of exercises, and

trained in all healthy enjoyments as well as study. He has the best masters, and he grows up in choice society. At twelve he is sent to Eton, where he has his own room and his private tutor, the most skilled and learned professors, and no end of pocket-money. Thence he goes to Oxford or Cambridge, travels in Europe and Asia, tastes everything, tries everything—"spending thousands" without his fortune being at all the worse. Finally his father dies, and then he enters the House of Lords.

Now, we ask an impartial person, is it possible that this exceptional type—this monster—can possibly survey human nature from the same angle as his fellow-countrymen Smith or Brown? Physiology and simple common sense say, "No; a hundred times no."

The most that he can arrive at, is to view his fellow-countrymen from a very elevated position, with an indifference which borders upon egotism. Serene scepticism is his pet malady. It is as difficult for him to credit what he hears, as to believe in the disinterested love of woman for himself, or in an infallible "martingale" at roulette.

In his eyes everything is a question for argument, and nothing more; and these arguments—ye gods! he has heard so many of them at Cambridge debating societies, in the "cabarets" of the world, in boudoirs, in all the clubs and "stables!" The world appears to him composed of little people who give themselves enormous trouble for very small results.

The social influence of the Peer upon English society is so marked that this opinion filters through all classes. As a rule English people only half believe what they discuss.

Look at them working themselves up into a rage for or against the contention concerning the Channel Tunnel, for instance. Articles are written, the press turns them out, pamphlets are distributed, "Blue Books" accumulate, scientific men, generals, admirals, enter the lists—all the artillery of argument is brought up—the noise is enough to deafen you. Then everyone goes home and thinks no more about the matter. The Tunnel will be made, or it will not be made. It is all the same to them. They have had what they wanted—an argument—a hobby-horse for eight days!

In the Upper House, there are scarcely thirty politicians worthy of the name. The rest compose the audience, and the inert voting mass. But these thirty politicians have been Members of the Cabinet or accustomed to business in the House of Commons during the life-time of their fathers They have political tastes, have been abroad in the diplomatic service, and are well informed upon European questions. So there exists some considerable talent amongst those who habitually speak. Therefore the interest which attaches to debates in the House of Lords is generally confined to foreign or colonial topics—imperial topics as they call them in Great Britain.

Here is its true *rôle*. In no other part of the world, as one will easily understand, do we find any politicians who have become so intimate with foreign statesmen, who have studied so closely and with so much effect great diplomatic questions, who have in a word acquired such a valuable experience. The House of Lords may have in the course of a Session one hundred colourless sittings—but it is seldom that it has not two or three of capital interest, in which

some absolutely new things are said, either with reference to documents placed on the table by a Minister, or upon a question raised by the Opposition.

These debates have a unique character, insomuch as they display a freedom of speech unknown in other parliaments. The insular position of Great Britain, its immutable diplomatic traditions, the habit it has of causing every subject to be ventilated by both parties in the State, explain a fact that puzzles our continental timidity. In France especially we scarcely ever touch, and then it is with a trembling hand, upon foreign policy. The Opposition advances cautiously upon the doubtful ground, full of pitfalls. The Ministry speak of the affair in an ambiguous manner, or with some grandiloquent phrases. But in the House of Lords the foreign policy is "threshed out," dissected, analysed, publicly exposed. There are no vain autopsies, no *post-mortem* examinations upon accomplished facts, but regular vivisections in diplomatic crises at the very time the difficulty is born—on the eve of the very day in which the Cabinet must come to a decision.

In the House of Commons also, foreign questions are discussed with great freedom, but rarely with the boldness and capacity of the Upper Chamber. In this sense, we may say that the "Lords" really direct the Foreign Policy of Great Britain by the authority of their political debates and the echo it awakes in the nation.

The House of Lords contains two distinct elements—the Temporal and the Spiritual. The latter is represented by two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops.

The Temporal element comprises: (1) six Princes of the

Blood-royal: the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, ~~Albany~~, Cambridge, and the Duke of Cumberland; (2) All the English Peerage, composed of 21 Dukes, 19 Marquises, 118 Earls, 26 Viscounts, and 253 Barons; (3) sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland, elected for the duration of the legislature; (4) twenty-eight Representative Peers of Ireland, elected for life.

There are besides six Peeresses in their own right—who do not sit in the House; and eleven Peers who are minors.

Thus we have 491 working members and 18 incapacitated members. A peer who has been declared insolvent is debarred from his privileges. Sometimes a seat is vacated, and remains so for two or three generations until a new heir claims his right. This was the case with Lord Byron.

The quality of Peer is independent of the title of nobility borne by lord or "seigneur," but it is parallel to it. The title is inseparable from an entailed fief transmissible by primogeniture. So it is impossible to take the title of "Lord" without a positive claim to it, or without holding the property which necessarily goes with it. Nevertheless there are courtesy titles bestowed upon the sons of dukes and marquises, but the Christian name is then affixed. For instance,—Lord Edward X.—Lord William Z.

Each division of the peerage, independently of its heraldic rank and special privileges, has its particular forms of etiquette which have been consecrated by custom. A Prince of the blood is "Highness," but is personally addressed as "Sir," as of old the brother of the King of France was. Some people in Paris address the Prince of

Wales as "Monseigneur." It is a mistake. "Monseigneur," literally "My Lord," is the title of an earl or a simple baron. A duke is "My Lord Duke"; a marquis "My Lord Marquis;" an earl, viscount, or baron, "My Lord;" an archbishop "My Lord;" and so with the bishops. The daughters of dukes, marquises and earls, are Lady Jane X. Lady Caroline Z., and never lose the rank, even in marrying a commoner. The sons of an earl are the Honourable George or Henry, &c. The sons and daughters of a viscount or baron are "The Honourable" also.

These distinctions, which escape foreigners, are most religiously observed by English people, and mark exactly the status of the individual in society where "rank" is everything. In England, if Swinburne and Huxley dine at the same table as the eleventh son of a peer of the realm, that individual, even if he be afflicted with congenital water on the brain, will take the lady of the house down to dinner and take his place on her right hand. The Honourable Georgiana, aged sixteen, seventh daughter of Baron Z——, who has just been "presented," will have precedence of Mrs. N——, the wife of the distinguished savant, though she herself be a famous writer.

The Peers amongst themselves have precedence according to title and the date of creation. For their wives, daughters, and sons, everything is laid down in a table of precedence. After duchesses come the marchionesses, then the eldest daughters of dukes: then countesses, then the wives of the eldest sons of marquises, then the daughters of marquises and wives of the younger sons of dukes: then viscountesses, then the wives and daughters of naval and

military officers, clergymen, and barristers, down to the members of civic corporations and burgesses. The remainder is nowhere.

All this is written in hundreds of copies of books annually printed which anyone may consult. The youngest girl will tell you what is her rank, and after or before what other girl of the United Kingdom she is entitled to walk out or be seated.

Amongst the peers one dates from the time of Stephen (1139). This is the Earl of Arundel, Duke of Norfolk; five date from 1181, one from 1205, forty from the reign of Henry VI. Others again have no date, and owe their patent to Mr. Gladstone, who is himself only a simple "esquire."

Besides the occasions upon which men possessed of entailed property and large fortunes are made peers, the necessities of political life compel Ministries to add to the roll of the Upper House. Sometimes an occasion is seized to create an orator who is wanted in the Lords, a peer. That was actually the case with Lord Derby, who was elevated to the peerage during his father's lifetime, and sat as Lord Stanley. The present Ministry has already created in three years, sixteen peers. The last Ministry made forty-three peers in six years, including Lord Beaconsfield himself. The preceding Gladstone Cabinet created thirty-six peers in five years, and a peeress, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, then unmarried, but well known as the possessor of an immense fortune by the philanthropic use she made of it.

The Peers of Scotland and Ireland whose patents are anterior to the union of the three kingdoms, have alone a

vote in the choice of their representatives in the House of Lords. Some of them, however, sit under an English title; as for instance, the premier Marquis of Scotland, Lord Huntley, who is at the same time Baron Meldrum in England; and the premier Duke of Ireland, Duke of Leinster, Viscount Leinster in the United Kingdom.. Any Irish peer who has no seat in the Upper House is eligible for a seat in the House of Commons; but only as member for a borough, a county, or an English or Scotch University. The Scotch Peers are not eligible to the House of Commons.

The English Parliament, which owes its remote origin to the Gemots or National Assemblies of the Saxons, was originally a single chamber, in which only the first barons of the Crown had place. The Great Charter adjoined to these barons a certain number of lords, archbishops, bishops, and abbots. Their chief business was to vote the taxes; for under the Heptarchy as after the Norman Conquest, and long before the famous statute of Edward I., it was an established principle in Great Britain, that no man should pay a tax without having consented to it either personally or by his representative. It was but seldom that this impost was voted without some equivalent concession, some new liberty, snatched from the royal prerogative.

Little by little, towns and cities rose side by side with the feudal castles. The middle-class, now wealthy, purchased privileges, and notably that of sending delegates to the Great Council of the realm. This was the origin of the House of Commons. But for a long time they still sat in the same assembly as the barons, or lords spiritual and temporal.

Then the representatives of the boroughs and cities increasing in number, as well as in their riches and importance in the State, custom permitted them to meet in a distinct hall. The Lords sat in one room, the Commons in another, regulating separately that portion of the taxes which each would consent to pay. At last the time came when the Commons took the taxes definitely in hand, and left to the Lords only the privilege of formally accepting them.

This account of the origin of the two Chambers, explains at once the analogies and differences of procedure which we find there.

The Lords, earlier in date, seated by right of birth and treated as equal with the sovereign, consider themselves independent of all power, and deliberate amongst themselves in the national interest. When they speak they do not address themselves to the Lord Chancellor as President, but to the assembled Lords. The Chancellor himself, simply delegated by the Crown (really by the Cabinet) to assist in the deliberations, has no authority over the Upper House. He does not vote, and confines his functions to stating the results of divisions. He does not give leave to speak, nor does he advise on the priority of the speaker. Even the space where he sits on the Woolsack is not considered to be a part of the legislative chamber. When he wishes to speak, he advances towards the dukes' benches, bows, and then only is he within the House. This is the ceremonial, which would have been "nuts" for the Duke of Saint Simon, the author of the famous Memoirs, who was so touchy on

questions of precedence, and so bitter against the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris.

When a peer presents a Bill, or brings forward a resolution, he does not ask permission to bring it in, as is done in the House of Commons, but simply deposits it. The same rule holds for questions and motions, which it is not necessary to give notice of. When he votes he does not say Aye or No, but Content or Non-content—nor is his presence necessary for the validity of his vote, for he can vote by procuration by sending a paper to one of his colleagues. He can neither be arrested nor expelled save by the will of his peers, and we do not think he can even be called to order by the Chancellor.

Upon the whole, the Bills follow much the same course as they do in the Lower House. They go through the first, second and third reading—the Whips are as anxious to bring up votes on either side at the decisive moment. But there is one circumstance which speaks little for the assiduity of the peers, which is that while forty members must be present in the Commons to make a House, in the Lords the quorum is only three peers; so a Bill may be passed by two voices against one. The debates are also much shorter than in the House of Commons, and it is very seldom that the sitting is not concluded by dinner-time.

In general the Lords are content to follow public opinion, as indicated by the vote of the Lower House, and to adopt while amending more or less the Bills which have been sent up to them. For the last eight or ten years, however, the Upper Chamber has been taking the initiative somewhat: fo instance, the Public Worship Act and the Judicature Act

of 1874 and the Oxford Reform Bill of 1876, emanated from the Lords.

A conflict between the two Houses is a very rare occurrence, and this circumstance alone goes far to prove the prudence and sagacity which animate the British peerage. We can only cite three occasions of serious difficulty since the Reform Bill of 1832. The first of these was in 1860, on the abolition of the Paper Duty, voted in the Lower House by a majority of eighty-nine, which the Tory Opposition led by Lord Lyndhurst wished to reject. Lord Palmerston's government disputed the constitutional right of the Lords to make any change in a law of finance adopted by the Commons, and the Select Committee which was appointed on the question advocated the theories of the Cabinet.

In 1868 on the Irish Church Bill, and in 1874—75 on the disciplinary jurisdiction of the English bishops, similar difficulties ended in the victory of the Lower House.

The old French tongue is the legal language of Parliament. When a Bill has been voted by the House of Commons, the clerk at the table before he forwards it to the House of Lords, endorses it in these terms, "*Soit baillé aux Seigneurs.*" Reciprocally when a Bill is sent down to the Commons from the House of Lords, the clerk writes, "*Soit baillé aux Communes.*"

When the Bill has thus been agreed upon by both Houses, to give it the force of law, it is only necessary to announce the Royal Assent to it. This formality gives occasion for a somewhat curious ceremony.

It usually takes place about 5 o'clock, at the commencement of the sitting. The report is spread in the House of

Commons that there is a Message from the Throne. The doors are immediately shut. Then three taps are heard, a wicket is opened, and Black Rod demands admission. A Minister moves that he be heard, the motion is passed and carried.

Then upon the threshold appears a personage in knee breeches, and generally in court costume, with an ebony wand, who invites the Commons to the Bar of the House of Lords to hear the statements of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

Immediately there is a rush like a pack of school-boys leaving for the playing fields. The Members run a race through the corridors in their hurry to find a place at the Bar. The Speaker, however, advances, preceded by the ushers and the mace, at a measured pace, to the Upper House. When all are assembled, the Lord Chancellor makes a sign to the Clerk Assistant, who reads the title of the Bill, and then says in a loud voice, "*La reyne le veult;*" or for financial Bills, "*La reyne remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence, et ainsi le veult;*" in the cases of Private Bills, "*Soit fait comme il est désiré.*"

If it should happen to be a Bill of exceptional importance, it may be deemed advisable for the Sovereign to give it the Royal Assent in person. Her *rôle* is then to bow at the moment when the clerk reads the title of the Bill.

Theoretically she has the right to refuse assent. In which case she would say, "*La reyne avisera.*" But such a phrase has never been pronounced in the English Parliament since Queen Anne, in 1707, refused to sanction the Scotch Militia Bill.

The functions of the Clerk-Assistant, who pronounces these words with an accent which one may imagine but cannot describe, are actually filled by Mr. Ralph Disraeli, that of Black Rod by Sir William Knollys.* Each of these receive a salary exceeding £2,000 per annum.

The other officials of the House of Lords are, in the first place, the Chancellor, Lord Selborne, who has £4,000 a-year (as President), besides the £4,000 he receives as Judge of Appeal. Then we have the Chairman of Committees, Lord Redesdale, with £3,000 a-year; the Clerk of Parliaments, Sir William Rose, with £2,600 a-year; the Reader, with £1,200 a-year; the legal adviser of the Chairman of Committees, £1,280; the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Treasurer, the Librarian, the Clerks, with salaries from two hundred up to a thousand pounds. The total budget of the House of Lords is £43,182.

Like the House of Commons, the Peers also have a considerable number of Committees sitting, and issue quite a respectable number of Blue Books.

The Upper Chamber is a sort of Court of Supreme Appeal from all the decisions given by other Courts, but such functions are exclusively performed by the Law Lords.

Notwithstanding the varied attributes and the occasional interest which the debates present, it is incontestable that the House of Lords is more of an archæological curiosity than a working body. It may have had—it assuredly has had its history and great utility in the days of corruption and tyranny, when its hereditary privileges, its indepen-

* Lately deceased.

dence, and its own interests made it a natural antagonist to and the counterpoise of the Royal power—the bulwark of British freedom.

The *rôle* is now useless, so it may be asked, and it is indeed often asked, if the House of Lords is likely to continue and to survive the approaching era of universal suffrage. That is a question which it would be premature to decide.

In the first place it is difficult to see by what other process than by the vote of a revolutionary national assembly, such a suppression might become lawful. The British Constitution has not provided for such a contingency. There is no such thing in England as a Congress of the two Houses, and, although it may not be unprecedented for a young lord at Eton or Cambridge to be smitten with disinterested love for democratic institutions, one cannot reasonably expect the hereditary chamber by itself to vote its own suppression.

The abolition of Royalty in England is not only possible but relatively easy. It may be produced at any moment during the discussion of the Budget, if the Commons refused to vote the amount of the Civil List. We do not for a moment imagine such an eventuality probable, but there is nothing impossible in it.

The suppression of the Peerage is another matter. Not only is its existence defended by numerous legal forms, but it is tightly bound up with national idiosyncrasies, by the veneration which all classes of Englishmen have for "blue blood," by the real services which the privileged orders rendered formerly to the cause of liberty; finally, and above all, by the *régime* of landed property.

Thus it is almost impossible to conceive the suppression of the House of Lords otherwise than as a consequence of a territorial revolution. This will come sooner or later. It has commenced to work in Ireland, and once accomplished there, it must cross St. George's Channel. But it will be long before that happens, and the great strength of the English aristocracy has always been in yielding to circumstances. It is by no means certain that its influence will be in any degree lessened by the transformation.

To understand how greatly the English are attached to it, we have only to look to the meetings held by working men, republicans, and socialists, who demand above all things a nobleman for their chairman. We may affirm without fear of contradiction, that in the three kingdoms there is not a single plebeian who sincerely believes himself to be of the same flesh as a *real gentleman*. An English Radical will tell you, if he has read books translated from the French, that a man is a man, that we are all born equal, and we all ought to have the same rights. But at the bottom of his heart he is thoroughly convinced of the contrary. The people have the hierarchical sentiment in the blood, as the French, even before the Revolution, had the fibre of equality.

In past time, as at present, in our army and navy, common fatigue and danger created a fraternity of feeling between the officer and soldier; they helped each other and treated each other like comrades. The very familiarity of the servants in our old comedies throws a light on this point of historical philosophy.

In the English army the soldier will never believe that

he is of the same clay as his officer. Whether this arises from historical tradition, hereditary influence, some obscure memory of the Norman Conquest, some ethnographic or climatological characteristic, the fact is undeniable. One may live ten years amongst the English, mingle with all classes and not meet one man, *not one*, who has the sentiment of human equality. Their republicans, their Radicals, are in a great measure the most upright people in the world; tender to the poor, ready to make sacrifices for them, to accept heroically the consequences of any principle which their reason has impelled them to adopt; but democrats *au fin fond*, never. You will see them give their money to the poor, and occupy their time in teaching them. Do you think that this arises from the instincts of fraternity? No; it is because they are gentlemen, and it is the duty of a gentleman to do good to his inferior.

On the other hand, after one has lived long in England, one perceives that there is not one Frenchman amongst the most tainted with aristocratic crotchets who has really the "hierarchic" sentiment. The instinct of equality is so powerful in us that it penetrates even to those who have sworn to resist it. We may pass in review all parties, all sects, and we shall see whether the strength, the weakness, the qualities, the vices, the manners, and habits of all are not the same at bottom—profoundly democratic.

This is why we were bound to arrive at a logical form of popular government; and why it is doubtful that Great Britain will before a long time separate itself from the government of the two Houses, one of which is hereditary.

Royalty may pass away; the Peerage, though rejuvenated and transformed, will in all probability survive it.

It is a curious fact that the Tories in England are much more disposed than are the Liberals to introduce modifications into the composition of the House of Lords. The former would readily accept the creation of life peers. The Liberals, on the contrary, are opposed to this measure, which they think will diminish the prestige of the Lower House in proportion to the vivifying influence it may have on the Upper Chamber. The only reforms for which the boldest amongst them are clamouring are the suppression of the spiritual lords, and the remodelling of the representative peerage of Scotland and Ireland.

CHAPTER III.

A PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

EVERYONE has read Dickens's immortal "Pickwick Papers," if only in translation, and it might therefore appear superfluous to chronicle an English election if "Pickwick" was not half a century old, and had not in great measure contributed to transform the political manners of Great Britain. The powerful caricature drawn by the great novelist has long ceased to be any likeness. Two Reform Bills have been passed over the abuses which he lashed so amusingly: severe penalties have repressed corruption: electoral rights, so long limited to the privileged classes, have been partly extended to the labouring masses; ere long universal, or almost universal, suffrage will be instituted amongst our neighbours as it has been established for thirty-six years in France.

We certainly cannot declare that the electoral system in England is perfect, or even approaching perfection. Civilized nations would not seek it as a model. The poor have no place in it. "Property" occupies a unique position in it. The trail of the Feudal Serpent is over it all, and still visible. But it would be unjust to contend that the extension of the franchise which was established

in 1832 and 1867–8 has not had a beneficial effect upon the exercise of it. The spectacle of an election in Great Britain is infinitely less scandalous now than formerly. Drunkenness, savage brawls, and pugilistic encounters were always features of the contests; at least rotten apples, cabbage-stalks, and the carcases of cats and dogs, are now only memories. The gradual abandonment of these traditions, so dear to the British mind, is explained by the fact that their devotees were chiefly recruited from amongst the "loyal subjects" deprived of suffrage. It must be admitted that they had no great cause of regarding an election as a very serious business; on the one side they were obstinately refused the franchise, and on the other, they beheld the majority of the electors selling their votes at £10 apiece, or even for legs of mutton, and a few pints of ale. Now that they are, for the most part, electors, and the festivities are, in a great measure, forbidden by law, they behave themselves better, and resort only exceptionally to the old methods of expressing their contempt to the obnoxious candidate. Who can tell in what proportion these funambulistic elements have contributed to progress? The apples and cats perhaps weighed more in the balance than was thought. However that may be, Reform made advances, and if an English election is still an interesting drama, it has almost ceased to be the discordant spectacle which Charles Dickens drew with such a master hand.

The legendary anomalies have all disappeared. The Borough of Tiverton, where fourteen electors returned a Member; Tavistock, which numbered ten voters; Old

Sarum, where a dozen natives returned two representatives, usually nominated by the Steward at the Castle Bute, where the "electoral college" was composed of the Sheriff, the Recorder, and one elector, who did not fail to elect himself unanimously—all these abuses have been for ever swept away. One no longer sees 375 voters, sprinkled over thirty constituencies, sending sixty members to Parliament, while the City of London with its 500,000 inhabitants sent only four Members. There are no longer hamlets of six cottages represented in the House of Commons, while Birmingham, Manchester, and Halifax were not represented at all. Whole counties with large populations like Lancashire, Cheshire, and Surrey are no longer reduced to a ridiculous deputation. It is no longer possible for political passion to prolong hopeless electoral contests for weeks and months, thanks to legal subterfuges. Bribery, still too much practised, is driven to hide itself under new pretexts. Intimidation is put aside. No more are bands of prize-fighters subsidized by candidates, nor are electors sequestrated by their opponents, so that their votes may remain unrecorded, or by their friends to prevent them from being carried off. A candidate no longer spends "half a million" upon his election, as Fox did at Westminster, nor does he burthen his property in perpetuity in order to secure a majority.

The Franchise, limited till 1832 to two or three privileged classes, till 1867-8 to less than a million of men, is now extended to one-twelfth of the population. The United Kingdom contains 3,077,489 voters, in a population of 35,250,000. The transformation in manners which is

accomplished parallel with these changes, the effect (which is already visible) of the resolutely modern system of education, the influence of an excellent periodical press—to say nothing of the influence, more and more marked, of French ideas and French example—all these causes have served to modify, very considerably, the forms of English elections.

But these modifications have not altered the foundation of the system, which is still profoundly aristocratic. Forms, procedure, and details, emanating from the Anglo-Saxons, have remained. Is not this the history of all British institutions? With us the old edifice is pulled down to give place to a new one. Amongst our neighbours the present is the flower of the past; to-day is the son of yesterday, and even the locomotives have an old-fashioned appearance, as if coming out of the Tower of London. So the easiest mode of arriving at British affairs is always to refer to History.

History can tell little to a people who have made a "clean sweep" of it. What could it teach us concerning the organization of universal suffrage in France? Given twelve millions of men, who possess the right to vote, what is the most practical method to enable them to exercise that right? That is how the question presents itself to us. Still its simplicity is somewhat obscured by the already historic division of the population into departments and *arrondissements*. In Great Britain no political difficulty will be removed by the Radical method. They train, they top, they graft; but they do not uproot. So, to grasp the electoral organization of the United Kingdom, and even to explain it, it is necessary to look at it from behind.

The first electoral units to be represented in Parliament were the cities and boroughs. This privilege was generally purchased at the price of some heavy subsidy which they gave the king. But as the source varied, the application of it was different. In one place the franchise was vested in the Municipal Corporation, which designated its delegates; in other cases it was exercised by anyone who had a place to boil his pot, whence the name "pot-waler" or "pot-walloper" given to these electors. By degrees it became the monopoly of the freemen and burgesses.

It so happened that some boroughs lost their importance, and became even villages or hamlets, but they nevertheless retained the privilege of being represented in Parliament, greatly to the advantage of some powerful family; these were called "rotten boroughs."

Again, the Counties obtained the right to send members to Parliament, because apart from the lords, bishops, abbots, boroughs, and cities, there was in the land a number of persons absolutely independent of vassalage, except to the Crown, and who would not have shared in the public expenses if not directly called for taxation. This representation, long unequal and arbitrary, was regulated by Simon de Montfort, Henry the Third's Minister, who called to the English Parliament, with the Lords spiritual and temporal, two knights from each county, two citizens from each city, and two burgesses from each borough.

To these were subsequently added the representatives of the great Universities elected by the members of Convocation or General Council. Under Edward III., it was enacted that no "tale or aid" should be levied without the consent

of the lords, archbishops, bishops and barons, and the Commons—the representatives of the counties, cities and boroughs.

The Parliament of England accomplished its historical evolution. The Acts of Union in 1707 with Scotland, and in 1801 with Ireland, caused a redistribution of seats; but it remained for the Reform Bill of 1832 to modify the establishment, which was seven or eight hundred years old.

At that time the only English people who were possessed of the franchise were (in cities and boroughs) the *freemen* and *burgesses*, or individuals invested with municipal rights; in the counties, the *freeholders*, or landed proprietors holding directly from the Crown.

The terms freehold and copyhold, which appear so constantly in the English (judicial) language, have no equivalent fortunately in French law. A piece of land is said to be freehold when it was held formerly from the Crown, and has been entirely made over to its proprietor. It is said to be copyhold when it is connected by links more or less stringent, with some old manor or lordly domain, to which it is bound in perpetuity either by some quit rent, or by an almost ideal vassalage, and to which it returns if there be no heirs to carry on the occupation. The feudal rule is so deeply marked in Great Britain, that the greater part of the real estate is thus held on emphyteutic lease rather than absolutely possessed by its occupier.

In London, for instance, it is seldom that the ground on which the house is built belongs to the owner of the house. He merely is assured of the exclusive use of the ground for

60 or 90 years in return for a premium and an annual ground-rent. The lord of the manor has not the power to surrender his entailed property. This curious provision of the law is the chief cause of the accumulation of aristocratic fortunes in England. Belgravia, for instance, one of the richest quarters of London, is entirely the property of the Duke of Westminster, and was acquired by one of his ancestors when the land was under cultivation.

The quarter of Tyburnia, the property of the Duke of Portland, is built upon the ancient manor of Tyburn; and at one time was worth £17,000. It is now valued at perhaps a "demi-milliard" (£20,000,000). Fancy the Quartier Malesherbes or the Quartier de l'Opéra remaining in perpetuity in possession of the same family! Streets have been drawn out, houses have been erected on the estate, and let for long terms, but the original titles remain in the hands of the lord of the manor; and as a means of enforcing his rights he has erected barriers in certain streets which are occasionally closed, notices being put up to that effect.

The Reform Bill of 1832 abolished the franchise in a great number of pocket-boroughs, and added to the four classes of electors many others. In the counties were added ten-pound copyholders, tenants with 60 years' leases and at least £10 rental, tenants with shorter leases and a rental of £50 a year. In the cities and boroughs, to the *freemen* and *burgesses* were added all those who occupied, as proprietors or tenants, houses of at least £10 rental. To be eligible, it was necessary to have in the counties £600, and in the boroughs £300, income per annum.

The real effect of this Bill was to lower if not to efface entirely the traditional barrier between the freeholders and copyholders, but the Reform Act did not alter the spirit of the franchise. New classes of voters were certainly created, but amongst those only who depended more or less directly upon the privileged classes. The legislative power changed the instrument, not the hand.

Nevertheless it was a step in advance. The Acts of 1867 for England and Wales, and of 1868 for Scotland and Ireland, continued the progression.

These laws, whose initiative is principally owing to Mr. John Bright, at once put on an equal footing in the counties, freeholders and copyholders and tenants with a lease of sixty years by lowering to £5 the cense demanded from them. They lowered to £12 the rateable value required from tenants holding shorter leases, on condition that they are rated for the relief of the poor. In the boroughs, the same legislative acts apply to all owners or occupiers holding leases of houses, provided that the house is assessed to the poor-rate, and to every tenant without a lease, in a ten-pound lodging, if he proves a year's occupation, whether as rent paid in one house or in several domiciles.

Other clauses have reduced the representation of thirty-eight boroughs which have less than 10,000 inhabitants; created eleven new boroughs; augmented the representation of four others; given one to the University of London, which up to that time had none; divided into two or more districts the fourteen most populous counties; regulated the hours for balloting; revised or confirmed all the legal dispositions

relative to the exercise of the right of voting, and abolished the qualification of eligibility.

Finally, these same Acts, applying and putting to the test an idea of John Stuart Mill, have in some places instituted the representation of minorities. The system is to give each voter in a district which nominates three members or more, a number of votes inferior to the number of the members. Thus, suppose three were to be returned, each elector would have two votes. Supposing again, that the two principal parties united their forces, each on two candidates, it is clear that the candidates of the majority would be returned at the head of the poll, and that one of the candidates of the minority would come in third. So the minority would be represented.

In England and Wales there are 52 Counties, besides the Isle of Wight; two hundred Boroughs and three Universities, represented by 489 Members. In Scotland, 33 Counties, 22 Boroughs, and 4 Universities, represented by 60 Members. In Ireland, 32 Counties, 33 Boroughs and 1 University, represented by 103 Members, which give a total of 652 Members to the House of Commons.

The electoral body, thus represented under the Acts of 1867, 1872, and 1878, is composed in towns in very nearly the same manner as our French municipal electoral bodies. The individual whom the English law leaves out of consideration is the agricultural labourer—the peasant who belongs to no city or borough—who is neither a freeholder, nor a copyholder, nor a tenant, in his county.

The term of duration of a legislature in England is usually five years. That which preceded the present

Parliament lasted six years. The extreme limit is seven years, as fixed by the Act of Union, 1801. But the average, since that date, has been three and a half years, the Parliament now sitting being the twenty-second of the United Kingdom, and the tenth of the reign.

As soon as the dissolution is resolved on by the Cabinet, a Royal Warrant addressed to the Lord Chancellor orders him to direct the issue of the writs. These writs commence with the old French words "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" They are expedited by returning officers who are specially appointed to each borough and county. The Mayor in the boroughs, and the Sheriffs in the counties, are usually appointed in these functions. The elections take place in the four days following the receipt of the writ in boroughs, within nine days in the counties. Of course the electoral agitation always precedes the actual crisis by many weeks, even months.

Not very long ago, elections were conducted on the hustings, according to the ancient method, when the candidates appeared and presented themselves to the electors. The nomination day was distinguished from the polling day. For the nomination the candidate came upon the hustings, received by cheers and groans, then the chairman put the question, and those who were of opinion that the candidate should be elected, held up their hands. This was called the "show of hands." On the polling-day the electors presented themselves to the polling-clerks, and giving their names, addresses, and standing, took the oath of identity, and expressed their vote publicly, which was immediately registered. Generally there was only one polling place for each body of electors, and this

was even considered an essential condition for the regularity of the proceedings.

It may easily be imagined that many objectional features were attached to this system. The candidates made it a point of honour to submit to all insults and accusations. Personal objurgations and projectiles abounded. The nomination was a fit opportunity for these saturnalia, in which the Anglo-Saxon brute, gorged with beef and beer, roared, cursed, fought, and broke his adversaries' bones. At the poll it was not very different. The electors, brought up in carriages at the expense of the candidate, had considerable difficulty in reaching the office. Rows of opponents, or crowds of drunkards, lined the approaches. The constables had much ado to keep even the semblance of order, and many broken heads resulted on both sides.

So great is the attachment of the English for old customs, that the law made two attempts to alter the basis of the vote, but did not dare to touch the forms, disreputable as they were. The time came, however, when they could be no longer tolerated. The contrast between these scenes and the calmness of French elections was too patent to all impartial minds. In 1872, Parliament introduced, as an experiment, a system of voting analogous to ours, and it was finally incorporated in the law in 1881.

This reform bears on three principal points. The hustings have been abolished, as likely to add to the expenses of the candidate; the voting places have been multiplied, so that the agitation shall not occur around a solitary office; and finally on the mode of voting, which

is no longer verbal and public, but in writing and secret.

As a matter of fact, what occurs at an election is this:—At the day and hour appointed, the candidate or candidates proposed are nominated in writing—that is, their names are placed upon a list by two electors, called the proposer and seconder, and by eight other electors called acceptants. This paper is then forwarded to the electoral officer in the course of the day. An hour after its acceptance, if there is no opposition—that is, if no other candidates are nominated—the Returning Officer declares the candidate duly elected. In other cases he appoints a day for the poll.

On the polling day convenient places are prepared, and each elector receives a printed paper with the names of all the candidates. He secretly puts a mark against the name of the person for whom he wishes to vote, and deposits the folded paper in the box, in the presence of the scrutator. If any doubt concerning an elector's identity arise he can call upon him to make an affidavit. When the time has expired the sealed boxes are carried away and publicly opened, when the counting commences and the candidate is elected by the majority of votes. In the case of an equal number having been recorded to two candidates, the Returning Officer may give the casting suffrage, if he has reserved his vote.

These proceedings, as will be perceived, approach very closely to ours, from which they are evidently imitated. They prevent the electors from troubling themselves if the result is a foregone conclusion, and they insure secret

voting, much better than our system of individual bulletins furnished by the candidates, and almost always easy to identify either from the quality of the paper or by the transparency of the characters printed. The system adopted in England has given most satisfactory results, and we may now consider it a fixed institution.

It is needless to remark, that this by no means does away with the preliminary ordinances of the election. The meetings, the bill sticking, the parades, and public manifestations of the rival parties are all as much in force as ever. We see the sandwich men pottering along in a melancholy manner by the pavement, carrying the names of the candidates on boards—"Vote for X." The windows of the public-houses bristle with rival caricatures, and the walls display professions of faith. The meetings are always held in the same form; introductions of the candidate—replies of candidate—applause and unanimous resolution in his favour. Drunkenness is scarcely diminished. The number of eyes and noses injured is still considerable. The electoral canvassers display the same feverish activity as of old.

An intermittent profession this you will say, but one which is recognized. There are in each county and borough a Liberal and a Conservative agent, who is in direct communication with the central committee in London at the "Reform" and the "Carlton." Through him are issued the general orders of the party, and the "platforms," where the battles are fought. Besides the agents, there are canvassers who scent the approaching dissolution, and put themselves at the disposal of the candidates. A curious out-at-elbows class this, amongst which one finds the

unfortunate bookmaker, the questionable business-man, horse-dealer, or the man who has seen better days, and all these remind us of the false witnesses who used to professionally haunt Westminster Hall in bygone days.

This medley *canaille* is let loose upon the country, and displays itself in taverns and inns, drinking and chattering from morning till night—from night till morning. As in every other artistic business, this one has its stars noticeable for having carried some doubtful election. These grandees of the profession are highly paid—£3000 or £4000, it is said. But it is all "under the cloak," for the "Corrupt Practices" Act limits the expenses to necessary work—bill-sticking, carriage-hire, and such unavoidable electioneering expenses.

Formerly bribery had a fine time of it, and corruption fattened. The candidate who was desirous of success at any price, organized bands, and banners; flags and emblems were displayed in his honour. All the standard bearers received so much, without counting gin, roast beef, and ale; and then the candidate waited with confidence the result of the polling. If people talked of bribery, an excuse was ready. Must not a man pay those whom he employed in his successful attempt? He had not said to a single voter, "Give me your vote, and I will give you a sovereign." He was quite content to pay for service rendered. Perfectly legitimate expenses. No one had any right to complain.

The Corrupt Practices Acts of 1854 and following years, have tried to put an end to these disgusting methods, first by forbidding all payment for banners, &c., &c., all feasting, drinking, all indemnities to electors for carriage-hire;

next by compelling each candidate to furnish a return of expenses, the charges being carefully controlled and audited by a special accountant, and sent to the House of Commons; and finally, by confiding to the judges of the Supreme Courts, and not to the House, or to any Parliamentary Committee, the duty of inquiry into any suspected cases.

This last measure is particularly efficacious, and it has invalidated several elections which might have escaped censure through the *camaraderie* or by the indifference of the House of Commons.

But all these measures have not succeeded in moralising definitely the exercise of the right to vote, nor in lowering very much the expenses of a candidate. For these ends there is only one remedy—universal suffrage. The greater the basis of the vote, the more sincere and disinterested it is; both reason and experience prove that. In France where do we see bribery? In the municipal and cantonal elections, where electors are comparatively few in number. In legislative elections, never! At the same time the expenses do not nearly approach the sums which are paid in Great Britain.

It costs a great deal of money to enter the House of Commons, if one may judge from the statistics. The tables relative to the elections of 1880, for each candidate, include agents, canvassers, bill-sticking and polling expenses, which are charged to the candidate. The result is, that each election costs a sum varying from £4,000 to £12,000, avowed and recognized expenses.

This is what one sees—what is confessed. But what

about the under-hand disbursements, the credits opened with public-houses, the "quiet" payments to agents, and many other such expenses?

They are very heavy. Read the reports on the Oxford and Sandwich elections. The conclusions are indeed melancholy.

"Secret voting does not prevent corruption, they say. It only permits the voter to take money on both sides. . . . It does not seem that the prospect of being duped has in any case prevented such bargains. . . . As for true returns of expenses, it is next to impossible to obtain them, etc., etc."

All reports on elections are full of similar lamentations. We see that the suppression of the qualification of eligibility has not tended to any great progress in Great Britain. It is still a "millionaire's luxury" to enter the House of Commons. However, it is clear that the law can never change these practices. The instincts must be changed, and those of the Anglo-Saxon are so different from ours! The same motives which would disgust a Parisian elector, carry off the vote of an English elector. Suppose a candidate arrive in a borough; he spends personally £200 or £300 in champagne at his hotel. Is it natural that those who have not drunk of this nectar should be well disposed towards him? They certainly would not be so in France, but it is by no means so in England. The poor creatures who have only heard the popping of the corks, remark in wonder—

"He is a great man, not at all stingy, a thorough gentleman; he has drunk two hundred pounds' worth of sparkling wine."

And they give him their votes.

Look at it from another point of view. You find a borough in which there is no competition, and you ask the reason why. They tell you—

"Oh, sir, we have voted for the family for three centuries."

Now what reply are you to make to such arguments as these? Such people are proud of their nobleman, of his luxury, of his equipages, of his successes. They identify themselves with him; they rejoice when he rejoices. One day the member for Falkirk won the Derby with "Thormanby." Immediately he telegraphed to his constituents—"Thormanby has won."

Half-an-hour later they replied—"Falkirk, to a man, is drunk."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITY OF LONDON, AND MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS.

THE Corporation of the City of London has good reason to be flattered by the good that is said of it in Paris. To be taken as the model and ideal of municipal organization, in the very home of French democracy, ought to be in its eyes an honour all the more precious because unexpected. The sentiment of true pride which such homage ought not to fail to awake in the hearts of aldermen, may not be altogether free from alloy. There may be mingled with it an element of gaiety and even of irony, a little of that which our neighbours call a "sense of humour," at which we should not be astonished beyond measure. The heirs of the old London freemen are scarcely accustomed by their fellow citizens to see themselves considered in such an advantageous light. It is true that no one is a prophet in his own country; but these respectable dignitaries are less so than anyone, and the English Radicals particularly have accustomed them for the last half century to something very different from compliments. They, for their own part, do not appear to have

any exalted notion of the utility or justice of their prerogatives. Those of the Corporation who understand French ought sometimes to open their eyes at the praises which their feudal frippery evokes from the Parisian *Sans Culottes.*

No doubt there was a time when London deserved the name of the "Mother of Cities" and the "Bulwark of Public Liberties." The Train Bands fought in the first rank against royal oppression. When Charles I. commanded the arrest of the five members, it was in Guildhall they found a refuge. These are memories of which the merchants of Cheapside and the Poultry may well be proud.

But times are changed. The City of London is to-day only the citadel of "Jingoism," narrow Chauvinism, and superannuated traditions. It is an archæological curiosity, an immense "*bibelot*" of the 15th century, kept under glass to the great joy of antiquaries and cockneys.

One must see the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November. In this annual procession the Lord Mayor proceeds to Westminster, arrayed like a church beadle, supported by his chamberlain and sword bearer; preceded by his halberdiers in parti-coloured small-clothes, followed by his "militia" in pourpoints of the time of Henry VIII., and by all the rabble of the metropolis. Such a sight tells us all about the institution. This purple-cheeked man, seated so vain-gloriously in his carriage, who hears himself called "My lord" by the Lord Chancellor, is not, and cannot be, the representative of the

people's rights. He is only the delegate of an oligarchy of shopkeepers, the "usufructuary" of privileges as abusive as secular.

Till the present day he has sold wholesale and retail dock dust, under the name of pepper; trusses of hay under the designation of China tea, Marseilles soap as Roquefort cheese. In this business he has made an income of £20,000, and has thus won the admiration of his contemporaries. An elector of the City because he has a shop there, elected a member of the Common Council because he is one of the largest tax-payers, a dignitary of this Council because he has a fortune sufficient to enable him to fill the office of Mayor, Lord Mayor because his turn has come,—there he is for a year, a Conservator of the Thames, Admiral of the Port of London, a Judge in Criminal or Civil cases, General of the Militia, Dictator of the Markets, Controller of Weights and Measures. He presides at the meetings of the Aldermen and at the Civic Assemblies. He has under him two Sheriffs, a Recorder, a Secretary, a Common Serjeant and a City Marshal. He has his budget, his civil list, his official residence, his men in armour, his chaplain, his gaols, his Assize Court, and his hangman. If the Queen wishes to go through Temple Bar to visit St. Paul's, to lay the first stone of a hospital or to buy a turbot in Billingsgate; if the War Secretary wishes to send four men and a corporal through Fleet Street, they must ask the permission of the Ruler of the City.

But why are these regal prerogatives invested in a candle merchant? you ask, O innocent stranger! What is the use of making an admiral, a judge, a commander of an army,

of this honorable tradesman even for a year? and what is the sense of all this antediluvian machinery?

It seems that it is at once a symbol and a lesson. A symbol of the indefeasible rights of the "British subject" *vis-à-vis* with his German rulers. An example to the errand boys of the United Kingdom. It points the moral that with ordinary habits, work, perseverance, and not too many scruples as a shopkeeper, one may rise to anything in Old England, even to the priceless honour of being called *My lord*, to be treated as an equal by the greatest people in the kingdom, and almost on a par with the Sovereign.

But in reality nothing is less true. My Lord Mayor makes a great mistake if he fancies that his ephemeral splendour is taken seriously by anybody but himself. Every official personage who enjoys his turtle soup and drinks his champagne scarcely waits to put his hand before his mouth to smile, and to make his little jokes on the *h's* of the Lady Mayoress, which "they can take up with a shovel," in consequence of her unfortunate habit of "dropping them!" She says *'orse* for *horse*, poor lady—an unpardonable crime! or perhaps she does not know how to hold her fork, and eats her salmon with a knife. This is very serious, but what is still more so, is, that the traditional privileges of the City of which the Lord Mayor is the living incarnation are the portion of the smallest minority, and not that of all the citizens.

For the City is only a very small fraction of the metropolis—about one-hundredth part of it; and the active members of the City are themselves a limited number. Fancy the municipal rights of Paris limited to the *Quartier*

des Halles, and limited in that quarter in the estimable persons of two or three thousand buttermen, poulterers, or grocers, and one will have some idea of the City of London. The freedom of the City is, in fact, the exclusive property of those who have acquired it by heredity or apprenticeship, or on payment by the concession of the local authorities, and on the well-understood condition that they are never to render themselves unworthy of it by falling under the rateable value of £10. Of the million of men who every day assail the banks and rush through the streets of the City, scarce a fifth part at most are "freemen" or true citizens. The others are strangers, and have no influence.

Now this municipal right, devolved upon such a feeble minority, is really the largest and completest in the world. The Common Council is absolute within its jurisdiction, and exercises in a unique manner its electoral privileges. No functionary is appointed to control it, no deputation from the central power can question its actions. It administers public funds, and disposes of all the communal property; exercises justice, applies, and even makes the laws; for it possesses the power of modifying the City regulations without reference to Parliament. It is, in brief, a body executive, legislative and constituent. If it pleased the Common Council to decree that no one should pass the Bank of England without taking off his hat, or enter the Stock Exchange except in knee-breeches, no power on earth would have the right to gainsay it.

All this may be explained by history, as the result of a struggle of many centuries against the ecclesiastical, or royal

power. But it is not the less in our days a monstrous anomaly which no general interest nor any real service can justify. In the nineteenth century the City of London is an anachronism pure and simple, as might be the restoration of the right of asylum at Parvis Notre Dame, or Cloître Saint-Merry. Its boasted autonomy is only caste privilege preserved through ages. It is the kingdom of merchants, just as the Roman provinces up to 1870 constituted a kingdom of clerics.

At Rome to be "anybody" it was necessary, before everything, to wear a cassock and violet stockings. In the City of London, in order to participate in the "Communal rights" to their full extent, it is necessary to belong to one of the ninety-one guilds, or societies of tradesmen, which wield them by virtue of special charters.

Not only is the right of voting limited to the freemen, but these very freemen only form an inferior class of electors charged to nominate the 206 Municipal Councillors, the 26 aldermen, placed at the head of an equal number of Wards, the Sheriffs and other civic officials. The choice of two candidates for the position of Lord Mayor is confined to the "Liverymen"—that is to say, to the titular members of the Trades Corporations (who enjoy the privileges of wearing a livery or uniform), who are the true "usufructuaries" of the rights and revenues of the City.

Amongst these Guilds, or Companies, two or three like the Goldsmiths, Apothecaries and Stationers have preserved the legal control of their profession. The others, like the Embroiderers, Bowyers, and one or two more, perpetuate industries which have disappeared long ago. Those which

still represent existing trades, as the Butchers, the Barbers, the Drapers, are principally composed of individuals who have never cut a chop, trimmed a beard, or measured a piece of cloth. Peers of the Realm and Princes of the Blood do not disdain to associate with them. The heir presumptive to the Crown is a member of the Merchant Tailors; and his brother of the Fishmongers Company. The entry to these Companies is as sought after as the admission to the most exclusive club.

Why this? Because, besides the privileges, moral, or immoral, attached to the grade of Liveryman, there are others more positive still. The city guilds are not only joint-stock companies possessing a polical monopoly, but they are companies who for centuries have existed, inherited, hoarded up, and increased wealth—possessing land, tenements, and enormous revenues—incomes almost incalculable. These sums must be employed in some way or other. So they founded libraries, colleges, scholarships, hospital beds. And who profit by these philanthropic foundations? Naturally the members of the Companies themselves, their sons, their relatives, friends and *protégés*. It is also necessary to have some place of meeting—a Hall for the members. The Company is rich, so the Hall becomes a palace. What is the use of decorating this building if no entertainments are given, *fêtes* and dinners? So they are given, to the great enjoyment of the members, their wives, their daughters, and their guests.

All this again necessitates an administration; clerks and *employés* of all kinds. Besides these there are highly-paid sinecures for the members of the "Court." There are

meetings, assemblies, and other pretexts for attendance fees, which are, we may be assured, quite worthy of an institution so opulent and so venerable. It will be readily understood that they cut a good figure at Civic ceremonials, and we may take for granted that neither gold, silk, nor velvet is spared, and that the Court does not quibble about the bill.

Thus immense sums, the total of which it is impossible to estimate, are expended on dissipation and vulgar parade; on Pantagruelian feasts, and in smoke—of cigars. In this way the rights of the City of London are, in the last analysis, sublimated, to the profit of a band of parasites, in the form of pheasants' wings and glasses of "Clos Vougeot."

These facts are nothing exceptional in the history of Corporative Societies. They are perfectly constant; and there is no example of an association, professional, political or religious, which has not within a given time eventuated in this kind of abuse. No doubt our "Maitrises" and "Jurandes"—if they had survived the Revolution—would present analogous features now, like the abbeys, and other ecclesiastical foundations, which had already produced them.

What is so surprising is not that such results are manifested, but that they should be held up as worthy of imitation. Nevertheless the City of London enjoys a considerable reputation in England and elsewhere. The Reformers of 1833, who crushed so many rotten-boroughs, did not dare to handle this "holy ark of British liberty." Such and so great is the influence of current phrases and ready-made renown! Many people believe that the "communal right" and the continued privileges by which it was affirmed in the

past are closely connected. Besides, do not the Prebendaries proclaim on every occasion that they are the fathers of the country, and take people in this way? Funds are likewise not wanting to subsidise newspapers, and procure advertisements, and then the decay of the edifice is concealed by flowers. Because at the Guildhall banquets, ministers, prelates, scientific men, and celebrated artists are seen by the side of aldermen, the good public ends by considering them all "personages;" and recognizes in them the representatives of something great, national, and sacred.

Nevertheless, signs are not wanting to indicate the end of these saturnalia. There is only one opinion in the Radical party on the necessity of calling back the City of London to common sense, and turning the funds of the guild into their proper channels for the benefit of the needy. The movement has already commenced, and has become so decided that the most clear sighted of the City vultures have deemed it prudent to take the hint.

Reverting to an idea of John Stuart Mill, who suggested the division of London into "nine grand communes," they propose to extend to the entire metropolis the *régime* so dear to their own stomachs, and create as many "cities" as may appear desirable.

Enlightened and sincere democrats are not deceived by this *mirage*. One of the Members for Chelsea, Mr. Firth, has said distinctly in an excellent little volume, "We desire a Municipality for London, one and indivisible—the result of a rational segmentation of the Metropolis into electoral districts, and a normal generalization of the rights of suffrage."

The barriers of the Octroi in Paris, if they have no other merit, serve to indicate with precision the limits of the French capital. There is no parallel to this in the capital of the United Kingdom, which is not surrounded by wall or ditch, whence it follows that there is a certain vague and vast elasticity in the precise definition of "London."

Outside the "City" proper (which occupies a surface of 702 acres, with a fixed, that is to say, a nightly population of 75,000 inhabitants only, and a floating population, that is to say diurnal, of eight hundred thousand to nine hundred thousand), is a vast agglomeration of ancient boroughs, villages, and towns old and new, which surrounds this nucleus with miles of brick and mortar; and according as we consider this agglomeration from the standpoint of legislative elections, of its police, and of other public institutions, the official figure of its population varies like its limits.

The administrative organisation of this extent of 80,000 acres, inhabited by four or five millions of people, is extraordinarily complicated, and scarcely corresponds in any way to the French pattern.

To say that London is divided into parishes, which in certain cases are grouped in districts, and administered by bodies of men elected by these divisions, is merely to evade the difficulty without giving one a key to it. Not only in fact have the elected bodies very limited powers; the metropolitan districts are not those of the police, nor of the Registrars, nor of the School Board, nor for the lighting, the sanitation, paving, sewers, fire brigades, or inspection of houses; not only are each of these eminently municipal services under the direction of a general board, supreme in

its speciality, and quite distinct from parish or district boards, but beside these are the Lords Lieutenant of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent; and the City Commissioners; as well as the Home Office, and the Local Government Board, which retains the most surprising and most municipal powers.

One must then reckon with local customs and historical privileges, with corporations and associations which act regardless of expense, and finally there is the omnipotent Parliament which overtops them all, and legislates unceasingly, and without appeal.

We may at once assert, therefore, that if the City of London delegates to an oligarchy of about two hundred thousand merchants, almost regal power, the remainder of London is less blessed with "communal rights" than any other civilized capital.

A municipal elector is in fact any one residing in London, and paying taxes, including women and foreigners. This appears very liberal on the face of it, but in reality nothing is more exclusive, the taxes being based only on the rent of the house held on lease. Look at the poor; the working-man, the junior clerk, the small merchant, who are all deprived of communal rights. But these rights, after all, come to very little in the end. To ascertain the weight of nothing, we must have occasion to make comparisons.

Suppose, for instance, that a Frenchman comes to London to stay a few years, and wishes to initiate himself into all the mysteries of English life. This ideal Frenchman has rented in South Kensington, let us say, a house for £69 a year. The underground railroad brings him into the city in twelve minutes; the tradespeople are pressing in their

offers of service, and call every day for "orders." The water ascends automatically to the bath-room; the gas (of bad quality) lights his house; a box at the door receives his papers and correspondence. If a friend sends him game or wine, the cost of transit is heavy, but then there are no *octroi* duties. Here we have a happy man free, and autonomous. He plants roses, keeps fowls, and flatters himself he has no more to do with the outside world!

Nevertheless he pays for all this. One morning the water-rate collector calls with his bill. Our friend pays it with a sigh, but he consoles himself with the reflection that, judging by the official paper of the Water Company, it, like the Gas Company, is under the direct *surveillance* of the Government. A few days later he is aroused by the ringing of his bell at two A.M. It is the policeman, who tells him that a front floor window is open, and there is a penalty for encouraging thieves. Another time there is a fall of snow, and he finds it is the duty of the tenant to keep the pavement in front of his house clean. Then he gets a notice that he has neglected to scrape and re-paint his house. A visit to the drains under his basement, an invasion of the Fire Brigade because a chimney had caught fire—so many invisible authorities, inaccessible and distinct, suddenly manifest themselves. But here is something else: a paper left by a collector of parish rates—that is, of municipal rates—at the top of which is printed, "Parish of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington."

"So, I belong to St. Mary Abbot's Parish!" says our friend; "it is as well to know that. Let us see what this notice says."

"Mr. X. is requested to pay the sum of five pounds eleven shillings and ninepence for half-yearly contribution to the parish rates assessed April 14th, 1883, by two Justices of the Peace of Her Majesty for the County of Middlesex. . . ."

"Hum! Five pounds, eleven shillings, and ninepence. That makes £11 3*s.* 6*d.* per annum. Quite enough; but why in this country are rates assessed by Justices of the Peace? However, let us pass on to details:—

"Rate of Assessment, £52 10*s.* 0*d.*

Chapter the First.

Poor Rate	8*d.* in the £	
Police Rate	2½*d.*	„
County Rate	½*d.*	„
Lunatic Asylums	½*d.*	„
Election Lists, Jury List, Parish Collector's Salary; Office Expenses; etc., etc.,	½*d.*	4*s.* 6½*d.* „
Total as above . . .	£5 11*s.* 9*d.*	

"The total is clear enough, at any rate, and I will go and pay it myself. If it can be explained, the experience will not be too dear."

Next day accordingly this model ratepayer proceeds to the collector's office, who receives him with all the courtesy due to such a punctual debtor.

"Sir," says the latter, "why is the Police Rate placed on this paper with the Poor Rate, Lunatics, and Electoral lists? Does the parish choose and appoint its constables?"

"No, sir, it is the Secretary of State for the Home Department, or at least his agent, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. But the parish pays three-fourths of their salary; the State pays the rest."

"Ah, very well. No doubt the Vestry raises or diminishes the salary?"

"No, sir. The parish is taxed for its share, direct, by the Secretary of State."

"I understand. And the poor-rate, who fixes that?"

"The requirements of the Guardians, according as the poor are more or less numerous in the parish. It is only 8*d.* in the pound here, because the parish is a wealthy one," adds the collector, with pardonable pride. "If you lived in Lambeth or Southwark it would be a different thing."

"So the *poorest* parishes pay *most?*"

"Naturally," said the collector, with a smile.

"If I am not indiscreet in putting so many questions, I would inquire further. Lighting-rate, that explains itself. Of course the parish treats directly with the Gas Company, so as to have the best gas at the lowest price possible, and takes advantage of the competition amongst the Companies with that view?"

"Oh dear no, sir. That is done by the Home Secretary: he signs the contracts. The parish only pays its share."

"Let us pass on. 'General Rate.'—Will you tell me what that is?"

"It includes the cost of maintenance, paving, the repair, &c., of streets, the special expenses for sanitary purposes,

the sums imposed for freeing the bridges in 1877, the School Board expenses——"

"Ah, these are quite local imposts, no doubt. And no doubt the Vestry does vote all these?"

"No, sir, they depend upon the Metropolitan Board of Works, with the exception of the School-rate, which is voted by that Board."

"But the expenses for public works are included in the next chapter. Look here——"

"Ah, you confuse them, sir; that is the Main Drainage rate, and Fire Brigade!"

"Well, naturally the parish has no power over these funds, neither has the district board. Will you tell me, sir, what does your Vestry do?"

"What does it do? Well, it apportions the general rates, and levies local contributions for watering the streets, the expenses of local drainage, and cemeteries; votes the salaries of its employés and officers. Do you call *that* nothing?"

The Frenchman was too polite to say that it was "nothing at all," but he thought so seriously. So he left the collector's office very much shaken in the opinion that he had formed concerning the "Municipal rights" enjoyed by a London ratepayer.

"The fact is," he said to himself, "out of two francs sixty-five centimes of parish contributions, the Vestry only controls fifteen centimes! All the rest is imposed by Parliament, the School Board, the Metropolitan Board of Works, or even the Home Office and the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police, countersigned by two Justices of the Peace for Middlesex for form's sake!"

"The Vestry Meetings are public, of course," he said to the first Englishman he met.

"Certainly," replied the British subject. "But within the memory of man no 'outsider' has ever attended; the whole business is carried on *en famille*."

"Well, but how are these wonderful Councils elected?"

"By you—by me—by all the ratepayers of the parish, by ballot; and they are composed of ratepayers who are rated above £40."

"What! a council of privileged people chosen by a limited number of qualified voters?"

"Neither more nor less. But the Rector of the parish and the Churchwardens are members by right. And as women are entitled to vote, and each elector has as many votes as there are candidates, the clerical element is likely to be pretty well represented."

"I see it is so. One word more. The people who live in lodgings, who pay directly neither taxes nor rates, but who bear their weight indirectly by the price of food, clothing, and so on—have they no voice in the representation?"

"No; and we ourselves have so little——"

"Just so; and this Metropolitan Board—it is elective at least?"

"Yes, certainly; but by a more and more limited suffrage. The Board is composed of 45 delegates from the local bodies of the Metropolis, in the proportion of three for the Common Council of the City, one for each of the six large parishes, and one for each of the other districts. The Chairman is elected by the Board, and is alone a salaried officer."

"And the School Board?"

"That is elected by the ratepayers, something in the same manner as the parish or district boards, in proportion of four members for Chelsea, six for Finsbury, four for Greenwich, five for Hackney, six for Lambeth, seven for Marylebone, four for Southwark, five for the Tower Hamlets, and five for Westminster—fifty in all."

"What! The electoral districts are not the same in this case as for the Metropolitan Board of Works?"

"No, sir; that would be too simple. In London, each general service has its own division. There is one for the registration of births and marriages, one for the Militia, one for the Post Office, one for county courts, one for the Police, as well as many others. All these are mixed up in a confusion that ninety special Acts of Parliament have not helped in any degree to elucidate, as you may well believe. I would say that it is a Byzantine marqueterie, a Chinese puzzle, were it not so essentially English."

"But why cannot a clean sweep be made, and a regular and logical. arrangement be adopted? Why not form municipal and administrative districts, each having its local council, and nominating delegates to a central council?"

"Once more, monsieur, that would be too simple and too French. You, when your house ceases to please you, move away, or put it down. We throw down a wall, break through a partition, add a story, throw an iron bridge across a court, or cut a tunnel under the floor. That is ugly, unpleasant, complicated, dear; but it is our taste, and you know that about tastes and colours——!"

The least defect of this system is the squandering of money which it gives rise to. Each service draws as much as it can. In fact the expenses are not regulated upon the general resources of the metropolis, but the rates fixed according to the requirements. More than in any country in the world is the body of citizens regarded as taxable and workable at their lord's discretion. And it is mostly upon the poor, or middle classes, that the burthen falls; for the rich live nearly all the year away from London, and manage to put out of sight the greater part of their taxable value.

The rent of the poorest houses, which are almost always sub-let, is comparatively higher than that of the finest residences. A workman in Southwark, earning thirty shillings a week, pays for his wretched room £12 to £16 in the year, and can only afford meat on Sundays. A clerk with a salary of £280 (seven thousand francs), rents his little house at Maida Hill at £36 a-year or so, and at the end of the year finds he has paid as much under the shape of parish rates, poor rate, Queen's taxes, and income tax. Now neither of these persons has given his consent, direct or indirect, to these charges; for the former is not an elector, and the second possesses but a very small and illusory quantity of municipal power. If it please the Board of Works to spend one hundred thousand pounds in enlarging Piccadilly, where this man never sets his foot, he would have no alternative but to pay. On the other hand the people who dwell close by Piccadilly, and use it, who have twenty or thirty times the income of the clerk, but who pay no more than two or

three hundred pounds a-year for their fine houses, take care not to declare to the tax collector any income that can escape verification, and so pay only a nominal share of the public expenses; but as they are ratepayers above £40, they are eligible for seats in the vestry or Board of Works. So that in London as well as in the "City," the municipal right remains the somewhat exclusive privilege of the minority.

We must not come to the conclusion that the metropolis is the most hardly treated of all places in the United Kingdom. The City even finds rivals which surpass it. About twenty municipalities still rejoice in the prerogative of complete irresponsibility concerning their accounts, save to themselves, and the consequences of the system are often ludicrous.

At Fordwich in Kent, for instance, the Municipality is composed of six persons, of whom only one lives in the town.

Pevensey, in Sussex, is one of the Cinque-Ports, and retains on this account some extraordinary privileges, in exchange for which it formerly furnished a certain number of men and ships to the State. It is a miserable little place with one street, a butcher's shop, an Anglican clergyman, a dissenting minister, and two public-houses. The Municipality possesses a revenue of about thirteen thousand francs (£500), which it appropriates after spending about £32 a-year in the requirements of the town.

Brading, in the Isle of Wight, is content to supply nine street lamps at the principal crossings. The Municipality shares the revenue, the amount of which it is impossible to

ascertain, as the members steadily refuse to let it be audited.

Yarmouth levies a tax on all vessels entering the port; and is only bound to "set up a barrel on a pole" at fair time. But the fair has not been held for the last century or two.

Wareham only possesses a revenue of £40 a-year, which is annually expended in a dinner which the Municipality enjoy with their friends.

At Corfe Castle the Municipality consists of the Mayor only. He is a grocer and draper. He disposes uncontrolled of a considerable revenue, and possesses, by special charter, the right of jurisdiction.

Okehampton, in Devonshire, draws important revenues from a charter of Charles II. for the burning of wizards. The Market rights alone amount to eight thousand francs (£320) a-year, and nobody can say what becomes of this money.

Plympton-Earle, near Plymouth, has found a combination more curious still. The Municipal Council have agreed not to fill up the vacancies caused in their ranks by death, so they thus form a "tontine," which vests the communal revenues in the last survivors. At present writing there are but two.

Saltash, in Cornwall, possesses a charter granted by Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall. This charter gives the right of levying a tax on all vessels which enter the Tamar. This produces an enormous revenue, from which the Municipality expends for the public only the cost of supporting a life-buoy and re-

'pairing the pavement of the main street. The Recorder of this pleasant little town has power to inflict punishment of seven years' penal servitude upon those who come under his jurisdiction. The papers and accounts of Saltash are kept in an iron box, which is fitted with locks equal in number to the Members of the Council, who have each a key; and to paralyse all action and quash all inquiry it only needs one member to absent himself with his key.

West Looe is a borough which, in the seventeenth century, sent Hampden to Parliament. It is another specimen of a Municipal tontine, whose members are pledged not to fill up death vacancies. One of these dignitaries one day conceived the brilliant idea of selling the Communal goods, burning the Corporation's books, and then quietly disappearing.

Lostwithiel has more than 25,000 francs (£1,000) revenue, of which not a penny is ever employed in benefiting the inhabitants. The Council is composed of seven life members; one of these twenty years ago fled the country, another has ceased to attend the meetings. The five remaining members are friends or allies, and obey servilely one of their number, a tanner, who exercises a regular dictatorship over the town. Amongst other prerogatives he claims the right of running the water from his tannery down the centre of the main street. The river is so infected by this water that all the fish in it are born blind. The Recorder of the place has justiciary rights. He quitted the town a quarter of a century ago for Gibraltar, and the Dictator above-mentioned has succeeded him in his office.

We could cite other instances of Municipalities in which abuses are thus perpetuated and fostered.

On the other hand there are several large towns of comparatively recent importance, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, &c., which are veritable models of organization, and where the right of voting will soon be exercised by all the citizens. Divided into "Wards" or electoral districts which elect a number of representatives proportioned to the population, these cities are admirably presided over by aldermen delegated by the Corporation (Common Council), placed at the head of each ward, the union of which constitutes the *Town Council.* The Mayor is chosen by the Aldermen annually, and he acts as chairman. He may be re-elected as well as the Aldermen. These Municipalities are invested with very extensive powers, and their administration is generally adorned by so much general and moral improvement that one is surprised to find that the same principle is not adopted in the Metropolis.

Other Municipal Corporations, without being so well constituted, and certainly not modelled on the same lines, have been reformed by the general Act of 1833, and work well. As much as is possible, the English law always leaves the individual or the assembly of individuals, to look after his or their own business, so long as the interest of the community does not suffer. This is the reason why in many cases a large number of places remain so faithful to old customs and local charters; and also why so often the name rather than the thing itself has survived, just as if some of our old French Municipalities had preserved their old vocabularies and perpetuated their ancient titles; at

Toulouse, that of the *Capitoul*; at Beziers that of the *Consul*; in Rouergue that of the *Magistrat.*

But so great in politics is the importance of outward forms, that a number of ancient corporations have believed it their duty to pay an exaggerated tribute of attachment to old habits. Instead of following their more modern sisters in the ways of progress of all kinds, they have neglected to found schools, to open up new streets, to enlarge and ameliorate their harbours, to quench the embers of contagion, and in a word to adopt the improvements of their time.

The necessity for a corrective was evident. A national tie between the independent organizations; a central authority to recall them to reason, and to put them in the right way again. This business has been imposed upon the Local Government Board, which is ruled by a President who is not a Cabinet Minister, but has a seat in the Council formed of the Prime Minister, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the five principal Secretaries of State. His business is to put in order the chaotic elements in Municipal organizations. It does not appear that hitherto his action has been particularly efficacious. The Board has been able to suppress some too apparent excrescences, to organize, under the name of the Public Health Act, on a serious basis, a sanitary legislation applicable to the whole kingdom, but it has not as yet dared to attack the City of London, nor to propose a plan for the general organization of the metropolis, still less to unify the Municipal *régime* of the provinces. This, it must be confessed, is not the work of a day, and the most elementary prudence demands that the Cabinet shall not advance without great caution over a

ground so full of pitfalls. If a current of public opinion exist sufficiently evident and strong enough in favour of a certain centralization of that which is of general interest within the domain of the municipal unit, none the less does Great Britain remain attached to the local rights upon which the edifice of her liberties is founded.

These rights have scarcely the same significance as with us. The English definition of what is "Municipal" and what is not, differs considerably from ours. A Frenchman is always surprised to see the Water and Gas Companies, as well as the Tramways, "attached" to the Home Department, while the law of primary instruction remains permissive, and reserves to Municipalities the power to render it obligatory or not. The fact is, municipal right in England is above all else historic or traditional; and the supply of water for domestic purposes, the lighting with gas, and the "Tramways," are all modern inventions. Parliament, finding no trace of them in old charters, has not thought it right to introduce them there, for the same reason that it respects, as much as possible, the privileges which it finds included in them.

All these facts are plain, but do not simplify the problem. Another curious aspect of the question is that the Municipal right, such as it is, may be still the monopoly of a certain number of towns and boroughs, while it is pitilessly shut out from other towns and boroughs of equal importance, and from all rural populations. In France the "smallest" peasant throws his *bulletin* into the balance of the *centimes communaux*, as he participates by his vote in the sovereign power and the assessment of all taxes. In England

the largest landed proprietor, if he live on his land; the most illustrious poet, if he live in the country; the most eminent philosopher, if he establish his laboratory in an unincorporated town; see their local taxes fixed by a Justice of the Peace who is not even appointed by election. Who would expect such a thing in the country of all others of the "willing taxation!"

In taxation and municipal freedom, as in all else, England is, and will long remain, the land of privilege and inequality. Her institutions go back for their foundation as well as for their form to the Feudal period, and they have scarcely undergone any essential changes since. To speak plainly, it is not the City of London, or the town of Lostwithiel which "jars upon us" in the United Kingdom—it is the entire kingdom itself which serves in the modern world as a museum of antiquities.

PART III.

THE QUEEN—THE ARMY—THE NAVY—THE LAW COURTS AND THE POLICE COURTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUEEN.

It is very nearly half a century since Queen Victoria ascended the throne. At sixty-four years of age she is the *doyenne* of the reigning sovereigns of the world, as her empire is the most extensive. One-sixth of the inhabited globe, and one-fourth part of mankind, are beneath her sway. She has seen revolutions in all parts of the world, and specially in Europe, but her authority has never seriously been questioned. Such a phenomenon is well worthy of attention, and deserves that we should note its details with the curiosity and scientific accuracy which the Press across the Channel brings to the study of the affairs and personalities of France.

In the first place, why are our neighbours ruled by a Queen, and not by a King? Could it be that they wish to secure to themselves some chance of being governed by a man, as it is averred that in countries where the Salic law prevails, women usually steer the ship of state? The explanation is much simpler; it is really because in the British Constitution a queen plays the mute part just as well as a king, without counting the fact that she can be much more ornamental. In the mind of the Anglo-Saxon legislator it is of little importance that the sovereign be or

be not gifted with certain virile attributes. The chief thing is the continuity of the function. The same care is taken under another form in the constitution of the United States, where the Vice-President is *ex officio* raised to the Presidency, if his superior dies. So the Act of Settlement of William III. stipulated that the kingly office was to be hereditary in Great Britain, and that it should pass from male to female. In the event of equality of relationship the preference would be given to the male sex. So the youngest son of the Queen would succeed to the exclusion of his eldest sister, but all the Princesses would succeed before a cousin or an uncle.

The same act which thus settled the order of succession formally excluded the Roman Catholic branch of the Stuarts, and enacted that the Sovereign must be of the Reformed faith; and even disallowed, on pain of forfeiture of the crown, a marriage with a Roman Catholic.

This fundamental statute, as we need hardly remind our readers, is the true title of the House of Hanover to the British Throne, Queen Victoria does not reign in virtue of a pretended "divine right," but only in virtue of a National Pact—on condition of observing all its original or additional clauses, and also on the condition that Parliament does not vote for its extinction.

One of the most important additional articles of this contract is that which took from the Crown under the Queen's predecessor, nearly all the domains of which it had had the enjoyment, converted them into National property, and put them under the control of Parliament. The Duchy of Lancaster is the only royal property remaining.

A Civil List, voted at the commencement of each reign, replaces the former Revenues of the Crown. This Civil List is the salary granted to the monarch to perform certain royal functions, and of which the receiver has not the entire control. Of more than ten millions of francs (£385,000 sterling), the amount of the Civil List at present, Queen Victoria personally receives only 1,800,000 francs. The rest is expended in various services in the Household, pensions, residences, &c. It is true that all the members of the Royal Family are entered in the Budget for personal annuities. The Prince of Wales one million of francs, without counting the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which is worth about 1,600,000 francs per annum, and is his appanage. The Princess of Wales 250,000 francs. The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, each 625,000 francs. Prince Leopold 370,000 francs. The Duke of Cambridge, cousin of the Queen, 300,000 francs, besides his emoluments as Commander-in-Chief. The Princess Royal of Prussia 200,000 francs: Princess Helena of Sleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Teck, 125,000 francs each, and so on.

These grants add a total of £156,000 sterling, or about 4 millions of francs, to the Civil List.

Adding to these 14 millions the interest of the capital represented by the value of the Royal residences, and the pay of the Household Troops (7620 men), we arrive at the conclusion that Royalty costs the British nation not less than 50,000,000 francs per annum, that is to say, the normal interest of forty million pounds sterling.

What is the actual benefit derived from this enormous

expenditure? That is what the ordinary stranger does not exactly see. When English people are interrogated on this point, they reply with a long statement of what the Queen could do if she liked. "The Queen," writes Mr. Bagehot, "could disband the army, officers and all, as well as the navy; sell the fleet and all the maritime stores; she could conclude a peace by sacrificing the Duchy of Cornwall, and could make a war; she could make every English subject a peer or a peeress of the kingdom; establish an university in each parish; revoke the appointments of nearly all civil officials; pardon all the criminals: —in short, the Queen, by the exercise of her prerogative, could stop the working of the governmental machine, she could dishonour the nation by an unjust war, or a shameful peace; by disbanding the forces, she could place the country at the mercy of an enemy—and, &c."

The writer evidently finds a morbid and entirely British satisfaction in enumerating the divers calamities which his gracious sovereign could let loose upon the nation. Need we say that these prerogatives belong to the domain of theory, pure and simple; and if any king or queen of England attempted to do any one of these things, Parliament would depose him or her as a lunatic, or arraign them of high treason. The list given by Mr. Bagehot is less the programme of what the Queen would do, than of what she would not under any circumstances think of doing. We must, then, look elsewhere for her true functions.

But we must not expect a court, or fêtes, receptions, luxury, and all the *éclat* which general prejudice usually ascribes to crowned heads. The kings and queens of the day

have changed all that. They care much less to give balls or fêtes to their loyal subjects, to enrich milliners and carriage-builders, than to gather all the millions possible into their Civil List, and to invest money in foreign stocks; so that they may rejoin them in the almost inevitable days of exile.

At any rate in England no Court proper is to be found. If there be one, it is only virtual and exists only on paper. The Almanacs give us pompous lists of officials: The Lord Chamberlain; a Vice Chamberlain; a Lord Steward; a Master of the Horse and a Master of the Hounds; a Mistress of the Robes; a Dean of the Chapel Royal; Physicians and Surgeons in ordinary, Comptrollers, Treasurers, Equerries, Gentlemen in Waiting, Grooms of the Chamber; a Grand Falconer; a Poet Laureate; Pages, Women of the Bed-chamber, and Maids of Honour, &c., &c. Every one of whom draws a salary, and partakes generally of the fortunes of the Cabinet. But the duties are practically sinecures, and except on rare occasions neither regular service nor regular attendance is demanded. They recall in nothing the traditions of a Louis XIV.

We must add the great number of people who are privileged to attend at *levée* or *drawing-room* in the gilded Saloons of St. James's Palace and Buckingham Palace.

There are two or three of these functions every season, and they are duly announced in the "Gazette." On these occasions the Queen leaves Windsor and comes to London. She stands on a platform in the Palace, in mourning costume, wearing diamonds and the ribbon of the Garter. Around her are the Princes, Princesses, and the Dignitaries of the Royal Household.

The ladies "presented" pass before the Queen at the summons of the Lord Chamberlain, and make the reverence with as much suppleness as the British back-bone is capable of; kiss the royal hand, and pass on. They wear low-cut dresses with trains; and marabout feathers in their hair. Flowers in lieu of plumes are a most "damnable heresy," and render the culprit unfit for presentation to the royal presence.

The presentations last an hour or two. It is necessary to purchase the momentous gratification of hand-kissing by a humble petition to the Lord Chamberlain, by all the agonies of candidature, many hours' waiting in the long line, and endless crushing. Hungry, thirsty, one would give two teeth for a sandwich, and three fingers for a glass of wine. However, at length the ceremony is over, your name is in the *Morning Post;* for the future you belong to the "upper ten thousand," and you have the right when travelling on the Continent to demand letters of introduction to the Ambassadors of her Majesty.

This species of mundane confirmation is the clearest of the Royal functions. Immediately after the ceremony the Queen drives away in her carriage and six *café au lait* coloured horses, and returns to Windsor.

She has not offered her guests either any kind of refreshment, or even a smile. Like a bronze idol she is content to receive their homage. It is true that by means of this rite she gives them her "stamp," her reference, which has weight. But these are things as cheap as advice, as they say in England.

One or two balls at Buckingham Palace, added to two or three state concerts, when the Queen delegates her place to

the Prince or Princess of Wales, generally completes the programme of the annual rejoicings offered by the Civil List to the official world.

Sometimes there is a review of troops or a presentation of colours at Windsor or at Aldershot. The Queen then passes in her carriage along the line, and is received with a Royal Salute.

Every third or fourth year she presides in person at the opening of Parliament, and standing at the Throne in the House of Lords, she reads the Speech which the Cabinet has drawn up.

Only on these rare occasions the Queen assumes the visible *rôle* of Sovereign. At the most, when a railway or mining accident happens, a shipwreck, or any great catastrophe, the Queen sends a telegram of condolence, and heads the subscription with a hundred guineas. It is the same when the army receives a check, or gains an advantage in some corner of Africa or Afghanistan—the commanding officer will receive by cable the stereotyped expression of the royal grief or satisfaction.

Is this all? No. The Queen does not govern—she reigns. That is to say, all acts of the national life are performed in her name. It is at least necessary that she be informed of them. So she is, if she pleases. A special wire puts her in permanent communication with the Houses of Parliament, whence the Vice-Chamberlain sends, every quarter of an hour, telegraphic bulletins of any important business. All the evening, frequently all night, the slip of paper rolls out from the machine, and the Queen reads, or does not read it, at her pleasure.

Then come letters and dispatches from all parts of the world, opened, classified, annotated, communicated by a private secretary. This office for a long time devolved upon a lady. A gentleman now holds the post.

Again, the Prime Minister's duty is to inform the Queen upon the different chief affairs of the Kingdom, either verbally or by correspondence. He represents the Cabinet *vis à vis* of the Crown, and under this aspect, as well as in Parliament, the Cabinet is one and indivisible. It would be absolutely contrary to constitutional etiquette for the Prime Minister, in his interviews with the nominal Chief of the State, to mention any specific cause or point of disagreement amongst his colleagues, especially that he should mention any of them by name, if he sees himself obliged to state the difficulty. The Sovereign knows him alone—officially—having charged him to form a Ministry. It is for him to render them homogeneous, or confess his inability to do so.

Always by virtue of the same fiction, every Bill and Order-in-Council, and the greater part of the nominations are drawn up in the Queen's name. For that reason she has to sign a great number of documents, and a continual passing and repassing of papers goes on between the Ministers and the Royal residence for the time being. Every day a Queen's Messenger leaves Whitehall, carrying a great bag (black and red) filled with official documents. These are despatches destined for foreign countries, orders in council, proclamations, ratifications of colonial Acts of Parliament, decrees of prorogation or convocation of the Imperial Parliament; letters patent, Corporative Charters, brevets, judgments of appeal, nominations, revocations,

pardons, orders of execution. In all of which the Queen has no voice, but for which her signature is indispensable.

And she devotes to them four hours a week with the automatic regularity of a stamping machine at Somerset House. In winter the work is done by the fireside; in summer in a tent in the midst of the lawn at Balmoral. And that is what it is to reign in the year of grace 1883!

Of all the Royal residences Windsor is the only one which is really imposing.

Buckingham Palace, built in 1832 at the end of the Park Le Nôtre designed for Charles II., is only an uninteresting barrack, so badly planned, that at midday lamps must be kept constantly lighted in its passages. The Queen scarcely ever goes there to stay, and the place is chiefly connected with the traditional State Balls or Concerts.

St. James's Palace dates from the time of Henry VIII. It is a wretched pile of bricks reserved for the official daylight receptions. Kensington Palace is an agreeable residence enough, situated at the west side of Hyde Park. This is where the Duchess of Teck has [had] apartments with some "pensioners" from the Civil List. Hampton Court Palace is a sort of Sainte Périne, an aristocratic almshouse and a Museum of Old Pictures (the "Invalids of Painting"), where a hundred *chefs d'œuvre* are hung beside a thousand worthless canvasses. Marlborough House, built by Christopher Wren for the famous Duke of Marlborough, is assigned to the Prince of Wales.

Finally, Balmoral in Scotland, and Osborne in the Isle of Wight, are only summer residences. Windsor, 24 miles

from London, is the true Queen's residence, and the most beautiful in the three kingdoms.

With its vaulted passages, its winding corridors, its great Round Tower, its little window-panes sunk into lead, its irregular roofs and innumerable steps, this immense palace is assuredly not a model of simplicity, or of architectural regularity. But what a grand appearance it has upon the terraced heights o'erlooking the Thames, when the setting sun is lighting up its windows which rise high above the level of the forest trees. How much this mass of feudal walls and modern building resembles the British Constitution! And how that fantastical decoration seems the natural surroundings of that Sleeping Beauty, the English Monarchy. More than Westminster Abbey or Saint Paul's, more than any edifice, Windsor has a calm majesty which is quite in the fitness of things, and surpasses your expectations. All is grand, sumptuous, and striking; the trees in the Long Walk four or five centuries old, and dying of old age as they border an avenue two leagues in length; the gold plate worth forty million francs, the pictures which any museum in the world would be proud to possess; the park in which the deer are feeding, the Guards in their grand uniforms who keep watch at the posterns, and, above all, the pinnacles, the machicolations, and the ramparts, two hundred feet above us, which are profiled against the sky, dominating the horizon of a dozen counties! If we met a live unicorn at the end of an alley we would hardly feel surprised. At Windsor the atmosphere almost seems Shakspearian; as at Versailles one seems to be walking in a tragedy of Jean Racine.

"Is the Queen conscious of the harmony of the things which surround her? In any case it is there she loves to live, and thither she always comes after a visit to Scotland, to Osborne, or to the Italian Lakes.

As everywhere else, she lives there the same retired life, the most mournful and methodical existence. She rises at seven o'clock, breakfasts at nine, lunches at two; drives from three till five, and dines at eight. Her table is, it is said, very frugal. Always dressed very plainly in a black silk costume which lasts two seasons, or in a pelisse lined with white fur; she has in her barouche an air of sadness and disillusion. The Princess Beatrice, who seldom is absent from her mother, does not seem either to find life very cheerful.

Beyond the time devoted to business and duty, the Queen lives like every other lady, receiving few visitors, inspecting her flowers, reading German—but never French books; having, as her biographers tell us, "a deep objection to French literature in all its branches." What! even to Froissart and Montaigne, even to Madame de la Fayette, Lafontaine, and Perrault, Corneille and Molière, Diderot, Balzac? These, like all the others, like Victor Hugo, Stendhal and Renan. The charming genius of France is a dead letter to this Royal intelligence. She hates it, condemns it *en bloc*, declaring it immoral and improper. French literature "in all its branches" must take it for granted.

English literature is, after all, in a not much better plight. Up to 1868, on the accession of Mr. Disraeli to the post of Prime Minister, the Queen had not read a line of any of his novels. She hastened to make up for this lapse,

but she never cared very much for them, despite her growing predilection for the author. She does not like Thackeray either, nor Lord Lytton, whom she finds "cynical." Her favourite tales are those of Dickens, some of George Eliot's novels, and William Black's, the scenes of which are laid in Scotland. She also nourishes a passion for the works of Walter Scott, which seem to be somewhat out of fashion nowadays in his native land.

The Queen's chief business is her enormous correspondence with her own family, and specially with those in Germany. German by marriage and education as well as by descent, Queen Victoria has never understood nor cared for any but Teutonic things. The language of Goethe and Schiller is the only one spoken in her private life. Her heart is in Germany. Her greatest joy, after her own love match with a German prince, was to give her eldest daughter to the Crown Prince of Prussia.

The marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert is the great event of the reign, the decisive act which so strongly impressed her character. The young Queen was in her twentieth year; and, without being positively pretty, she had the freshness of her age, robust health, and had been most carefully educated. Her conferences with Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister, and leader of the Whig party, had tended her towards liberal principles. Whom should she marry? That was what England was asking with deep anxiety. Everyone felt that on the choice would depend the honour and fortune of the nation. According as the choice was a good one or not, happily or badly inspired, might there not be again seen on the throne of England an

Elizabeth or a Mary Tudor? Might it not be possible to revive the scandals of George IV. and a new Catherine of Brunswick, crowned and invested with power, to impose some Bergami on her loyal subjects? Or without descending so low, might she not suffer a foreign prince to take a too prominent part in English politics?

Candidates were not wanting, as we may suppose, and all the Courts of Europe had one to propose. One of the most conspicuous was the Duc de Nemours, which by the by did not show M. Guizot quite alive to the realities of the question, for, supposing that the Queen had inclined to him, the British Parliament would never have countenanced a French alliance. The nation was calling out loudly that the chosen one should be an Englishman, and the papers did not hesitate to say so.

But the choice of the Queen had been made three years previously.

In 1836, her cousin Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg came to London with the express purpose of winning her affections. He had fully succeeded, and the Queen in person so informed her Privy Council at the end of 1839.

The news of the marriage immediately raised a violent opposition. Parliament exhibited some temper, which it soon displayed, in the manner in which Parliaments do, by reducing to £30,000 the grant which Lord Melbourne demanded for the future husband. But the affair proceeded, and on the 10th February, 1840, the marriage was celebrated at St. James's Palace.

The young people were about the same age, scarcely one-and-twenty. Prince Albert was a fine young man of athletic

appearance, fresh from the University of Bonn, having been prepared by the best professors for the delicate part he had been chosen to fill, and for which his family had destined him for a long time, much in the same way as the German princesses were brought up to be Queens or Czarinas. Personally he was an intelligent young man, cultivated and gifted with a faculty extremely rare—that of throwing himself body and all into everything he undertook.

He immediately perceived that the only way to accept the abnormal position in which his marriage had placed him, would be to make himself beloved by her and to render himself really useful to the nation. He therefore devoted himself with a most methodical spirit, and without delay, to play this double part, and we must admit he succeeded admirably. At the same time that he secured to his young wife a domestic felicity marked within a few years by the successive births of nine children, he applied himself to plan out with her a line of conduct by which the prestige of the Crown, which had become somewhat unpopular during the reigns of George III. and George IV., might be revived. Both with Whigs and Tories it had become the custom to watch the Minister's acts very closely, and to estimate them by the stiffness of their attitude towards the Court. It frequently happened that at official banquets the most important personages refused to join in the toast of "Church and Queen." This was not from any revolutionary or republican spirit—"French ideas" as they said then—it was simply the sentiment of their own dignity, revolted by the public and private manners of the royal nominees.

Prince Albert undertook to change this current of feeling. His conjugal interests influenced him as much as the political side of the question. So he set himself to cultivate in the young Queen habits of conduct and deportment almost puritanical, inculcating in her the principles of a strictly constitutional philosophy. Above all, he induced her to make (and for life) the formal resolution never to resist the decision of Parliament or of opinion.

All the while he did not wish her to appear uninterested in public affairs. On the contrary, he plunged himself with the Queen into the study of foreign policy, and applied himself to give her a diplomatic education which would render her competent to put in a word at a Cabinet Council, and to "grow permanently," as it were, above the Ministers who would pass away, in the continuation of the traditional policy.

On the other hand, he himself assumed the direction of a kind of insular Renaissance. He applied himself to raise up the English people from its inferiority in the arts of drawing, music, furnishing, and costume. He founded industrial schools of art, opened museums, established model farms, and became the promoter of the first International Exhibition.

All this was the work of no ordinary mind. The English people were not slow to recognise, and to do full justice to Prince Albert. The Tory aristocracy alone held out. He avenged himself on them quaintly enough by enlarging the distance between them and the reigning family. An inflexible etiquette was established at Windsor. None but princes of the blood were permitted to be seated at the

royal table on certain days; and more than that, neither the Queen nor her husband would take anything from hands less than noble. This was to soar over heights inaccessible to the Dukes, who were obliged to bend their heads.

The Queen entered into the spirit of these grave reforms with sincere fervour. M. Guizot has given us a curious specimen of this. It was in 1843 during the *entente cordiale*, and while the Queen of England was staying at the Château d'Eu. Louis Philippe, knowing that she was in the habit of drinking a glass of water of an evening, rang the bell to command one to be brought. The glass arrived, and was presented by a footman, but the Queen refused it haughtily. The King, somewhat surprised at his act of foresight being thus contemned, signed to one of his sons, who ran after the servant, took the salver from him and presented the water to the Queen. This time Her Majesty accepted, and drank it.

She knew better than anyone what she owed to her husband, and never lost an opportunity to testify her gratitude. After having made him Privy Councillor, Field Marshal, Royal Highness and Knight of the Garter, she soon afterwards conferred upon him the title of Prince Consort, which associated him with the Royal honours, and gave him precedence over all other Highnesses. Thus was the victory of the stranger achieved over the last resistance of the British Peerage. Prince Albert, who had been naturalised before his marriage with the Queen, now, like the Italian Panizzi, became more English than the English themselves.

When he died in 1861, no one thought of his continental extraction. The Queen said on this occasion, it was the first grief he had caused her. There can be no indiscretion in stating that her conjugal happiness had indeed been cloudless, since the Queen herself deemed it her duty to take the general public into her confidence.

History will assert that the Prince Consort knew how to arrive at a high conception of his position, and to utilise to a good end the great influence he had over his wife.

The death of this model husband has been for Queen Victoria the starting point of a new era. She has shut herself up in retirement in an attitude of eternal widowhood. A new Artemisia, she wished to raise up to her Mausolus a monument worthy of him, and if this monument is not one of the seven wonders of the modern world, it is certainly not her fault, nor that of the late Prince, who had certainly done all that was humanly possible to find out whether England had, after all, any sculptors.

The first idea of the Queen was to raise an obelisk to the memory of her husband, and it needed all Dean Stanley's arguments to induce her to abandon the project, after much confidential explanation of a mythological and archæological nature. So a statue in gilt bronze was erected, which is now in the Park at Kensington, under a species of Gothic kiosk, or Chinese belfry, for one does not quite know in what particular kind of architecture to class this *morceau*.

The worship of the dead who are dear to her is one of the most marked traits in the character of Queen Victoria. We saw that only recently when she lost her

personal servant, John Brown, who had occupied such an important and so exclusive a place in her private life. He was a Scotchman who had entered the Queen's service in those happy days when she made excursions with the Prince Consort in the Highlands. By degrees he gained a unique position: master in domestic questions, consulted on every occasion, and invested with a sort of mayoralty of the Palace. Wherever the Queen went he had his own particular apartments and attendants, his own preserves, over which none dared shoot. All gave way before him, and even the Queen's children had to reckon with this authority.

When the faithful Scotchman died she wished to inter him with royal obsequies. She put her whole household in mourning, and decided that the late gillie's apartments should remain unoccupied. Since that time she has led such a secluded life that Sir Charles Dilke, were he still in Opposition instead of being seated in the Cabinet, might with reason renew his famous motion of 1868, and demand that the Queen should abdicate or name a Regent. What he meant in plain English was that the Queen ought not to economise her Civil List, as Mr. Dixon took pains to explain on a somewhat analogous occasion.

These things have a meaning besides the extreme conclusions which it is allowable for each one to draw from them. Such disdain of public opinion is not rare on the throne, but no doubt the disdain here derives some sharpness from the special *rôle* which the Queen must be conscious of having played in English Society.

The manners of Society were singularly relaxed during the

first quarter of the century. Perhaps they are not much better now. But the example of the Royal Couple and the strict application of the rules laid down by the Prince Consort had at least the effect of modifying considerably the tone and the outward manner. This species of hypocrisy, entirely English, which they call "cant," was substituted for the show of vice.

Worldly reprobation is lavished upon all that which does not strictly conform to the syllabus of respectability. In this limited hierarchy the social interdict soon carries with it political or financial ruin. It was here that the Prince Consort performed a work of genius—he knew how to extract the very philosophy of the British character better than an Englishman himself could have done it, for "cant," the Prince Albert's own creation, is only the quintessence of the national *Tartuferie*. Still was it necessary to distill it, and to bring it into fashion.

Cant, like all religion, has its pontiffs, and the custom of pontiffs has always been to identify themselves so thoroughly with the dogma that they arrive at a personal infallibility. Was it possible for the High Priestess of Conventionality to escape this law after having caused by her individual action a revolution in manners, the effect of which she naturally exaggerated; was it possible but that she should believe herself impeccable in all eyes?

To strike from the Lord Chamberlain's list the names of divorced ladies—refuse to let a *cantatrice* appear at State concerts because she lives apart from her husband—order the petticoats of ballet-girls to be made longer, and French plays to be "pruned"—to stamp as infamous by one's

ostracism the whole literature of a great nation—to shut public-houses in church time, and thus condemn one's loyal subjects to get drunk at home on Sundays,—such things ought evidently to make up for personal indiscretions that no ordinary dowager would ever dream of indulging in.

And then Queen Victoria is not only a High Priestess, metaphorically speaking, but she is really the female Pope of the English Church. Again a tradition which goes back to the most distant ages. The English boast that as far back as the third century, when Christianity had scarcely appeared among them, their liturgy differed already from that of the Continent. The Norman kings, like the Saxon kings, nearly always retained the rights of the investiture of the Bishops, and the Plantagenets did not show themselves any less jealous of this prerogative.

A frequent cause of disagreement with the Court of Rome was the sending of the *pallium* to the Archbishop of Canterbury—a thing which the Popes pretended was indispensable to the validity of the installation, and against which the English kings never ceased to protest. One must come to John Lackland to find a British sovereign who consented to make his kingdom a simple fief of the Holy See. His successors endeavoured to return to the traditional policy, and while quite admitting the supremacy of Rome in matters of dogma and discipline, they refused to accept it in ecclesiastical nominations and revenues.

Henry VIII., then, only drew a logical conclusion when he separated from the domination of Rome. His first step in this direction was when he forbade appeal in Papal Courts

against ecclesiastical causes judged in his own realm, and he proclaimed his absolute independence from any foreign power. His reform was at first purely disciplinary. It was not till later that the influence of Protestant preaching became marked in the doctrine of the Anglican Church.

The sharpness of the religious struggle under the Stuarts, contributed in no slight degree to accentuate the eminently national character of the Church. The most rigorous penalties, even death, were invoked against Dissenters. Church and State were so connected that the quality of Anglican was inseparable from that of English subject, and it became necessary for public men to submit after election to a "test," which was a public submission to take the Communion according to the rites of the English Church.

Nothing less than the influence of the French Revolution served to bring about the abolition of these practices which were flourishing still under George IV. The Act of Tolerance signed by Queen Victoria's immediate predecessor permitted the sons of Puritans to assemble and celebrate their worship, which differs so little from the official ritual. The year 1828 saw "Tests" abolished. In 1830 the Roman Catholics were admitted to public functions. In 1858 the Emancipation of the Jews was carried. The Parliamentary Oath, so energetically fought out by Mr. Bradlaugh, is the last intrenchment of the spirit of exclusion which has long made the National Church an integral and indivisible part of the British Constitution.

But in relinquishing some of its privileges, the English

Church has been careful to keep its Head in the country. The Head of the Church is always the sovereign, supreme in all matters "ecclesiastical and civil within these her dominions," as stated in the *bidding prayer* still used in cathedrals and in many churches every Sunday before sermon. Queen Victoria is then a Pope-ess; and it is in ecclesiastical matters that her prerogative remains unscathed. She can create new sees, if funds be forthcoming. She nominates new Bishops and Archbishops, sometimes without consulting the Cabinet, as in the case of Doctor Tait, who was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury before the Prime Minister had put forward his candidate.

It is here that we must look for the explanation of a stability so exceptional in this century. Head of the National Religion, Queen Victoria swims in the midst of dynastic shipwrecks—as cardinals and bishops survive kings amongst us—and for the same reason. Having no effective part in the Government, no personal responsibility, she does not bear the faults of her Ministers, while she benefits by the inherent strength and *prestige* of the English Established Church. Every clergyman is her supporter; and England is instructed, brought up, governed by its clergymen. What queen could be better to their mind? Had they modelled her themselves, they would not have made any other.

A gay prince, were he as bold and as elegant as Henry IV., would have infinitely less chance with these psalm-singers; with still more reason a Queen who would take Marie Antoinette or Catherine II. for her model.

So it may be a fortunate thing for the Prince of Wales,

that he has not yet come to the throne. The same causes which make him so welcome a guest on our Boulevards render him rather a "Son of Belial" on the other side of the Channel. And nevertheless he is prudent occasionally, and knows how to play his part, and bend to necessity. Did he not one day telegraph to Her Majesty for permission to go to the races at Longchamp on Sunday? The Queen replied "No"; and the Prince of forty-two, the father of five children, heir apparent to the largest inheritance in the world, humbly submitted!

But perhaps for all that he did not "plunge" less upon the favourites, or sup with less appetite. He has always displayed very much *à propos* the salutary resolution to walk in constitutional ways and to remain only a spectator of the political struggles of his country. Let him only get a little grey, "turn over a new leaf," adopt the Quaker's hat, and the air of the converted sinner, and he will be a decided success. As one day Mr. John Bright said to him while smoking a cigar at Marlborough House, "there is no more reason to trouble one-self about the fall of the dynasty at present, than to think about the failing of the coal mines!"

It is not so much that the English are deeply attached to their German rulers, as it is that Monarchy is the natural consummation of all their civil and religious establishments, and the one would probably not go down without the other.

It was necessary to bring out these points to sketch the character of a Queen so different from that which the fancy of continental Royalists is able to depict; and also to grasp the

singular medley of conventionality, *naïveté*, clerical habit, secret irony, and traditional respect for the function which is perceived in the "Loyal Toast" at a banquet, or in the "God save the Queen" played by the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, on the old music of Lulli.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARMY.

THE actual organization of the English army is of recent date. Undertaken in 1870, under the impression of our (French) disasters, and the tragic lesson they gave to the world, it was completed in 1879. Up to that time, the Commander-in-Chief had the upper hand in all military questions, and was in great measure independent of the Secretary of State for War. His official residence was at the "Horse Guards"; he has now his "department" at the War Office, and the Secretary of State is over him. On the other hand the purchase and sale of commissions, which came down up to our own days, have been forbidden for some twelve years. These two capital reforms have led to a recast of the whole system.

We may, however, enquire whether Great Britain *has* really an offensive force. Field Marshal Von Moltke is not of the opinion that there is, for he said, with his dry humour, that in doing away with the purchase system, England had given up all that remained good in her military establishment. Lord Wolseley is not of that opinion either, for, up to a recent date at least, he has not ceased to proclaim the

powerlessness of the British Army. Nor is it the opinion of the House of Commons, which has reported as perilous to the nation the boring of a submarine hole one hundred feet wide. A cursory glance suffices to tell us that in the event of war, the maximum effort possible for "Perfidious Albion" to make, would be to throw on the Continent a corps of sixty or eighty thousand men. Now what is that in such days as these? A mere nothing—a mouthful for a cannon.

It is true that in the eyes of Englishmen—and above all in those of English women—a British soldier is worth three of any other country. But all Gascons do not come from the banks of the Garonne, and one does not reply to Krupp guns with a flourish of trumpets. So English military critics may well be a little more modest. Would not one think they are the Professors of Tactics for the universe? We have, nevertheless, seen that their troops did not shine very much when they were manœuvred in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire—on Dartmoor or Cannock Chase. Have not they since then been confined to mere parades at Aldershot, for fear of exposing their poverty to the eyes of foreign *attachés*? And the reviews in Hyde Park and the Brighton manœuvres! There is not such great reason to be proud about these feats. But the self-conceit of these grave theorists is proof against all fiascos. When they talk of continental forces, they do not appreciate either the differences of national temperament or the general elements of the problem. To the end of the world they will continue to judge, pontifically, an armed nation as if they were discussing a platoon of veterans.

A revolution like that of universal and compulsory service

is one at least worthy of consideration. Who does not understand that it entails a new order of phenomena and tactical results? Battle-formations, style of marching, the manners and pace of the soldier, all are changed. To expect from a painter, or a lawyer, or a hatter, recalled to his regiment for twenty-eight days, the automatic stiffness of a Grenadier of Frederick or Bonaparte would be precisely as just as to give him a flint-lock musket and expect him to fire twelve times a minute. That he knows how to march in the ranks, to carry his knapsack lightly, to judge firing distances, are all that one has any right to expect.

Well, these simple things are precisely what the insular spectator is unable to grasp. He has remained at Waterloo. He is Jomini, called upon to pronounce on loose order, and throwing up his arms to Heaven. In his eyes that which constitutes the soldier is to wear a bear-skin cap, to hold his rifle like an organ-tube in a long line, and to pivot on his heels like a door on its hinges. Out of this there is no safety, for it is in this way that things are still managed in the English army.

Unfortunately for the value of this criterion the British army is to-day an exception in the civilized world—something like a monster fossil of the age of "tinder"-shells, the only surviving example of an aggregate of mercenaries engaged for a long term, paid and exercised to be nothing but soldiers all their lives.

The army is recruited exclusively by volunteers. Recruits are enlisted for either *long* or *short* service. In the first case the man engages to serve twelve years, and he may, on satisfactory reports, be permitted to renew his engagement

for a period more or less long up to 21 years' service. Beyond this term he may even remain provisionally in the service, with the right of retiring three months after having claimed his discharge. On short service, he engages to serve six years with the colours and six in the reserve; but at any time after three years he may be dismissed on reduced pay to the reserve.

Up to 1879 the enlistment was effected, as formerly in all Europe, in rather an unfair manner. The recruiting sergeant saw a likely young man to serve her Majesty. So he inveigled him into a pot-house, and made him tipsy with promises and drink; made him sign an engagement—if only he made his mark it was sufficient. Then he handed him the "Queen's Shilling," and the man was a soldier. If he resisted when he came to himself the sergeant would swear that he gave him the shilling, the witnesses would swear he had taken it, and the affair was completed. The Act of 1879 put an end to this ignoble practice by stipulating that the engagement to be binding should be made before a justice of the peace and with full knowledge on the part of the recruit. But there is no fundamental change. The victims are always seduced by the sergeant in public-houses near the barracks, and instead of making him intoxicated once, he makes him drunk several days in succession, holding out brilliant prospects of the life he will lead and the uniform he will wear. Finally the man signs the paper before the justice as he did formerly before the sergeant.

It must be admitted the high pay is not a myth absolutely, and the material condition of the English soldier is rela-

tively good. On joining his regiment he receives besides his "kit" a present of £1, and fourteen pence (29 sous) a day. This sum increases rapidly, and may rise, if he become a corporal or a sergeant, to five or six francs. He has, of course, deductions made from his pay for his living. But taking one thing with another the "private" has at least five pence a day to spend; his uniform is elegant and comfortable, he is well fed, warmed, and lighted in barracks; promotion will come of itself, and he may retire on a pension, if his reports are good, after 21 years' service.

A stoppage of twenty centimes (*2d.*) a day constitutes, besides, a little capital which is returned to him when he leaves the army, or it is sent to his family in the event of his decease. These are real advantages, and such as he would hardly have found in any other trade.

There is, however, a reverse to the medal; generally unappreciated by the people, as a mercenary who has sold his liberty, the English soldier carries the stigma which always attaches to the pretorian. He is not a brother, a son, or a friend, who is paying his debt to the nation, his native land; he is a helot submitting to voluntary servitude. Whatever his merit may be, he will scarcely ever rise from the ranks. The lash * always figures in his punishments. His officers themselves regard him as an inferior and degraded being.

Under such conditions his moral level is not likely to be raised. He does his work from interest or custom, that is all. By means of repeating the same movements, at the

* This punishment has been abolished.—TRANS.

same hours, in the same fashion, with the same comrades, he loses his individuality, and becomes a machine. Solid, certainly, as a milestone; big and strong—that is why he was selected. After 10 or 12 years of roast beef, beer, and drilling—there he is, "in form" a trooper. He is only fit to re-engage, and he does.

The recruiting of the officers is carried on by voluntary engagements and through special schools. Generally the Commission is obtained from the Minister for War, and an examination is passed which in some measure corresponds with the "fifth form" standard in our *Lycées*. This got through, the postulant receives a brevet as provisional lieutenant, and is tried for a year with full liberty to study military affairs. If the reports are satisfactory he is then confirmed in his appointment, and may attain the rank of Major by seniority. Above that grade the appointments are made by selection.

The special schools are: for Artillery and Engineers, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; for the Staff the "Staff-College"; for other arms the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. There are besides schools for the Medical branch and Army Schools under inspectors; and finally the Royal Hibernian Military School in Dublin.

A curious custom is perpetuated in the English Army, that is, giving certain officers an honorary rank superior to their actual grade. For instance a man may be a major and perform all his duties as such, but have the *brevet* of Lieutenant-Colonel.

As to the sale of commissions, now abolished, it was above all things the way to assure the predominance of

rich families in the higher grades. The State did not profit by these sales, but the officer was authorized to cede his place by sale, when quitting the service. In 1870 the rank of captain was sold for about 80,000 francs, that of major 100,000, that of colonel 200,000 or 300,000 francs. We can scarcely believe that such a custom could have continued so long; and yet Marshal Von Moltke is not the only one who regrets it. Many a British officer declares that since the abolition of purchase, the Queen's service has lost its chief attraction. If you may believe them, the soldier needs a leader whose skin is worth so much more than his own, to follow him. The truth is that the English officers are eminently aristocratic. They found it very convenient to let the paternal guineas pay for a position to which their merit alone would never have entitled them, and by no means objected to regain their capital on retiring into civil life.

Now that there are no longer these advantages, the greater part of the officers retire with the rank of captain, which they soon reach, and are placed upon the half-pay list. The higher grades continue to be filled by the scions of noble houses almost exclusively, who pass from "Cadet to Colonel" without having had any real experience of command. Thus the Prince of Wales is now a Field Marshal, Colonel of the 10th Hussars, and Colonel Commandant of the Household Cavalry. His brother, the Duke of Connaught, is already talked of as the successor to the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, and the scions of titled families, or at least county families, are in the majority of the higher ranks.

The pay of the officers, like that of the rank and file, is high, especially on colonial service. A lieutenant of the line in India or Africa seldom has less than 10,000 (francs) a year; a captain 15,000 or 20,000 (francs), a major and colonels in proportion. But their pay is almost always insufficient for the extravagant life the regiment leads. The "mess" system, instead of reducing to a minimum the common expenses, is on the contrary a means of increasing them, and a cause of much waste and luxury. There is a tremendous rivalry, especially in cavalry regiments, in their luxurious dinners. Certain messes possess furniture and china to the value of 100,000 francs, and silver to higher amounts. Plated dishes with the crest of the corps blazoned on them, first-rate cooks, powdered servants in silk stockings—all the appendages worthy of an Asiatic army in the time of Xerxes, must accompany a regiment to the wilds of Africa or Afghanistan. No matter in what climate, champagne, claret, and port flow freely. The single item of "drink" costs a lieutenant frequently three-fourths of his pay. And as the "Army Agents" besiege him with their offers and circulars, and give unlimited credit, it is next to impossible to avoid getting into debt if he has no private means. Besides, the "Mess" gives balls and fêtes, keeping "open house," carriages and horses for the races, and leading the hunt. The only merit which one can perceive in the system, is that it places the officers on equal terms when not actually on parade. Lieutenant, captain, major and colonel preside at the table by turns. On the neutral ground of the common room there are no superiors and inferiors, but simply gentlemen.

We may therefore believe that a young Englishman will scarcely enter the Army for love of the profession or even for patriotic motives. There are cases surely, but the well-informed officer generally belongs to the staff or the colonial service. The greater number of his colleagues have evidently taken to the military profession for the sake of amusement. The title of "officer" is at the same time a stamp of elegance, and the flag under which are permitted all the liberties usually forbidden to British subjects. The puritan prejudice, pitiless to the unfortunate civilian, has plenary indulgence for the Son of Mars. So the co-respondents in divorce cases, the heroes of worldly scandals, are usually officers. The common "layman" in the same plight would lose all consideration. It seems that the military man increases his prestige by it.

This prestige is in England in direct proportion to the limited number of officers, the splendour of their sumptuous surroundings, and the frivolous character of their duties. It is much more distinguished to belong to some regiments than to others. One may almost declare that the less service an officer has seen, the more he is sought after, adulated, and envied. No description can give an idea of the supreme position which an officer of the Guards holds in Clubs and Drawing-rooms.

The Household Troops have not left England since 1815, except to despatch to the Crimean War three battalions of its infantry, and to Egypt portions of its force. So their actual officers can scarcely be said to have been under fire. But their title means five feet six inches, a historic name, a splendid uniform, large fortunes,

and the *entrée* everywhere. What a social distance between the Major in the line who has been browned in India or Africa, and the Lieutenant in the Guards all of whose campaigns have been made in Pall Mall, or on the race-course!

The beatific smile which the world has for him extends to his associates, male and female, and even to the "Garrison Hack," daughter or niece of an officer who follows the colours in all its various marches from Dover to Chatham, and from Dublin to Calcutta, drinking champagne and lunching with excellent appetite, waltzing, riding, or flirting, hunting the fox and a husband, making the happiness of ten generations of lieutenants, and finishing by marrying the chaplain, or distributing tracts to the aborigines of Madagascar.

The English officer objects to appear in uniform when not on duty. So he is at ease in his civilian clothes, which are always well made, and of fashionable cut. Like all his compatriots he declines to wear any ribbon in his button-hole, and never wears his decorations except in uniform. These decorations are exclusively national—the Order of the Bath; St. Michael and St. George; the Star of India, and most of all—the Victoria Cross; which is a simple cross of bronze with the motto "For Valour." No English subject may wear a Foreign Order without the Queen's permission under her warrant, permission which is seldom accorded or demanded.

The dress of the officers when engaged in manœuvres is more simple than that of the men—its outward signs are only a frock-coat and a laced cap. A silk or gold and silk

scarf indicates that the officer is on duty. The scarf is worn from left to right—the sergeants, who also wear one, carry it from right to left.

In full dress, or when on service, the uniform of the officer corresponds to that of the rank and file. The indices of rank are "Hungarian knots" on the sleeves, and "stars," "roses," "thistles," "crowns," "lions rampant &c., embroidered on the collar.

There has been a suggestion lately made to clothe the British army in grey cloth, which will offer a less tempting aim than the red coat; but this reform is still under consideration.

In its general organization the public forces of the United Kingdom include—the Household Troops, the Active Army, the Reserve, the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers.

The Household Troops, or the "Guards," are composed of three regiments of Infantry of seven batallions each—the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, and the Scots; three regiments of Cavalry, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Horse Guards; in all, 7,620 men, commanded by 357 officers. These troops are almost exclusively quartered in London, and give the innocent tourist a very exaggerated notion of the British Army. The Life Guards are those gigantic soldiers, perched upon heron's legs, their heads outrageously pomaded, and wearing, balanced upon their hair, muffin-like caps, who exhibit themselves at street corners with close-fitting pantaloons, their bodies squeezed into little red jackets. The Horse Guards or the "Blues," who number 435 men only, resemble in every possible way the "Cent Gardes" which every little sovereign treats himself to. As

for the Infantry of the Household, although they are select men, they chiefly owe their martial aspect to the enormous bear skin, which they nevertheless leave behind them when they go on active service.

There are besides for service at the Royal Palaces, a special corps of Gentlemen at Arms composed of forty men, and that of the Yeomen of the Guard, otherwise known as "Beef-eaters," who muster a hundred strong. The feudal costume of these Yeomen has recently given place to a cassock trimmed with gold, and a black velvet cap.

The active army consists of 186,000 men, of whom about 62,000 are retained in India. It is composed of infantry of the line, horse and "foot" artillery, engineers and cavalry.

The Infantry regiments are designated by numbers, but have, for the most part, distinctive appellations. The 1st Regiment, for instance, is called the "Royal Scots," the 3rd the "Buffs," and the 41st the "Welsh." They are divided into English, Scotch, and Irish regiments, for the War Office preserves the historic character as well as the traditions of the corps, and distribute recruits according to their origin. Care has been lately taken, however, that only a feeble percentage of Irishmen should be mustered together in the so-called Irish regiments. There are six of these, amongst which the 27th Inniskillings, 18th Royal Irish, and the 88th Connaught Rangers, are the most celebrated. Nine Scotch Regiments, the most illustrious of which is the 42nd, or "Black Watch." Of these Scotch corps, five only retain the kilt, the others have checkered trousers of tartan, which have a most unpleasing effect.

The cavalry of the line is composed of seven regiments of Dragoon Guards, four of Dragoons, thirteen of Hussars, and five of Lancers. All have numbers and surnames:—Dragoon Guards, Queen's Bays, Carbineers, Prince of Wales' Hussars, &c.

This systematic individuality of corps has its *raison d'être*, and perhaps its usefulness. What surprises one is to see the mania of inequality extend in Great Britain to the different arms of the service. Each has its rank in the List of Precedence, and maintains it with tenacity. The Household Cavalry has the lead of all, then the Horse Artillery, the Light and Heavy Cavalry, the Foot Artillery, the Engineers, the Infantry of the Guard, the Infantry of the Line, the Army Service and Hospital corps.

This hierarchic rank belongs to individuals as well as to "corps," so that at dinner the hostess would not dare to place a captain of infantry on her right hand if a captain of dragoons were present, and at the public-house the humble foot-soldier submits to the swaggering hussar.

The differences between regiments do not stop here; almost every one has its own manners and customs, and its (often puerile) traditions. One regiment is preceded by a goat with gold-tipped horns; another has a black dog. All possess some special device, or motto, or badge; an instrument of music, a march, a particular "call." In many cases these distinctions descend to battalions and companies. The colours carry the records of the fights and commemorative hieroglyphics. "Gibraltar" with a fortress and a key, "Hindustan" with an elephant, "Egypt" with a sphinx, "China" with a dragon. Other regiments have strange

crests—the arms of Nassau and Hanover, Latin words, dates, or crowns.

The appearance of these regiments is incongruous, and indeed somewhat barbarous, but nevertheless very military. The recruits being always kept at the depôt until their instruction is complete, do not "jar" amongst trained men. The effectives being weak and supported by means of voluntary engagement, it is possible to show oneself exigent concerning the appearance, vigour, health, and even the good looks of the men. These men remaining six, twelve, twenty years in the service, are all in the flower of their manhood; well fed, clothed, and paid, they are perhaps no longer the bronzed and bearded veterans of old, but retain still a fine bearing under their stalwart non-commissioned officers, with three and four stripes.

The same remark will apply to the horses, so much the more easy to recruit as the mounted regiments number only thirty-one (including the Household Cavalry).

In short these are fine, excellent soldiers. They have only one fault, which they cannot help—being picked men, there are too few of them, and constitute in the balance of European forces a very small element of power.

Of the 186,000 men of which the active army is composed, 62,000 are required for India.* Of the 100,000 who remain, when we have deducted the Guards and the depôt

* Besides this fraction of the British Army in Hindustan, there are 350,000 Anglo-Indian troops—natives under a certain number of English officers. There are also in the West Indies and in Australia colonial regiments, militia and volunteer corps, like those in the mother country. But these local corps do not reckon in the British army proper, though they can be detached for service if needful.—*Author's note.*

companies, one half is always stationed in Great Britain and Ireland, the rest is at Gibraltar, Malta, in Egypt, at the Cape, and other dependencies all over the world. All that England could do in the event of a Continental war would be to call out her reserve of 48,000 men, and throw a few divisions upon a given spot. Still it is almost certain that the necessity for protecting herself and the complications which would inevitably arise in the Colonies, would compel her to act solely upon the defensive.

The consciousness of this secret weakness under the majestic display of her maritime strength, has turned the attention of the English to what they call auxiliary forces, that is to say, to the militia and volunteers.

The militia is an ancient institution. It is a kind of territorial guard employed in home service. Formerly it was recruited by drawing lots, every person being bound to serve or find a substitute. Now it is voluntary engagement which fills the ranks. Each county has at least one regiment of Militia. Middlesex has five, Yorkshire and Lancashire have eight. The Militia Artillery for coast defence number 33 regiments. All are annually called out for twenty-eight days' training.

There is an active and a reserve Militia. The total is given on paper as 139,000 men. The officers are appointed by the War Secretary, on the presentation of the Lords Lieutenant of counties. In the Channel Islands, service in the Militia is obligatory on all the inhabitants.

When the Militia is mounted it is called Yeomanry, and perpetuates under this title an historic *souvenir*. The strength of this local cavalry is 14,500 men.

The Volunteers are of more recent date. They owe their existence to the fears of invasion provoked after the Simon Bernard affair by the famous manifestation of the colonels. Wrongly or rightly, England thought herself threatened by the French army. Patriotic appeals were made to British youths to oppose the danger. Volunteers arose in all directions, and the effect having outlived the cause, the force became a permanent element in the strength of the United Kingdom.

To-day the Volunteer Force is chiefly for young clerks and shop-boys an opportunity to wear a uniform and enjoy obligatory holidays. The Volunteers do not number less than 245,000 men, enrolled as infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. All furnish their own equipment, and support by means of individual subscription the general expenses. Parliament gives a little assistance to every corps.

Such is the statement of the regular and auxiliary forces of Great Britain, which make a grand total of 632,000 men, costing in round numbers 520 millions (francs) per annum. These elements are of very unequal value. After the mercenary army—which we may take as excellent in the quality of its men and arms, and mediocre in the instruction of its officers—comes the reserve of old soldiers, which is equally high-class; then a militia, which in a time of peril might supply passable recruits for active service, and to a certain extent serve for home duties, but whose military instruction, bearing, height, and general appearance, are of the second or third order. Finally, the volunteers are for the most part badly equipped, badly commanded,

badly organized, badly exercised, inferior in every way to any regular force on the Continent.

All these, taken together, or in detail, constitute a very respectable. defensive force; but do not represent, from an offensive point of view, any important factor. If England has been looking on without moving a muscle for the last quarter of a century at all the enterprises which have shaken the Continent, one is certain she has very excellent reasons for maintaining that expectant attitude. When she says she wishes for peace we may believe her sincere. There is not at present any nation which would risk a greater stake in war, with more chances of losing, and less of winning.

CHAPTER III.

THE NAVY.

It would at first sight appear that in the British Islands the Royal Navy ought to be the most popular of the public services. Not only has it never been an instrument of compression to the interior, but has it not established on the Ocean the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race?—opened to its manufactures the innumerable markets to which it sends its goods? Does it not form a sort of natural link between all portions of this immense empire, maintaining its cohesion and representing the first line of defence? How should the most active, most devoted, the most necessary factors of this power not be the great favourites of the nation; its spoiled children—those upon whom England lavishes the most maternal tenderness?

Well, no; this is not the case. In no part of the world has the naval officer or the sailor less *prestige*, and in none does he occupy a less enviable position in the social hierarchy or in the imagination of the people. Nowhere is he regarded with a larger amount of that mixture of disdain and pity, and obtains less of that reflection of glory

'which is the smile of woman. Measuring his favour by merit, our French democracy willingly makes his hero of the sailor as of the engineer. Neither the one nor the other will do for aristocratic England. They are too useful to her. She reserves her enthusiam for the officer of the Guards.

The Prince of Wales wished to cause a reaction against this curious prejudice, by making his eldest son a midshipman. But this bold act has only produced unexpected complications. A report was spread last year that the young Prince, one day that he felt more than usual the weight of a midshipman's life, had sought amusement in tatooing an anchor on his nose. England shuddered at the very idea of seeing its future king stamped with this indelible mark. It would not have needed much more to raise the country *en masse* to demand a change in the order of succession to the throne. England breathed more freely when it was announced that the anchor was only "done" in blue pencil. But the lesson was sufficient; and the heir presumptive is now pursuing his studies at Oxford University. He will only "navigate" a boat upon the Isis or the Thames, in future. As for England she continues to think the Navy is a career for the younger son or the disinherited one—very inferior to the Army, the Church, or even the Civil Service.

Nevertheless the Navy has a glorious record from the time of Drake to that of Nelson. When Great Britain was preparing to come to blows with the Invincible Armada, she could even then put into line 176 ships, equipped with

15,000 men. But at that time the Navy did not constitute a force distinct from the Army. The land forces were embarked when necessary in those high-pooped vessels which we see in the pictures attributed to Holbein, at Hampton Court. The case of John Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave, has frequently been quoted. At the age of seventeen he engaged himself to serve against the Dutch: disembarked six weeks later, he put himself at the head of a squadron of cavalry. His six weeks' experience gave him a claim to the title of "sailor," so to him was confided, after about five years of land service, the command of a 90-gun ship. He fully justified the expectations of his country, but he soon decided to return home, when he assumed the rank and duties of a colonel of Infantry.

Such were the habits of the Navy in the time of Elizabeth, and it was not a bad one by any means, if one may judge by results. Under the Stuarts the Navy degenerated. It was re-established under the excellent administration of Cromwell; it soon equalled and passed the Dutch Navy. Since then, all British rulers have made the Navy "their first and principal business," as an address of the Lords recommended to Anne in 1707. The French Marine was then its only rival. From 1792 to 1815, England took or sunk 682 of our vessels, of which 134 were line-of-battle ships and 210 were frigates. In the same space of time she destroyed or appropriated 427 others belonging to Holland, Spain, Denmark, Russia, and the United States of America. For half a century her

maritime superiority remained uncontrolled. Then other Navies were re-instituted. The invention of the "screw," iron plating, and torpedos changed the bases of naval power. At present the estimate of it is very uncertain. Great Britain still cherishes the illusion that she remains, in this respect, *vis à vis* with France as 1132 is to 900, Germany being represented by 372, Italy by 284, Turkey by 215, Russia by 153, Austria by 134. But this is a proportion which the completion of a single armour-plated vessel may modify at any moment; and who can tell whether in ten years' time, the most vulnerable nation will not be that which has the most ships at sea?

The "filling up" of the Navy is not now delegated to the press-gangs, which in former times were employed to recruit the men of war. This practice consisted in carrying off by force from the ports and from the coast, the men of whom the nation had need. To-day the Royal Navy is recruited by voluntary engagement, as in the army. The sailor may engage for ten years or for a shorter term. High pay is given to the sailors who have signed for the maximum period, and who are said to be continuous service men. The formalities are of the most simple description. If a captain requires men, whoever comes is submitted to a medical examination, and at once accepted if "passed" by the doctor. The fact of having been formerly struck off the list of the fleet for crime or insubordination, is the only reason for refusing them.

The men are divided into two classes—according to the degree of instruction to which they have attained—the "ordinary sailor" and the "able-bodied." The best are those who have served their apprenticeship in one of the training-ships which are devoted to the instruction of the lads of a sea-faring turn.

As regards the officers, they do not, as with us, obtain their appointments by competition, but by a series of examinations in the course of a term of study. The first stage begins at ten or twelve years old, when the lad is nominated by the Admiralty. The physical and intellectual capacities of the candidate once ascertained, he is sent on board the *Britannia* training ship, as a pupil. Here he remains two or three years, "passes" his examination, and enters the service as a midshipman. He cannot attain to the rank of sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, or captain, without passing other examinations. The series of grades is at once more extensive and much less easy to mount in the Navy than in the Army. Between the midshipman at the base, and the Admiral of the Fleet at the top, there are the grades of sub-lieutenant, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, commander, captain under three years' service, captain after three years' service, commodore of the second and first class, captain of the fleet, rear admiral, vice admiral, admiral.

The body of officers of the British Navy, without possessing that superiority over that of other civilized nations which it claims for itself, is incontestably as a whole very superior to that of the Army. All the

Naval officers are well trained in their professional duties, and know them practically. They are regular sea wolves.

But it is precisely on account of these special qualities that they are not equally suited to perform the semi-diplomatic functions which are sometimes imposed upon them. We had a recent instance of this in the Tamatave affair—in the correspondence between Admiral Pierre and Captain Johnstone, in the course of which the English officer not only demonstrated that he did not know the A. B. C. of international law, but that he was wanting in the elementary rules of *savoir vivre* between commanders of different nationalities and different grades.

The British Navy is actually administered by five Commissioners, known as Lords of the Admiralty, and they form the Board of Admiralty.

The First Lord is the true Navy Minister; he is always a civilian.

The Fifth or Parliamentary Lord is always a member of the House of Commons.

The Second, Third, and Fourth Lords are "general officers" of the Fleet.

* The *Athenæum* says, "Our chief quarrel with our Author concerns his going completely out of his way to express, with regard to the conduct of Capt. Johnstone at Tamatave, an opinion at variance with that of the French Government, and with fact." The opinion has for its basis the correspondence between both officers, as published by the *Times* newspaper, as well as private information of the most conclusive nature.—*Author's note.*

The Admiralty also has a Secretary for financial business, a Political Secretary, and a Naval Secretary.

The First Lord is in the Cabinet; he is responsible to Parliament, nominates all the captains and officers, but those above the grade of commodore he submits to the Queen as a matter of form. The other Lords who are associated with him upon general questions share with him the various duties. The Senior Naval Lord, for instance, presides at the distribution of the fleet, looks after the Marines and Marine Artillery, Courts Martial, Commissions of Enquiry, protection of Commerce and fisheries; the Hydrographical Department, pilotage, signals and the bestowal of medals for saving life at sea. The Second Naval Lord regulates the pensions, the Coast-guard, transports, etc. The Third rules the Accounts, the Medical Service of the Navy, and the Hospital Stores and Victualling Departments. The Parliamentary Lord generally cöoperates with the Senior Naval Lord.

Under the Board of Admiralty, there are eleven grand general departmental divisions, which assume the direction of the Fleet. Construction of ships, contracts and victualling: accounts, medical service, transport, works; hydrography, the Naval Reserve, &c.

The Board of Admiralty is dependent for its constitution on the Cabinet; but frequently the same Naval Lords are re-instated by the new Ministry.

The strength of the Navy of Great Britain is 35,000 men and 20,000 in the Reserve. The latter is composed of sailors who belong to the Merchant Marine, but enrolled

specially and compelled to serve so many days each year in the Royal Navy; as well as bound to come up when called out for service. The merchant vessels, one-fourth of whose crews are composed of reserve men, have the privilege of flying the blue ensign at the main, instead of the red which others display.

The Marines are 14,000 strong, in three divisions of infantry and thirteen "batteries" of artillery. The officers receive special instructions on board ship—the gunnery ship *Excellent*. We may remark that there has never been any sale and purchase of commissions in the Marines or in the Navy.

We must include in the naval force 4,700 apprentices, of whom 2,500 are serving in the fleet, and 2,200 in the training ships; 400 coast guards; 1,200 men employed in the Indian Transport Service, and three brigades of Artillery Volunteers.

British sailors, like British soldiers, have the right to retire upon a certain pension proportioned to their length of service and character. They submit to a stoppage for the formation of a pension fund. The hospital at Greenwich, founded by William III., for a long time sheltered invalided seamen, but the Admiralty has now relinquished that superannuated system, and prefers to send the pensioners to their homes.

The Navy of the United Kingdom is a permanent force, established once for all by Act of Parliament, and is not, like the Army, subjected as a matter of form to an annual vote. The Bill of Rights forbids the maintenance of an

armed force on British territory without the consent of Parliament. For the fleet the House of Commons is merely called to vote the necessary credits. The estimates for these services amount in round numbers to two hundred and fifty millions of francs, of which fifty millions are for naval construction.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAW COURTS AND POLICE COURTS.

THE Judicature Act of 1873, which has been in force since 1st of November, 1875, infused a little order into the chaos of the English Law Courts. Up to that date there were three special courts sitting at Westminster, the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer. The five judges of the first-named Court, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice of England, were called judges. Those of the Second Court, presided over by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, were likewise judges. Those of the Exchequer were Barons, with the Chief Baron at their head. These three Courts had originally distinct functions; one the Appeal of Criminal trials, the other Civil Actions, the last Fiscal causes. But a secular practice had effaced these distinctions, and causes were permitted to be taken indifferently before the three Courts.

By the side of these tribunals were placed the Courts of Admiralty, and Probate and Divorce.

These five Courts have been consolidated into one single Supreme Court of Judicature, which now sits in the new Palace of Justice near Temple Bar, and consists of two

divisions known respectively as "Her Majesty's High Court of Justice," and the other "Her Majesty's High Court of Appeal."

The former is itself sub-divided into five divisions: Chancery; Queen's Bench; Common Pleas; Exchequer; Probate, Divorce, and Maritime Causes.

The Court of Appeal is composed of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and a number of Judges.

The visible anxiety to preserve the ancient names in the new organisation has not prevented notable changes in the practice: proceedings have been simplified and abridged, but they are none the less the most costly and the most uncertain in Europe. A general re-modelling of the laws must of necessity precede a more complete reform, and that will one day result, no doubt, from the teachings of the new School of Law founded in London upon the model of ours. Actually the absence of a general code of written laws, the permanent conflict between law and equity, the traditional habits of a fraternity of greedy and shameless lawyers, leave still a great deal to be done to place the Supreme Court of Great Britain on the level of its lesser tribunals, which are excellent. It is however but just to remember that, contrasted with some other countries, England possesses a magistracy more enlightened and more modern than its codes.

In the provinces criminal and civil cases are heard at Assizes by Judges who go on circuit for that purpose. There are eight circuits for England and Wales, and each includes five, six, or even nine counties. Every Judge

of the High Court nominated since the Act of 1873, is obliged to go on circuit when summoned to do so. Orders in Council regulate from time to time the rotation. Two judges usually go together to expedite the business, and in each Assize Town they take in turn civil and criminal business.

In each of these towns there are four Sessions every year. Those held in the Spring and Autumn are merely "gaol deliveries," that is, they are held only for the trial of prisoners.

The civil business, of which the judges on circuit take cognizance, include specially litigation on questions concerning landed property situate in the county, and the causes called in *Nisi prius*, that is to say those entered on the list of the High Court for a fixed date, unless before that date the judge arriving on circuit is able to hear them on the spot.

This organization, so different from ours, presents numerous advantages; it frees the judges from local influences and prejudices, limits the number of magistrates, and consequently renders their selection more rigorous, and permits them to receive salaries in keeping with the importance and dignity of the office. The remuneration of a Chief Justice is as much as two hundred thousand francs, that of a judge one hundred and twenty-five thousand, judges of County and Metropolitan Police Courts forty thousand francs.

It is incontestable that in France the number of Courts and Tribunals is out of proportion to that of the causes. The French Revolution has been specially conducted by

lawyers who have turned it a little too much to their profit. With regard to the simple system of the English Circuits, our judicial machinery appears a veritable "hypertrophy."

Incapable or unworthy judges are rarer in England than in any other country. The reason of this is obvious. Instead of being recruited amongst the mediocre members of the Bar, amongst those who despair of ever taking an important place in it, the English judges, few in number, known by everybody, and well paid, do not gain their position until they have been fitted for it by a long and brilliant career as barristers.

Until lately members of the Bar were divided into two classes—serjeants at law, and barristers. The rank of serjeant at law, already fallen into abeyance, was definitely abolished in 1873, but the distinction of Queen's Counsel is preserved; this is a patent delivered in the name of the Queen to the most eminent members of the profession, and confers upon them the privilege of wearing a silk robe instead of a stuff one. All counsel appear in court in wigs of horsehair.

It is from amongst the Queen's Counsel that judges are always chosen. The average age of members of the Bar who arrive at judicial honours, is fifty. Public opinion never confirms a choice which has not in some sort been imposed by legal experience and well-known rectitude.

The right of calling persons to the Bar is still the privilege of four Corporations; those of the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. To gain this distinction, until recently, students had only to pay some fees and to eat a certain number of dinners at the

table of these solicitors as a qualification. It is now obligatory to pass a preliminary examination if one has not graduated at a university, and an examination in law at the end of the regulated term. The greater number of the barristers have a consultation room in one of the houses belonging to their corporation, which constitute, as formerly the buildings inclosed in our *Palais de Justice*, a regular hive of lawyers. This is what justifies the name of Inn or Hostelry still retained by these establishments. Unmarried members do not content themselves with having there an office; they live there generally in "Chambers," consisting of two or three rooms, which look out upon some desolate garden, and are waited upon by the legendary "laundress" with whom the novels of Dickens and Thackeray have made all readers familiar.

The functions of the *avoué* are filled by the attorney or solicitor—those who were formerly in France called *procureurs*. Those law officers perform at the same time the greater part of the duties of our notaries, and exercise *au civil* some of the attributes of our *huissiers*. Solicitors are now formed into a regular society, invested with the right of admitting candidates for the profession, and compelling them to submit to examinations. Their number is not otherwise limited, and if it happen that they give up their *clientèle* for money paid down, the object of the cession is in no way a charge or a monopoly recognized by the State. The young men who devote themselves to this career, usually serve an apprenticeship to a solicitor under contract of gratuitous service with him for five years, and paying a premium of about £100.

There is a cruel waste of paper in all English legal proceedings. There is scarcely a civil cause which has not been, before judgment has been pronounced, a pretext for veritable orgies of writings. No matter how simple the dispute may be, the plaintiff will commence by putting his case in the hands of his solicitor, who will summon the defendant to appear. This *appearance* is made by his lodging in court a written statement of his *address for service.* Immediately is drawn up in the name of the plaintiff a probatory statement, in which his plaints are categorically set forth in folio pages of seventy-two words each: a deposition in writing, under affidavit, of all the principal or accessory facts of a nature to confirm the plaint: copy of these documents served upon the defendant: and a summons to state his defence, or to let himself be condemned in default.

Counter statement of defendant, and legal notice of copy sent to the judge in chambers, who decides if the defence is sufficiently good, and worth trying in public. In case of a simple affirmative, the action proceeds, and enters into its second stage. The clerks set themselves to engross the statements of both parties; if cross summonses are taken out, the petition is introduced in the same form. If the defendant, without contesting the principal facts, raises points of law, each of these points becomes the object of special statements, and counter statements, duly copied and attested. So the affair proceeds, and goes before the Judge *in banco* for the collateral questions or before a jury for the principal point.

But, before arriving at that stage, the case must be ripe, that is to say, the objections in detail must have been

successively discussed and eliminated; the pleaders, as it is termed, must have joined issue—that is to say, they have been by degrees compelled to circumscribe the dispute definitely within the limits of an affirmation or negation.

Then, and not till then, the jury enters upon the scene.

Every Englishman of twenty-one years of age at least, and of fifty-nine at most, who has an income of £10 sterling from land or tenements of freehold, or £20 from leasehold, or pays poor rates on £30, may be required to serve as a juryman in civil or criminal cases. From this law are excepted peers of the realm, clergymen, doctors-in-law, barristers, and solicitors, officers in her Majesty's service, doctors and surgeons, pilots, keepers of lighthouses and buoys, people of the Royal Household, police officers, parish clerks, and some others. In the City of London, the qualification required for a juryman is £100 income or rent. In Wales it is one-fifth less than in the counties.

The Sheriff keeps a register of all people in the county who are liable to serve on juries. Each time that a jury is required, or that he is ordered to issue a writ of *venire facias juratores*, he looks in the register and convokes a panel for a particular court. A fine of forty shillings is imposed upon any one failing to accept this invitation, and half a guinea is paid for attendance. This is what is called a common jury. But it may happen in some case that the plaintiff or defendant in a civil action may demand a more aristocratic jury. In this case, the sheriff searches his list for the highest taxpayers. These form a special jury, and each is paid a fee of one guinea.

Now we have the cause ready, and the jury assembles. The solicitors have once more written out their plans of attack and defence in the statements they call briefs, no doubt by antithesis; they have on each side sent their brief to a barrister, more or less celebrated, taking care to mark legibly the fee which they will pay for the counsel's services. If the barrister be a Queen's Counsel, it is usual for him to be assisted by one or more juniors, who act as his secretaries. This custom is obligatory upon the plaintiff's, but optional upon the defendant's part.

The names of all the jurors present are put into an urn. The usher of the court takes out twelve of these names, the jury is formed, and seated in the box. Immediately the judge enters the court arrayed in a black robe and Louis XIV. wig. The jury is sworn and the case is called on.

Usually a junior opens the case for the plaintiff, the counsel then sets forth the affair and calls witnesses who have been subpœnaed. These witnesses are not requested as before our tribunals to state spontaneously all they know of the circumstances of the case. After they have taken the oath—at least if such a formality be not contrary to their opinions—they remain passive as it were, and only reply to specific questions which are put to them in turn by the opposing counsel. This is called examination and cross-examination.

There are few spectacles so scandalous in the judicial customs of civilized people. The interest and the aim of each advocate being to extract from the witness, statements as favourable as possible to his own theory, any means seem good to him in order to arrive at his object. Questions the

most insidious, the most indiscreet, the most annoying, are authorised by custom. It follows as a matter of course that the least contradictions are remarked upon in the most cutting manner, the least misgivings are maliciously accentuated. While the French law takes for granted that every man ought to be believed on his word of honour, the English law on the contrary seems to assume that every affirmation made in court may be *à priori* supposed to be untrue.

A deplorable legacy of the time not so long ago, when professional false witnesses made themselves known to pleaders in Westminster Hall by fixing a straw in their shoe. However that may be, the part played by the unfortunate victim implicated, in no matter how small a degree, in the case, is almost always intolerable. Should his physiognomy, his private life, his name, his profession, his dwelling place lend themselves if in the least degree to ridicule or *équivoque*, the enemy attacks him on the weak point with cruel joy. The public laugh, the witness gets red and pale, and finally loses countenance. Happy still is he if the judge does not add to his torture by emitting some safe and professional joke at his expense.

Sometimes it happens that the too insolent barrister meets his match, and is paid in his own coin by his angry victim. Then the joy in court knows no bounds, and loud laughter is heard from the spectators.

Neither the search for truth, nor the majesty of justice has anything to gain from these gross exhibitions. The manner in which witnesses are examined in our tribunals is at once more decent and more effective.

The evidence called by the plaintiff now exhausted, his counsel puts it in the best light, groups the statements, and comments upon them. When he has concluded, the counsel on the opposite side rises in his turn to produce his witnesses, who are submitted to the same treatment. Then he pleads his cause. There is a reply and counter reply, then the judge sums up, reads the written testimony, explains the points of law to the jury, and invites them to return their verdict.

The verdict is frequently given by the jury without their leaving the box, as they are in a hurry to return to business, but unanimity is requisite, and it happens sometimes that they cannot agree. They are in that case shut up in a room off the court, until the dissentients have been brought to reason by their colleagues; when after a sufficient lapse of time it seems manifestly impossible to obtain an unanimous verdict, the judge dissolves the jury, and the cause has to be re-tried. It is then necessary to go all over the same ground again before a new jury, unless in the interval the parties have come to terms.

The verdict once given, if the losing party has reason to contest it or to complain of misdirection, he can demand a new trial, but the judge usually rejects this pretension. The party can then have recourse to the Court of Appeal, and finally to the House of Lords.

It is thus that the greater part of the chief business, whether in the High Court of Justice, or in the district tribunals called "Courts of Record," or finally before the judges of Assize in their circuit, is carried out. A great number of important causes are also carried by mutual con-

sent before a judge accepted by both parties. His decision has the force of a verdict by jury.

Finally, the disputes involving sums of money under £50, or even of any amount, if by mutual consent of the parties, are tried in the County Court, the composition and appearance of which are very like those of our *justices de paix*. There also the plaintiff or the defendant has the right to demand a jury by simply lodging his request at the office three days before the case is to be tried.

Criminal cases are referred to the Assizes, and offences to competent tribunals, by a very intricate mechanism.

The United Kingdom, as we know, is divided into counties, boroughs, and parishes. Each county has for its legal and administrative officers, a lord lieutenant, a sheriff, a coroner, and justices of the peace. The lord lieutenant is an intermediary between the Cabinet and the people, for calling out the militia; he has the right of presentation to the lower grades of this territorial army; he keeps the county records, and performs the duties of royal aide-de-camp when the Sovereign passes through the county.

The sheriff directs the electoral operations (from a purely technical point of view), sees that the execution of laws and judgments is carried out, and generally represents the State in the county, where he has precedence over everyone, even the lord lieutenant. He holds office for one year. Not only are his duties unremunerated, but they are very onerous, as well as compulsory, under pain of judicial proceedings against the person upon whom the choice of the Queen falls. The manner in which this choice is made is not wanting in originality.

In the autumn of every year, the lord-lieutenant draws up a list of three candidates possessing the necessary qualifications, that is to say, a large fortune and a high local standing. He forwards this list to the Court of Exchequer, where it is publicly read out on the morrow of All Saints' Day. If there he has no opposition or valid excuse, the list is presented to the Queen, who, without looking at it, pricks it with a bodkin, and the person whose name is thus pierced is nominated.

This ancient and solemn rite is called "pricking for sheriffs"; it is needless to say it is of Saxon origin, as is the office of sheriff itself (*Shire gerfa*, chief of the county). Amongst other obligations of the duty, this official has that of receiving and entertaining the judges on circuit, and of presenting them with a pair of white gloves when there is no case set down for trial at that session. The sheriff, who has nominally the police duties of the county, always discharges himself of this function by a permanent under-sheriff and the local constables. But the theoretic rigour of his legal obligations is pushed so far that when an execution is fixed in his district, should he not be able to find a hangman, it is his business to carry out the sentence of the law with his own hands.

The principal duty of the Coroner is to hold public inquests before a jury, in all cases of violent death, sudden or suspected, and upon all who have died in prison.

The justice or commissioner of the peace is a gentleman, having a qualification of no less than £100 a-year, arising out of landed estate, who has been invested by special commission, on the presentation of the lord lieutenant, with the

power to issue warrants of arrest and imprisonment. These duties are gratuitous, the greater part of the large landed proprietors exercise them under the title of magistrates.

As for the police, properly so called, to which is practically relegated the pursuit and apprehension of offenders and criminals, it is always a force essentially local and special to the borough or the parish. If the parish be a small one, the police may be reduced to a single sworn constable; a large borough, on the contrary, will have a public force proportioned to its wants, and placed under the orders of one or several commissioners.

In London there are two police forces, assigned to two distinct districts—the Metropolitan and City Police. The powers of the former, to quote a recent statute, extend "to all places situated within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, and not comprised in the limits of the City;" the strength of the force is about 10,000 men, commanded or superintended by a Chief Commissioner, Colonel Henderson, with a salary of 53,000 francs a year, two sub-commissioners, a solicitor, a director of criminal investigation, an inspector-general, a general superintendent, twenty-four district superintendents, six hundred and two inspectors, and eight hundred and ninety-eight sergeants.

The City police, consisting of 737 men, is also commanded by a Chief Commissioner, Colonel Fraser. These constables are for the most part veritable giants, remarkable for their fine appearance and excellent turn out.

Both these forces are carefully selected from amongst the best conducted of the old soldiers. They are put through a particular course of drill, and instructed to show them-

selves on every occasion as patient, as quiet, as obliging, as they are brave. Every one regards them not as political agents or as instruments of force, but as simple guardians of the peace, and if necessary, of public liberty. A woman, an old man, isolated in the street, will never hesitate to address the constable on duty and ask his arm to assist them to penetrate the file of carriages, being sure that their request will be always courteously acceded to. So the London policeman, far from being regarded with aversion or distrust, as is too often the case with his congeners, enjoys real popularity.

By the area railings of the English houses it is the policemen whom we see flirting with the bare-armed servants more often than the postman or the red-coated soldier. And if there is some civic service to perform, electoral lists to distribute, or voting papers to be left, these duties are delegated as a matter of course to the worthy policeman, without fear of making the electoral body complain of undue pressure. Behind the policemen there are no *préfets* or *sous préfets*, nor *procureurs généraux*, nor political agents of any kind whatever. There are local heads of departments exclusively occupied in preventing or repressing crimes and misdemeanours, and who are never employed in any other duty.

Scotland Yard, the central office of the Metropolitan police, scarcely bears any resemblance to a "*Préfecture de Police*" with all its accessory services as it appears with us. It is a long court in which the ten or twelve chief officers have each their department, which is in communication by telegraphic wires with the police-stations of the Metropolis.

Here they do not trouble themselves about the highways, nurses, game-licences, passports, river navigation, the political opinions of the people or with their health—they simply have the surveillance of criminals. Perhaps they are not altogether wrong if we are to judge by results; for the attacks by armed housebreakers, burglaries, and even petty larcenies, are to-day less frequent in London than in Paris.

Mr. Howard Vincent, the Director of Criminal Investigations, has under his orders a certain number of detectives, who each cultivate a speciality. Immediately a crime or offence is telegraphed to him, he puts on the trail the "bloodhound" who appears best qualified to follow it up, and he generally arrives at a conclusion concerning the name and person of the culprit. That does not always lead to a practical result; in cases of burglary, notably, it is rare that the offence can be proved against a particular man. The great number of receivers of stolen goods, and the peculiar facilities which an immense maritime town affords them for concealing their operations, complicates the problem immeasurably.

The arrest of a suspected or accused person once effected by the police is never succeeded by a long detention before trial. The first care of the policeman when he has apprehended the individual against whom an accusation is recorded, is to warn him to say nothing which can be brought against him at his trial. His duty is then to present the prisoner as soon as possible to a magistrate sitting in open court and invested with the power of issuing warrants of imprisonment.

A fundamental principle of English law, whether in civil or criminal cases, is that they should always be heard publicly and in the presence of the parties interested, so there are no secret proceedings or interrogatories of the accused or of witnesses under the care of a prosecuting magistrate, or an officer of police.

The magistrate sitting in open court listens to the charge, and on the official statements duly signed by the witnesses commits the prisoner for trial. In the event of his culpability not being confirmed, but in which the presumptive evidence is very strong, the magistrate has a right to order a remand for eight days while evidence is collected, during which period the accused is sent to gaol or liberated on bail. This bail is usually an undertaking made by two householders to pay a certain sum if the accused does not represent himself for trial. In certain cases the recognizance of the accused is considered sufficient. A more surprising thing still is when the judge himself offers to be bail for a person of position, such as a peer, the son of a peer, or a bishop, for we must not expect equality before the law in England.

If the accusation is not established, the accused is immediately set at liberty.

In the course of these initial proceedings, as well as in those which follow, no one asks the accused anything; he remains passive, and he may, if he thinks proper, secure the services of a solicitor to follow the pleadings, and to overthrow the weakness or absurdity of the prosecution, but his own mouth must remain closed. They have not given him the alternative of telling a falsehood or of

proving anything against himself; they cannot exercise any right of pressure upon his conscience, nor delude him with promises and vain hopes for the purpose of extorting his confession. It is upon the prosecution that the onus to prove him guilty falls—it is not for the accused to establish his own innocence. The English law has always taken its stand upon this highly moral point of view, which will one day become necessarily that of the human race, and for having done so first it will be pardoned many things.

If the crime hanging over the accused is within the competence of an assize court, the proceedings take their course. The documents are transmitted to the clerk's office, an act of accusation (or indictment) is prepared and engrossed upon parchment. The day of trial comes: two juries are convoked in the name of the Sheriff in the same way as for civil cases—one is called the "Grand Jury," which is composed of thirty gentlemen, and disposes summarily, by the majority of twelve, if the accusation can be sustained or not, in the former case the foreman endorsing the Bill. The other, or "Petty Jury," delivers its verdict after the case has been heard.

But before the cause can be submitted to them, all the accused persons whose "Bills" have been endorsed by the Grand Jury, are brought into the court and required to plead Guilty or Not guilty.

This request does not by any means signify, as one might imagine, that they are invited to make confession or to declare themselves innocent. They are merely asked to say simply whether they accept the indictment (if they themselves think the trial superfluous), or whether they will

dispute the allegations. In the former case sentence is pronounced by the Judge without delay; in the second, the accused waits his turn to appear before the Petty Jury.

Sometimes he will not reply to the crucial question. The Jury are then called upon to decide whether he stands "mute of malice" or by the "visitation of God," that is, whether he declines to answer with the intention to retard the proceedings, or because he is naturally deaf, dumb, mad, or imbecile. According to the verdict the accused is entered as pleading "Not guilty," or sent to be examined by medical men, and, perhaps, his trial is postponed until the next Sessions.

The preliminary formalities concluded, the Clerk addresses the accused who remain for trial—and says:—

"Prisoners, these good men that you shall now hear called over, are the jurors who are to pass between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and you upon your trials. If, therefore, you, or either of you, will challenge them, or either of them, you must challenge them as they come to the Book to be sworn, and before they are sworn, and you shall be heard."

The challenge may affect the whole Jury, or individuals which compose it. The challenge may be *peremptory*, that is to say, without declared motive, or supported by some reason. It may be opposed by the accused or by the representatives of the Crown. But in ordinary cases—on either side—the limit to "peremptory challenges" is twenty. This figure is extended to thirty-five, in cases of high treason. As for "challenges with motive" they are decided upon at once by two arbiters appointed with that intent.

When the jury has been formed, the crier makes proclamation to anyone who knows and can tell anything concerning the facts of the case, to present himself without fear, "for the prisoners stand at the bar upon their deliverance—and God save the Queen." Then the first case is called on, and the Clerk reads the indictment.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he concludes, "the accused pleads Not guilty—and for trial has put himself upon his country, which country you are. Your charge, therefore, is to inquire whether he be guilty or not guilty, and to hearken to the evidence."

That is what is called "giving the prisoner in charge to the jury." Formerly the formula was more direct, and used to commence with these words—"Prisoner, look upon your jury: jury, look upon your prisoner."

A curious circumstance, which shows clearly how some fundamental principles of public right are gradually established: of the fact that if there is no "trial on contumacy" in Great Britain, one does not know any other reason than this antique formula. For the prisoner to look upon the jury and the jury upon the prisoner, the latter must be present.

Criminal trials differ in many respects from those which obtain in continental nations. In the first place there is no interrogation. The accused continues a passive spectator of the drama, and never intervenes unless he thinks the opportunity a good one to put questions to the witnesses which he thinks will serve his cause. The judge on the bench is also silent: he never refers to the indictment: nor does he bring forward against the prisoner any circumstances

likely to incriminate him: he never reviews the prisoner's former life, or reproaches him for any crimes or misdemeanors which he may have previously committed, which have nothing to do with the case. He holds his tongue and takes notes for his summing up. Better than any one, he knows the accused may be the worst of criminals, and yet may not have had the least part in the crime. It is not the prisoner's moral character which is in question, nor even a strong probability of his guilt; there must be certainty.

The question is whether the accusation is positively established, demonstrated by specific and independent testimony, free from all prejudice and all unfavourable impressions.

Further, this demonstration is to be made without any help from the prisoner. What right has the Community to insist that a man shall criminate himself? Is it not sufficiently armed against the culprit with its budgets, its experts, its scientists, its legislators? Should it turn against him his very fear, his emotion, and his ignorance? No: the law ought before all things to protect the weak against the strong; that is his greatest privilege. You who accuse this man, prove his guilt. It is not for him, nor for the judge to assist you.

The Counsel for the Crown, who conducts the prosecution, calls his witnesses, and seeks to establish his case. This counsel himself is not a professional accuser; he has no interest in the matter, and his advancement does not depend upon it. He is instructed in the case and charged to conduct it in the name of the Queen, as he would be in-

structed in a civil cause. He has professional talent, plenty of money, all the social forces at his disposal, to bring up testimony against the prisoner, more than is necessary. He will not be permitted to wander from the fact, and if he call witnesses who stray, who give vent to "impressions," instead of keeping strictly to what they have personal knowledge of, the judge will call on them to confine themselves to the evidence.

It is however rare that such hints are required. The advocate of the Crown is a "Queen's Counsel," a tried and experienced man. He knows his duty, and how far he can go, and what he must not do. Having accepted his brief, he has studied it, conferred with the solicitors of the Crown, who since 1879 have borne the title of "Directors of Public Prosecutions," and who have furnished all the means of attack without entering into the lists themselves. If then the indictment is not sustained, it is because it cannot be done.

The defence of the accused is conducted very much in the same manner as in our Assize Courts. Then the case is heard. The judge sums up, impartially, the testimony and arguments on each side. Finally he invites the jury to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty.

If they reply in the negative, the prisoner is immediately set at liberty. If in the affirmative the judge passes sentence upon him.

This sentence is not, as with us, a ready made formula, bearing with simplicity and precision on such and such articles of the penal code. The English judge developes it on the contrary into a kind of final *résumé;* strengthened by

the verdict, as it were, he crushes the man whom he condemns under the weight of the most damning of reasons—the most overwhelming considerations. If he has to pronounce sentence of death, the judge first puts on the "black cap," and then addresses himself directly to the convict.

"Prisoner at the Bar," he says, "you have been found guilty by your countrymen of an atrocious and heinous crime, of such an one as at the end of a long career I can hardly recall a parallel. Impelled by the most detestable passions you have, etc., etc."

Then follows a description of the crime in the most melodramatic terms. The judge enlarges with a sort of relish on the smallest details and the aggravating circumstances of the case, as if he wished to take his revenge for the silence which he had kept during the trial. At length, having exhausted all the forms of vituperation, he concludes in these words:

"For these reasons well and fairly established against you, I decide and pronounce that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

With that he takes off his "black cap" and retires, leaving his audience profoundly impressed.

To a Frenchman there seems something atrocious in this kind of posthumous rancour of the law against the unhappy wretch, whom the verdict has already placed among the dead. With us it is against the accused, perhaps innocent, that anger is expressed. The condemned man is treated with the consideration due to his unhappy condition. It is in quite an indirect and courteous manner that he hears that the punishment of death will be inflicted. If there is a moral

to be drawn from the contrast, it is that we would do well to borrow from the English their respect for the rights of the accused, and that they would not be wrong to borrow from us the conciseness of our sentences.

This difference in the conditions of the condemned men continues till the end is reached. To spare him all moral or physical pain is the visible pre-occupation of our laws, in which still beats the big heart of our revolutionary assemblies. We leave him ignorant of the date of execution, we systematically shorten and bring to perfection the manner of capital punishment. In fine, we are beginning to abolish it in practice until it is effaced from our codes.

In England, the condemned man is placed in a cell, and is informed many weeks in advance of the date of his execution. He can count the days, the hours, and the minutes, which separate him from the most barbarous mode of death. The moment comes; he is obliged to submit to the exhortations of the Chaplain—he, a living man, to hear the service for the dead read to him while the prison bell tolls over his doomed head. He knows that the success of the tragic operation depends exclusively upon the skill of the executioner; that perhaps the rope will break, and that then he will struggle in the most horrible sufferings; that the hangman will have, perhaps, to jump up on his shoulders to finish the job. Such things actually happened with Calcraft, the hangman of the City of London, who, during the last period of his duties, was almost always drunk, and mismanaged one hanging in three.

Marwood, who succeeded him, and who has lately died,

was a shoemaker. He sold boots and shoes to innumerable visitors impelled by curiosity to visit him, but he sold more particularly rope for executions. And not only to superstitious people. He had, it appeared, by official contract, to supply the British colonies, including Australia. As for the rope which was used in the United Kingdom, it was delivered to him from the Dockyards, after having been duly proved and tested, so he flattered himself it had never broken in his hands.

He was an artist after his manner. He claimed that he could put his people rationally out of pain, while his predecessors were, according to his account, mere quacks. They depended on strangulation. Marwood boasted that he operated by dislocation. The secret, according to him, consists in lengthening the cord in proportion to the weight and height of the criminal. The condemned man, whose head is enclosed in a sort of yellow hood drawn over his face, is placed on a trapdoor below the gallows, the slip knot is fixed upon his neck, the executioner draws a bolt, the trap opens under the feet of the condemned, who falls into a deep hole. Marwood used to declare that if the length of the rope is rightly estimated, the vertebral column is dislocated by the shock, and death is instantaneous. With a cord too short, on the contrary, the subject is simply strangled, and struggles for a minute or two. It would appear that till lately there have been considerable economies in the matter of cord.

Like all reformers Marwood has his opponents—a young doctor especially who competed with him and who operated *en amateur* in the West, states that a short rope of uniform

length is always the most sure, and that the difference in results is merely owing to the arrangement of the trap. In some gaols it has two leaves, in others only one. Sometimes also the bolt acts badly, or perhaps the criminal has not been placed so that he may "drop" perpendicularly. The very nature of the controversy shows to what a degree the process is uncertain.

Marwood was not, as Calcraft was, in the service of the City of London. He was an officer of the Crown, a fact attested by a plate of copper upon the door of his shop, with the words "Crown Office." If he were almost exclusively employed throughout the United Kingdom it was because his reputation was great, and the Sheriffs from all parts required his services. His fee was £10 for each execution, and he hanged at least twenty-five or thirty people every year. But this year, events in Ireland gave him more business than usual, and he complained that his travelling expenses were not paid, to which the Solicitor of the Crown replied that there was a price fixed, and if he were not content with it he might leave it to others.

Content, certainly, he did not seem to be, but the love of his art decided him to overcome these vexations. He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a hairless and deeply wrinkled face, thin lips, cunning eyes and enormous hands. He dressed in black, with a small white tie like a low-class clergyman, and in his youth he had been an open air preacher. His mind was made up upon the question of capital punishment. He agreed with M. de Maistre that it is actually the basis of social order. In truth this opinion was less disinterested on his part than on that

of the Ultramontane philosopher, for as a user and retailer of the rope Marwood had gained, they say, a considerable fortune.

The English law classes crimes and offences under three heads; treason, felony, and misdemeanour. High treason includes all crimes against the person of the Queen, against members of her family, or against her royal prerogative, and is punishable with death by hanging or decapitation. Treason, simple, is the crime of rebellion, entailing penal servitude for life. Felony includes manslaughter, murder, or attempt to murder, thieving, forgery, bigamy, fraud, arson, issuing false coin, receiving stolen goods, breach of trust, rioting, escape from custody or assisting to escape; for these, graduated penalties are imposed, from imprisonment to hard labour for life, and death by hanging. Misdemeanours are perjury, swindling, assaults against the person, conspiracy with the view to commit a crime or offence, defamation, poaching, smuggling, gambling, using false weights, etc., the penalties for which rise from fines to penal servitude.

All these crimes and offences are judged by the Courts of Assize, by the Court of Queen's Bench, and the Central Criminal Court, the most fully occupied of all. If the person accused of treason or felony be a peer of the realm, he is tried by the House of Lords, or by a tribunal composed of a High Steward appointed with that object, and by twenty-four lords sitting as jurors. **

A peer accused of a simple misdemeanour is brought before an ordinary jury, but he has generally very little to fear. Twelve Englishmen taken at hazard, would always be

delighted to acquit at once so distinguished a person. Now hazard, is it necessary to say, would in such a case, play but a feeble part in the choice of a jury.

Certain Assizes held in counties, and called "Quarter Sessions," have limited jurisdiction. They do not deal with crimes which entail punishment of death, or long periods of detention, and are reserved for minor offences. They are presided over by a Chairman elected from the Magistrates of the county.

Finally, the courts called "Petty Sessions" are those which are held by two or more justices (presided over, in large towns, by a stipendiary magistrate), to pronounce upon trivial offences with which they have a right to deal summarily, or to open criminal proceedings before committing to the Assizes or Quarter Sessions the individuals accused of crimes or grave misdemeanours.

The jurisdiction of the police courts plays a very important part in popular towns. In these tribunals, open to all comers, one may best seize upon the inner life of the English people. There are not less than eleven police courts in London; the most celebrated and most busy of all being in Bow Street. Each of these tribunals has two judges, who sit alternately every day, except on Sundays and holidays, from ten in the morning until five o'clock. Like all English judges, they have been chosen from amongst the most eminent members of the Bar, and form a distinct corps or body, which recognizes the judge of the Police Court at Bow Street as their chief and spokesman.

A sufficient number of employés and assistants, notably a Chief Clerk, well read in all the details of what is very fre-

quently a most delicate duty, a prison guarded by a gaoler, a crier and apparitors, complete the organization. It is stated that the number of cases judged by the Metropolitan police magistrates reaches annually to a hundred-and-eighty thousand or two hundred thousand, which gives an average of fifty a day to each tribunal. We must add to these for each audience, at least thirty demands for summonses, various applications, official and other communications, without counting a hundred signatures which have to be given by the magistrate.

Some of these Police Courts are very well placed in new buildings; others, like that of Wandsworth, for instance, are seated on the second storey of a miserable house devoted to the purpose. All are overwhelmed with work, and render, one must say, by their summary and cheap mode of administering justice, the greatest services to the enormous population of the Metropolis.

The proceedings usually commence with applications for summonses; they are asked for in consequence of blows and wounds, threats, assaults of all kinds, arbitrary distraints, differences between workmen and masters. Almost always the complainant appears in person to state her or his case, with a redundancy of detail. Mrs. Smith has spit in the face of Mrs. Walker, and has threatened to tear her heart out; Mr. Jones has drunk a considerable number of glasses of gin at the Grosvenor Arms, and declared afterwards that he had not a penny to pay for them; or the eldest son of Mrs. Adams so far forgot himself as to kiss Miss Thompson, a yellow-haired damsel of sixteen.

All these cry out for vengeance, and deserve at least

eighteen months' penal servitude, if the offended party is to be believed. The judge makes them pay two shillings down, and grants the summons. In three-fourths of the cases this summons is never carried into effect, the threat suffices, and the parties arrange their differences by drinking, fraternally, the costs.

Other applications are more touching. A woman presents herself at the bar, and tells how her husband abandoned her five years ago with her three children, and that a fine young fellow wants to marry her. Can she conscientiously accept this offer? The magistrate thinks she may, and that no tribunal will convict her of bigamy.

Another woman complains that her husband has beaten her, and will not give her any money for housekeeping, although he is making 35*s.* a week. The judge is compelled to explain to her that he can do nothing unless the said husband has been regularly condemned in consequence of cruelty.

But take an opposite case—a husband complaining of his wife: he has nearly killed himself working for his family, and brings her all his earnings; she neglects her children, scarcely feeds them, passes her time in the public-house at the corner: the other day she came in, after midnight, with a black eye. My poor fellow! neither the drunkenness nor the negligence of the wife is a case for divorce or separation. The man departs unhappy—disappointed. This affair will very likely come to the bar again under the form of conjugal ill-treatment.

In a general way the poorer classes see in the Police Courts a kind of gratuitous consulting room, where they

bring voluntarily the confidence of their troubles and their doubts. If the magistrate has not always the power to grant them satisfaction, it is rarely that he cannot give them practical advice. In this respect, exercised with wisdom and good-nature by a practised lawyer, there is something touching and good from which our Judicial Relief Office (*assistance judiciaire*) might take example.

The summonses granted, the magistrate proceeds to hear the night-charges—that is to say, to pass summary judgments upon individuals arrested the night before on such charges as intoxication, resistance to the police, begging, "rows," &c. Fines of ten or twenty shillings, weeks and months in prison, are showered down like hail. Then the magistrate passes to the "casual paupers"—a set of delinquents created by the organization of the workhouses.

The Pauper, or indigent put down to the charge of the parish, maintained by a special tax and in almost absolute imprisonment in the establishment dedicated to this service, is in fact a social production recognized by law, and who has in a measure his rank fixed at the bottom of the "British hierarchy." But by the side of this definitive pensioner there is a numerous class of irregulars—of wretches not classed at all, although arrived at the last depth of misfortune —and who, without work, bread, shelter, and often almost without clothing, recoil before the voluntary prison, and the gaol-book entry of the sinister House. Work they may find next day or next week, but meantime they are hungry and thirsty; they are tired of sleeping on the door-steps, and of wandering aimlessly under the rain in the desert of brick and mortar. These knock at the workhouse door and are

admitted provisionally at any hour. They are called "casuals."

On winter evenings one may sometimes see a long file of them waiting at the gate for their turn to be admitted, overwhelmed with fatigue or shame, standing against the wall, their teeth chattering, and their limbs shaking in miserable summer clothes. There are all sorts and conditions in this lamentable queue; men and women, the old and young, gentlemen and ladies, servants out of place, clergymen without churches, professors without pupils, workmen without tools, side by side with the professional beggar and the incurable tramp.

All these people are received, given sleeping places, and fed; but next day there is a bill to be paid. This account is a certain amount of work which the casual is required to perform before he leaves the premises, and very hard work too. It consists in stone-breaking for the men, and oakum picking for the women. If the casual refuse to do this work he is carried before the police magistrate, who sentences him to twenty-one days' hard labour.

This is a common case, and such occupy many hours at each sitting. A great many of these poor people are evidently only guilty of incapacity to do what is required of them. They explain this, saying that they do not know how to break stones, being tailors by trade, dancing-masters, or of no profession at all. The magistrate can do nothing for them, the Act of Parliament is explicit.

Sometimes the casual has torn up his clothes—those sordid clothes which prevent him from obtaining work. This again is a misdemeanour which brings him before the

Magistrate, and which the law punishes severely. If he had torn up his garments before demanding shelter, the law would have nothing to say to him: his opportunity has been ill-chosen however; hard labour!

More often he revolts against the pitiless regulations of the workhouse: he is astonished that they will only permit him to leave at eleven o'clock in the morning for example, and that they thus deprive him of any chance of finding a day's work on the wharf or at the docks; he has answered a warder too sharply, broken a glass, sung a song instead of going to sleep; hard labour!

Certainly a little discretionary good will, a small sum of money suitably applied, would be a better remedy. But the English law is hard on the poor, harder than any other law in the world, and the workhouse is a piece of machinery into which the whole body is drawn if once the little finger has been caught.

The police magistrate does not want for funds to apply to the relief of necessitous cases. There are many people who hand him their alms for distribution, and he always knows to whom to address himself if by chance the poor box is empty. But he sees at the bar so many and such pressing unfortunates that he feels it hardly advisable to give to those assisted by the workhouse.

Why not say so? He fears perhaps by doing so to put himself in antagonism with the directors of the establishment. Having to judge their complaints every day, he does not wish to appear systematically hostile to them; and in the eyes of these austere philanthropists, that would be the case if he were to give only a decent coat to the wretch

whom they were prosecuting for having torn up his rags.

Another very numerous class of delinquents is composed of parents who do not send their children to school. The police magistrate is authorized by law to inflict a small fine on them. Very naturally he only uses his right with extreme discretion, as the families who neglect this primary duty, belong almost exclusively to the poorest classes. One of the excuses habitually given by the father is that he has no means of paying the twopence a week exacted by the School Board; for in London, although obligatory, primary instruction is not absolutely gratuitous. On other occasions he alleges that the offender is the child himself, who refuses to obey him or who plays truant about the streets instead of going to his class. A warning addressed to the father or the child, four or five shillings fine in case of a repetition of the offence, are ordinarily the judgment for such lapses.

But it happens that the judge may find himself called upon to decide a much more knotty point. For instance a widower or a widow alleges that the daughter of ten years old cannot, under the circumstances, attend school, she being indispensable at home to manage the house or to mind the baby while the bread winner is at work. Now the Act of Parliament admits of no excuse—the magistrate can only suggest to the delinquent that he or she arrange matters so that they may not remain under the stigma of a conviction.

There is here evidently an excess of severity, which the law ought to mitigate by special enactments. Assistance to

necessitous parents, places of safety available for children of tender age, and above all the perfectly free gift of the compulsory education. A premium offered for application, some good soup or a slice of bread and butter given to the pupil who is punctual, would be of still greater value and would be much more efficacious than all the punishments.

School board offences are not the only ones which cause children to be brought to this humble prætorium. If the Lord Chancellor is ex-officio guardian of all minors who own lands or tenements, the police magistrate has for his wards all the children abandoned in the streets of London, and the number of them is very large. Whence come they? How have they managed to live until that day, when picked up by the policeman in an angle of a wall, under a bridge, or in an unfinished house, the poor urchins find themselves suddenly carried before the magistrate. This is what no one can tell: and they themselves are generally the last to be able to explain.

To these human waifs and strays the English law opens a refuge—the Industrial School. The judge sends there the unclaimed children who have been brought to him, and anybody has the right to bring to him any little mendicant or vagabond under fourteen years of age. The boys arrested for having thrown stones at the passers-by, for having let off a cracker, or having stolen barley-sugar, are also disposed of by the police magistrates. He generally sentences them to be whipped by the constable with a birch-rod. Is this corporal chastisement, which is repugnant to our more civilised manners, indispensable for the reclamation of the savage, which always lies hidden

under the skin of an Anglo-Saxon? Experience seems to answer in the affirmative, since the tradition is still preserved by Great Britain, in schools, barracks, and gaols.

One specimen at least of the London population appears to demonstrate the necessity for it. This is the "rough," also a frequent attendant at the police courts. The "rough" of the English streets possesses analogous attributes with those of our *héros de barrière*, and distinguishes himself by his peculiar characteristics. As the bully and the lover of horseplay, he seeks, from choice, unmentionable or eccentric modes of life, opening carriage doors, picking up cigar ends, picking pockets at races, trying now a speculation on a small scale with a basket of strawberries, now an operation for an advance of prices on a lot of herrings or of questionable literature.

Like the Parisian type he loves to display a shaven face, his hair hanging over his temples, a loose necktie on his bare throat; he affects an ungainly gait, and follows his own peculiar fashions. But the silk cap has no charms for him, and he does not know the white blouse, except by report. A narrow-brimmed round hat, a coat of check pattern, and corduroy trousers represent his ideas of dress. What he admires above all is physical force manifesting itself by acts of brutality.

To rush upon someone weaker than himself, to beat him unmercifully, to stamp on him with his iron-shod heels, is, in his eyes, the acme of courage and amusement. It matters not to him whether the victim be a woman, a child, an old man, a policeman, an honest workman or peer of the realm, the dislikes of class have nothing to do with this.

The pleasure is to try his fists upon human flesh, to strike, bruise, to knock down. When a scuffle arises in a crowd, thither the rough precipitates himself with glaring eyes, extended nostrils, like a tiger that scents blood. Arrested and brought to justice, he ridicules months of imprisonment, and does nothing but laugh. There is nothing to bring this ferocious brute to reason but corporal punishment, so the judge often prescribes it in his case, accompanying the sentence with a supplementary decision, "twenty strokes with the cat."

The cat-of-nine-tails, as this instrument of torture is called, is applied in the gaol itself by a warder. It is rare indeed that the remedy does not prove a cure, and that the "rough," having once experienced it, wishes to have it again!

A valuable prerogative of the police magistrate is that of preventing a great number of quarrels and violence, by a proceeding entirely English. This is called binding over to keep the peace. Two persons believe they have a cause of quarrel; one has threatened the other, or seeks to molest him in some way. No real offence has been committed—there is only a probability of it; a light sentence would have no effect, and would only make matters worse. What does the judge do? He says Smith is wrong, he ought not to have threatened Jones, but why did Jones spit disdainfully when he met Smith in the street? What did he mean by throwing refuse over the party wall? That was not the conduct of a wise man. I decide that Smith and Jones (or Smith only, according to circumstances) shall each deposit forty shillings with the clerk, and shall only be authorized to have the money returned in three months on condition

that they keep the peace, and behave respectfully to each other during the interval.

You will say that for these forty shillings Smith may continue to molest Jones. By no means; he knows very well that in the event of a new application to the magistrate, not only would he lose his deposit, but he would be fined or sent to prison; so on reflection he thinks he had better remain quiet. In nineteen cases out of twenty the affair is terminated.

The very real services rendered by this "preventive justice" and by the habitual good sense of the police magistrates, is unfortunately counterbalanced in England by the most shocking inequality of citizens before the law. Every day it happens that a man rich or well-to-do, brought to court for an offence which a poor man would get six months for, is let off with a small fine, and often with a caution. Let him belong to the aristocratic class, and his acquittal is almost certain. A young lord may conduct himself most brutally; for instance, he may have thrashed a plebeian, he may even have forced himself into a private house with the object of carrying out these violent attacks. Six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and twenty strokes of the cat, would be the sentence pronounced in such a case on a workman. The young lord, summoned to attend the court for these misdoings (what policeman would dare to arrest him!) does not condescend to present himself at the bar; he sends his servant to say that he is ill, and that he offers all possible cautions. The judge nods, very politely fines him a five-pound note which the servant pays on the spot, and no more is said.

One has seen more than this: A baronet horse-whipping an ostler on the pretext that the latter had struck his horse, and in court the baronet was acquitted, though he had beaten the man; the ostler was condemned for having beaten the horse.

The curious part of the business is, that nobody is shocked. Is it to be supposed that the ostler and the baronet are of the same flesh—that they should be treated alike? The notion, the English say, is perfectly ridiculous.

It is unnecessary to add that in prison their treatment would also differ as much. A certain English colonel was on one occasion sentenced to pass a year in a very comfortable cell for having taken some liberties with a young lady in a railway carriage. There is no doubt that a private soldier would not have got out of the affair with less than twenty years' penal servitude, and it is very certain that his cell would not have been so comfortably furnished.

The *régime* of English prisons is not the less in many respects superior to ours. We must say it aloud: penal legislation in England entered upon the right track, on the day when, renouncing in principle life sentences and transportation of criminals, it undertook to reclaim them, and endeavoured heroically to bring them back to the normal life. That by a mode as simple as efficacious, by isolating prisoners from one another, by teaching them a trade, by assuring them their savings, by a systematic reduction of their punishment from time to time, as a reward for good conduct on weekly reports. This is the Ticket of Leave System, now fully approved after twenty-seven years' experience with positive results. All else that may be tried, beside

this system, will be only a failure as long as, instead of regarding the case of the "habitual offender" as a social, rather than a personal, disease; whenever,—instead of submitting the convict to the closest surveillance, and the most direct individual treatment, under the very eyes of a well-informed and well-directed administration—we shall think that we can solve the difficulty by giving up the wretched man to the hazards of a colony, and the tender mercies of a distant warder,—we shall take the wrong path. This we must accept as proved.

There are in the English Law relics enough of barbarism. To what is truly modern in it, and highly humane, let us render ample and full justice.

THE END.

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